MAC

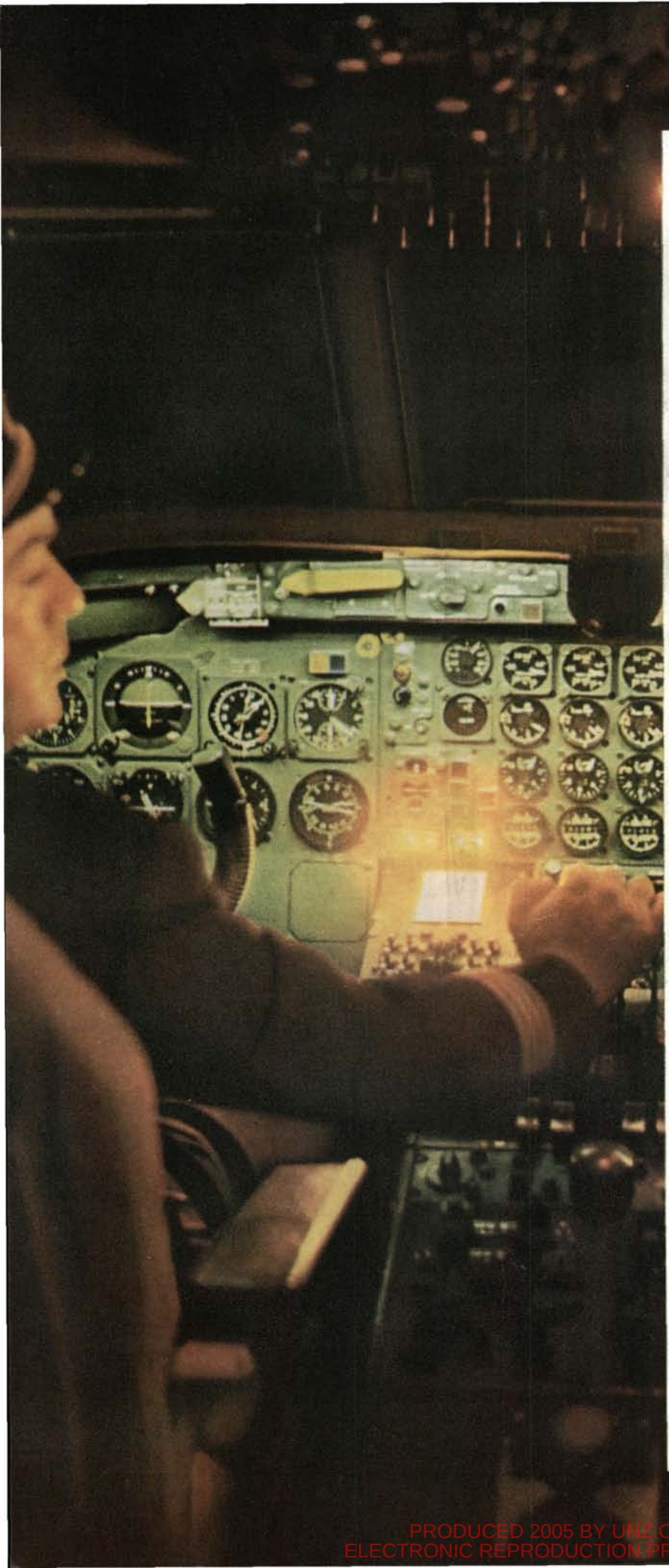
Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 11, 1961 / 25¢

one hundred years of

ITALY

PRODUCED 2008 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Million-mile pilots in the tradition of Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci

Up front, while you enjoy Alitalia's luxurious service, Italy's elite pilots, navigators and engineers speed your jet to Europe

Specialists with up to thirty years of Trans-Atlantic Experience, so much a part of Winged Arrow Service...

A new concept of elegant international Jet travel

Your plane: the spacious Super DC-8 — your power: Rolls-Royce Jets, mightiest in the air — your crew: Italy's elite pilots . . . stewards from Europe's finest hotels.

ALITALIA

WINGED ARROW SERVICE~ Jet speed...Alitalia elegance

To Europe, Africa, Middle and Far East via London, Milan, Rome
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Now we can train new salesmen with movies anywhere, any time...in just an hour"

"Our training movie provides trainees with more thorough comprehension of our way of selling than training manuals ever did, and it's less expensive and more efficient than traveling training experts," says T. O. Kaplen, Executive Vice President of Atlas Sewing Centers, Inc., headquarters, Houston, Texas.

"It works so well that we've given each of our 65 store managers a 16mm Kodak Pageant Sound Projector so that any one of them can train new men when they want to.

"Our choice of projector, we knew, would be important, because store managers, like everyone else, are too busy to worry about machinery that's complicated to operate or too much trouble to keep in running order. After many 'loaner' demonstrations of various makes, and after asking others who use movies, we decided the Kodak Pageant would be easiest to operate, and would have the stamina to take inexperienced handling.

"Our movie was professionally produced. And it, along with this uncomplicated Kodak Pageant Projector, makes a training session smooth, interesting, and understandable. The demonstration is ideal. The trainee sees and hears not only what to say and when to say it, but also how to say it, even to the proper inflection, emphasis, and gestures.

"None of the precisely worked out message is ever omitted or diluted. And outside pressures have no interfering influence. Our trainee is 'captive' in a darkened quiet room—the right atmosphere for concentration."

If you would like to learn more about the way movies are being used by business and industry, or if you would like literature about Kodak Pageant Projectors, mail this coupon to us now.

You may see a Kodak Pageant demonstrated by calling your Kodak audio-visual dealer.

Kodak Pageant Projector 2-76
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
Dept. 8-V, Rochester 4, N.Y.
Send me, without obligation, Kodak Pageant Bulletin, V3-22.

NAME_____

TITLE_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____
Zone

Kodak Pageant Projector 〉 **EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,** Dept. 8-V, Rochester 4, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Advertisement)

"The probable cause" is the phrase used in Civil Aeronautics Board reports following airline disasters. The word probable is used because, despite patient and skillful investigations, the reasons are usually deduced from silent sources.

The Probable Cause is also the title of a recent book by Robert J. Serling. Picking it up last night at home, I found that it was impossible not to go on reading. Serling, one of aviation's best writers, tells the stories of unknown life-saving heroism and of crashes that are stamped into the memory. The book is full of startling information. The "closing speed" of modern airlines is faster than that of a .45 caliber bullet. Fire after impact is the most frequent cause of death. Most airplanes get into trouble (1) near airports (2) at low speeds and low altitude (3) *in good weather.*

The path of the investigators is strewn with probabilities but they can frequently fix the real blame. The book speaks plainly. There is no question but that economics—money—dictates some decisions and compromises. There is no question but that money also is poured willingly in the investigations: it took $25 million to locate and fix the Electra problem, for example.

There is much to be said on both sides about the differences of opinion between Elwood Quesada and the Air Line Pilots Association. All I'd like to add, as a less than heroic passenger, is that to my way of thinking it is one of the healthiest fights imaginable.

All in all, the Serling book is sound, important and awesomely, tragically, timely. But nothing is to be served by further silence.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Probable Cause" ($3.95) by Robert J. Serling is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies of the book may be found at your local bookseller or at any one of the Doubleday bookstores, one of which is located at 744 White Plains Road, Scarsdale, New York.

Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 11, 1961

SR/IDEAS

19 One Hundred Years of Italy: Articles by John Ciardi, Giorgio de Santillana, H. Stuart Hughes, Ada Louise Huxtable, Katharine Kuh, Sergio Pacifici, Irving Kolodin, Hollis Alpert, and Horace Sutton

52 Italy Today and Tomorrow: A Guest Editorial by James D. Zellerbach

SR/COMMUNICATIONS

79 Let's Get Rid of "Bogus"—Now! by Richard L. Tobin

82 Mr. Kennedy's Calculated Risk, by Roscoe Drummond

SR/BOOKS

56 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks discusses "No Further West," by Dan Jacobson

57 Resistance, Rebellion, and Death, by Albert Camus

58 A Climate for Art on an Island: An essay review by Saul Maloff on Puerto Rican literature

59 Man's Desiring, by Menna Gallie.

60 The Novels of Thomas Deloney, edited by Merritt E. Lawlis

60 The Wrong Horse, by Jean Bassan

61 The Cross and the Fasces, by Richard A. Webster; The Social Philosophy of Giovanni Gentile, by H. S. Harris; Genesis and Structure of Society, by Giovanni Gentile

62 The Semisovereign People, by E. E. Schattschneider

65 Collected Poems 1930-1960, by Richard Eberhart

SR/DEPARTMENTS

6 Trade Winds

12 Chess Corner

14 Phoenix Nest

53 Letters to the Editor

54 Broadway Postscript

59 Literary Crypt

63 Literary I.Q.

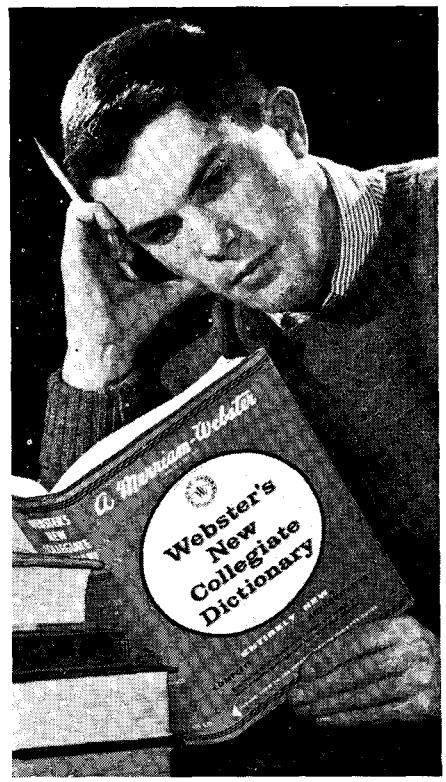
70 Music to My Ears

72 Mid-Month Recordings

91 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1403

The SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 49th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Consultant; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulation. Vol. XLIV, No. 6, February 11, 1961. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature."

© 1961 by Saturday Review, Inc. All right reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Convention. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America.



What today's students need to get into college

This year, U.S. high schools will graduate about 1,800,000. Colleges can accept only half that number. Never before has competition been so severe!

To get into college, good English is essential. It's essential to good grades, to success in the most important College Board examination, the verbal aptitude test which measures a student's vocabulary and his ability to apply it.

Teachers recommend Merriam-Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary as the best aid to good English. Its definitions are complete, accurate, up to date. Used regularly, it helps students improve vocabulary, read with understanding, talk and write accurately, with assurance.

This Merriam-Webster is required or recommended at schools and colleges everywhere. Ask for it at department, book, stationery stores. $5 unindexed; $6 indexed. © G. & C. Merriam Co.

INSIST ON

MERRIAM-WEBSTER

Don't be misled. Other "Websters" do not even include the scientific names for plants and animals. Nor the rules for spelling and punctuation essential in a dictionary for school, home, or office use. Ask today for a *Merriam*-Webster.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Piazza San Marco, Venice—with two Banca d'America e d'Italia branches nearby.

Man-on-the-spot... in Venice. His desk is 5 minutes from Saint Mark's Square. In Hong Kong, you'll find him a block from the Bund. From Duesseldorf to Disneyland—in California, across the U.S.A., or around the world—**BANK OF AMERICA** is in the right place to put you in touch with the right people, at the right time. For man-on-the-spot service, see Bank of America—first in banking.

BANK OF AMERICA NATIONAL TRUST & SAVINGS ASSOCIATION (Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation) — SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES: OVERSEAS BRANCHES: London • Manila • Tokyo • Yokohama • Kobe • Osaka • Bangkok • Guam • Okinawa • Lagos • Buenos Aires; REPRESENTATIVE OFFICES: New York • Washington, D.C. • Chicago Mexico City • Rio de Janeiro • Buenos Aires • Lisbon • Milan • Zurich • Paris • Beirut • Duesseldorf • New Delhi • Tokyo; BANK OF AMERICA (International) — a subsidiary: New York Guatemala City • Paris • Duesseldorf • Hong Kong • Singapore • Kuala Lumpur • Beirut; BANCA D'AMERICA E D'ITALIA: over 60 Branches throughout Italy; CORRESPONDENTS WORLD-WIDE

CARRY BANK OF AMERICA TRAVELERS CHEQUES—KNOWN AND ACCEPTED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JURY AWARDS in liability cases keep getting higher, and one reason is that jurors seem to think insurance companies grow money on trees.

The fact, of course, is that a company merely pools money from *many* policyholders to pay for the losses of *some* policyholders. When losses go up, the company has to pay them not with dollars it grows in its back yard but with money paid in by its policyholders. The inevitable result: higher rates.

What can you do about high jury awards? 1) When you're called for jury duty, accept the opportunity. 2) When you're serving, try to see that the amount of settlement is fair. To paraphrase a familiar safety slogan, *Remember, the dollars you save may be your own.*

LAST CHANCE

WE WON'T SAY we haven't received *any* entries in our name-this-column contest, because we have. But really, how could you call a column like this "Aerie Notes"? Nobody would get the point. Or "Glimpses and Gleanings"? We couldn't keep a straight face.

So you have just one more chance. If we don't receive a suitable title by 4:30 p.m. Feb. 10, we'll name the column ourselves. After all, time's getting on.

Send your title today, please. Hurry!

COMMERCIAL: People were always saying, "Oh, I didn't know you sold life insurance, too." Or, "Since when have you sold fire insurance?" So we put out a catalog.

It has 32 pages, and it describes briefly our 133 different kinds of insurance and related services.

Interested in life, auto, or accident and sickness insurance? Property fire, homeowners, inland marine? Liability, burglary, robbery, theft? Hail, group, general casualty?

We sell them all. Fact is, we sell everything you'd need to make up a complete SECURANCE* program for your family.

For details, send for our *free* SECURANCE catalog. The address is Dept. SR, Nationwide Insurance, 246 N. High St., Columbus 16, Ohio. No obligation.

*SECURANCE is exclusive with Nationwide

Nationwide/Mutual Insurance Co., Life Insurance Co., Mutual Fire Insurance Co. Home Office; Columbus, O.

NATIONWIDE

America's most progressive insurance organization

TRADE Winds

WE ARE HAPPY to note that Farrar, Straus & Cudahy have included *oxymoron*, a favorite word of ours, in their recent publication "A Reader's Guide to Literary Terms," a dictionary assembled by Karl Beckson and Arthur Ganz. As you probably know, an oxymoron is a figure of speech consisting of two contradictory terms that express a startling paradox. Nobody enjoyed the oxymoron more than Shakespeare, and the book quotes a passage of his which is a virtual field day in the art. A speech of Romeo's reads:

> Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
> O any thing! of nothing first create.
> O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
> Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
> Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
> Still waking sleep, that is not what it is!

Other literary terms of interest include *pleonasm* (the unnecessary addition of words, such as "walking on foot"); *synecdoche* (a figure of speech in which a part represents the whole idea); *syllepis* (a rhetorical figure in which a word brings together two constructions, each of which has a different relationship to the yoking word, such as "He spied on his wife with interest and a telescope").

In all, the book is studiously unacademic—and pleasing.

A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE is something that mankind has often dreamed about, but never achieved. A very practical step along the way, however, is the recent development of "Interlingua," a language devised under the leadership of Science Service, an organization that serves more or less as an Associated Press for science news.

We talked recently with Dr. Alexander Gode, who heads the Interlingua Division of Science Service, and who has no illusions whatever that the new language system will serve as a Great Leveler for all mankind.

"I'm afraid this new language wouldn't be of much use to a Japanese farmer or an Australian aboriginal. However, an ordinary person who has been exposed to at least two languages of the Western world should be able to read or understand Interlingua without too much trouble.

"The whole system is based on the fact that all languages of the Western world have a common denominator, and we've worked from this point on to use the language for digests of scientific and medical information which can help provide an exchange of valuable material."

Is Interlingua at all similar to Esperanto?

"Remember," said Dr. Gode, "you brought that up—I didn't. No, I'm afraid we're more practical than idealistic. The Esperanto lover dies for a noble cause. We simply try to be useful."

Dr. Gode, who took his Ph.D. at Columbia University in Romance languages, went on to do a lot of comparative linguistic research while he taught at the University of Chicago.

"When I was working on my Ph.D.," he told us, "I needed an extra penny, and began reading proofs in language research. I've been at it ever since. David Morris—who was FDR's ambassador to Belgium—and his wife saw the need for an international scientific language, and with the help of Watson Davis, head of Science Service, sparked the entire operation. It's now an active, growing thing."

ODDLY ENOUGH, the more complex the subject, the easier it is to translate into Interlingua. "It would be hard," said Dr. Gode, "to translate 'Damn that leak in the water pipe!' but comparatively easy to digest an involved medical paper. A friend of mine once described Interlingua as 'The Spanish I speak with my knowledge of French when I try to make myself understood by an Italian.' He wasn't far from wrong. If you give me a sentence, I'll try to put it into Interlingua for you."

The sentence we gave was: "Isn't it terrible that I can't think of a sentence?"

Dr. Gode nodded, and went on: "That's as good an example as any. Here's the way that would appear: 'Es il non terrible que yo non pote pensar a un sententia?' Chances are you'd be able to translate that one on sight. We have another sentence, cheating a little, which can be read by practically

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here are just 3 out of more than 300 similar pages* listing items that move by truck—many of them only by truck!

*National Motor Freight Classification No. A-5

AMERICAN TRUCKING INDUSTRY

American Trucking Associations, Inc., Washington 6, D. C.

THE WHEELS THAT GO EVERYWHERE

ATA

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ENIT

ANY SEASON IS HOLIDAY SEASON IN ITALY

Great mountains with lots of snow for winter sports . . . sunny beaches and sparkling lakes for summer relaxation . . . natural and man-made beauty everywhere . . . picturesque villages and magnificent cities . . . art collections unique in the world . . . Fashionable shops with exquisite products of the local handicraft . . . superb cuisine and delicious wines . . . a gay social life, cultural events, folklore . . . it's all there!

See your Travel Agent about the I.T.E. Plan in effect for American visitors from November 1st to March 15th, 1961. It will help you save a considerable amount of money.

ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE — E.N.I.T.

Palazzo d'Italia, 626 Fifth Avenue
New York 20, N. Y.
Chicago: 333 N. Michigan Avenue
New Orleans: International Trade Mart
San Francisco: St. Francis Hotel

anyone who knows a single Western language: 'Chimpanzees in Africa consume bananas.' That's one which an Italian, German, Frenchman, or Englishman would understand the minute he reads it."

The new language is spoken the way we imagine Latin used to be spoken, and any Westerner can pronounce it instinctively. Not included in Interlingua are the sounds of the English "th," the French "u," and the Spanish "j."

"The United Nations, especially UNESCO, is interested in the language, but one political delegate told me: 'Please don't rob us of the chance of getting misunderstood, because then you'll rob us of a livelihood.'"

ON MARCH 14TH the New English Bible (New Testament portion) will be published jointly by Oxford University Press and Cambridge University Press. Sponsored by all the major Protestant religious bodies of the British Isles, the work will represent years of work on an entirely new translation utilizing important recent advances in Semitic philology. Almost coinciding with this

major event came the news that a secret gospel has been attributed to St. Mark in an ancient Greek letter discovered in the monastery of Mar Saba, near Jerusalem, by Dr. Morton Smith, associate professor of history at Columbia University.

Dr. Smith was cautious and tentative when we talked to him about his discovery.

"Remember," he said, "there is always some uncertainty in this kind of discovery, and it's a matter that will need a great deal more study. If the letter is correct, we would be required to carefully rethink our current theories of what Jesus taught."

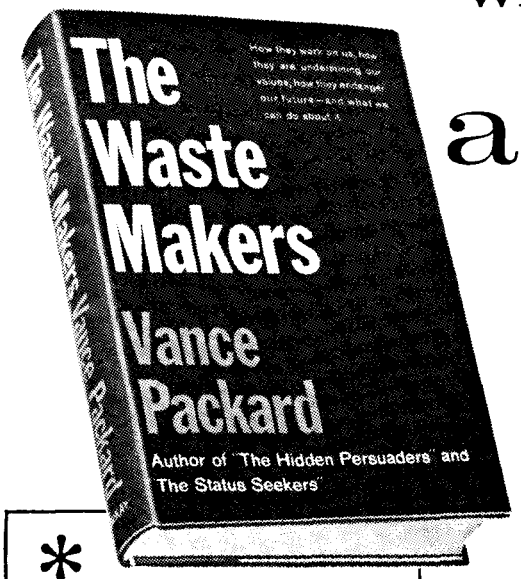
A little over two years ago, Dr. Smith applied for and received permission to catalogue some manuscripts which he knew were deposited at the Monastery of Mar Saba. He had no knowledge whatever of what he might find there, but he stumbled on a letter attributed to the Greek author Clement (*ca.* 180-202 A.D.), which tells about a secret gospel of St. Mark's, relating a miracle not recorded in the present gospel.

"Most scholars who have seen the evidence agree that this letter was probably written by Clement of Alexandria," Dr. Smith told us. "Before I made a public announcement about it,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXCLUSIVE*

with the Marboro Book Club



any 3 for $2.95 with a trial membership

*

THE WASTE MAKERS. By Vance Packard. One of the most talked about books of the year! By exclusive arrangement with the publishers, this important and provocative new book by the author of *The Hidden Persuaders* and *The Status Seekers* has been named a Selection of the Marboro Book Club.
List Price $4.50

YOURS FOR LESS THAN A DOLLAR EACH. Up to $23.95 worth of books for $2.95 (and *such* books!). The distinguished volumes listed here sell regularly for up to $8.50 apiece. Most of them are Marboro Book Club "exclusives"—you would have to pay full price for them anywhere else. So you see, this is no ordinary offer. But then, this is no ordinary book club.

A SELECT CIRCLE OF READERS. The Marboro Book Club was established for readers who know what they want without reference to the bestseller lists.

Like a co-operative, which it resembles in many ways, the Marboro Book Club enables readers who share the same discerning tastes to *pool* their *purchasing power* and thereby save an average of *one-half* on the books they want most.

SAVE 50% ON BOOKS ALL YEAR! This purchasing-power pool makes possible *important savings* through low Members' Prices. But that isn't all. With every four selections (or alternates) accepted, you receive a *Free Bonus Book* of your choice. And this extraordinary trial-membership offer means you can start saving today.

REACH FOR A PENCIL NOW and send for three books *you* want to own for less than $1 each. You'll save as much as $21.00 on regular bookstore prices. Mail coupon today while offer lasts.

SEX IN MAN AND WOMAN. By Theodor Reik. Fascinating new insights into the emotional and intellectual differences between the two sexes. **List Price $4.50**

THE PHENOMENON OF MAN. By Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. "One of the great books of the Twentieth Century."—*Ashley Montagu.* **List Price $5.00**

THE WAR: A Concise History, 1939-1945. By Louis L. Snyder. Foreword by Eric Sevareid. "Electrifying reading."—*Geoffrey Bruun.* 640 pages, magnificently illustrated. **List Price $7.95**

THE GREEK EXPERIENCE. By C. M. Bowra. A brilliant survey of classical culture and history from Homer to the fall of Athens. 64 plates. **List Price $6.00**

LIFE OF MICHELANGELO. By Charles H. Morgan. Illustrated with more than 100 exceptional plates. **List Price $6.00**

HENRY MILLER READER. Edited by Lawrence Durrell. The best of Miller, including writings from banned works such as *Tropic of Cancer* **List Price $6.50**

THE LAST OF THE JUST. By André Schwarz-Bart. "A monumental masterpiece. Has the epic quality of *The Wall*, the universality of *The Diary of Anne Frank*."—*Saturday Review.* Winner of the Prix Goncourt. **List Price $4.95**

CONCISE HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING. By Sir Herbert Read. From Cezanne to Pollock. 495 plates, 100 in full color. **List Price $7.50**

THE HOUSE OF INTELLECT. Jacques Barzun on the Sacred Cows of American culture. **List Price $5.00**

THE STATUS SEEKERS. Vance Packard's eye-opening exploration of class behavior in America. **List Price $4.50**

THE MANDARINS. By Simone de Beauvoir. The much-discussed novel, winner of the Prix Goncourt. 610 pages. **List Price $6.00**

LIVES OF THE POETS. By Louis Untermeyer. The intimate lives of 133 great poets from Chaucer to Dylan Thomas. **List Price $7.95**

LIN YUTANG—THE IMPORTANCE OF UNDERSTANDING. Fabulous compendium of Chinese pleasures, wit, and wisdom through 2500 years. **List Price $6.00**

MINISTER OF DEATH: The Adolf Eichmann Story. By Quentin Reynolds, Ephraim Katz, and Zwy Aldouby. 62 photos, many of them exclusive. **List Price $5.00**

THE NEW GOLDEN BOUGH. By Sir James G. Frazer. Ed. by Theodor H. Gaster. Completely revised in the light of new anthropological discoveries. **List Price $8.50**

DUAL SELECTION—COUNTS AS ONE

FIRMAMENT OF TIME. By Loren Eiseley, author of *The Immense Journey*. How modern science has changed man's view of himself and his world.

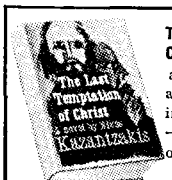
THE LIBERAL HOUR. John Kenneth Galbraith, the author of *The Affluent Society* explodes still more of the myths that blind America to today's realities.

Combined List Price $7.00

AMERICAN SCHOLAR READER. Great writing from this distinguished American quarterly. Authors from Santayana to Erich Fromm. **List Price $7.95**

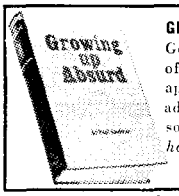
PHILOSOPHY AND THE MODERN WORLD. By Albert W. Levi. The dilemma of modern man as exemplified in Sartre, Russell, Einstein, Dewey, Freud, Toynbee and Lenin. **List Price $7.50**

THE WORLD OF ROME. By Michael Grant. What it was like to be a citizen of Imperial Rome during its era of unparalleled power. Companion volume to *The Greek Experience.* **List Price $6.50**



THE LAST TEMPTATION OF CHRIST. By Nikos Kazantzakis, author of *The Greek Passion* and *Zorba the Greek*. "A searing, soaring, shocking novel."—*Time*. "An extraordinary work of art."—*Saturday Review*. **List Price $6.00**

THE INTELLECTUALS. Wickedly revealing portrait of the smartest people in the world. Contributors include Camus, Eliot, Hook, Niebuhr, others. **List Price $7.50**



GROWING UP ABSURD. By Paul Goodman. "A great book... one of the most important to have appeared in America in a decade. A major breakthrough in social criticism."—*Norman Podhoretz, Commentary.* **List Price $4.50**

A Year's Subscription to PARTISAN REVIEW, America's distinguished literary magazine. **List Price $5.50 Per Year**

WINSLOW HOMER. By Lloyd Goodrich. Definitive study of this great American artist. More than 80 reproductions, including 16 full-color plates. 7½" x 10". **List Price $4.95**

NO MONEY NEED BE SENT NOW

MARBORO BOOK CLUB,
131 Varick Street, New York 13, N. Y.
You may enroll me as a trial member of the Marboro Book Club and send me these THREE books for only $2.95

1_____

2_____

3_____

Forthcoming selections and alternates will be described to me in a Monthly Advance Bulletin and I may decline any book simply by returning the printed form always provided. I agree to buy as few as four additional books (or alternates) at the reduced Members' Price during the next twelve months: and I may resign at any time thereafter. I will receive a free BONUS BOOK for every four additional books I accept.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE___ STATE____

☐ Please bill me at $2.95 plus shipping charge.
☐ I enclose $2.95. (Club will pay shipping.)

GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied with this SPECIAL OFFER, you may return the books within 7 days and your membership will be cancelled.

MS-683

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For nearly 200 years, the delicious dry luxury of Hine Cognac has made it the unquestioned choice of discriminating people wherever in the world their travels take them.

"21" Brands, Inc. N.Y.C. COGNAC BRANDY • 84 PROOF

I spent two years tracing every word of text in three volumes of Clement's writings. Clement's style is not an easy one to imitate, and in a case like this we trace carefully every minor habitual expression, every stylistic device we can find. The obvious question to be answered, if the continuing studies prove that the letter is the work of Clement, is: Why did St. Mark choose to keep this a secret? Right now we are at a point which is far from conclusive."

YOU WON'T GET Wayne Andrews, who created the striking and handsome book "Architecture in America" (Atheneum), to subscribe to the old bromide that all good architects died in this country in 1799.

"You might just as well say," he told us, "that all the good singers, painters, and journalists are dead. It's normal to feel this way about every field. Every period, every generation has its own answer, and people have never agreed on what good taste is. Who knows, even Stockbroker-Country Club French, or Scarsdale Classic might become revered some day. Thank the Lord for change in the world, for rebellion. Everything—especially in architecture—ought to be open to question."

Mr. Andrews emphasized that his book is an attempt to look at the American architectural scene objectively. "It's only an attempt to be objective, mind you," he said. "I've tried—with both the pictures and text—to show what every period thought was the last word. It's hard to pin any trend down. Nobody was interested in Early American a hundred years ago. Now look at it. I think Frank Lloyd Wright is the greatest. Where will he stand a hundred years from now? What about gingerbread? I think it's the greatest. Where will that stand? There's only one thing I'll state as a certainty: Taste changes every five minutes!"

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1402)

R. KAHN:

A VISIT WITH ROBERT FROST

(From the *Saturday Evening Post*, Nov. 19, 1960)

Frost smiled briefly. "There is more religion outside church than in," he said, "more love outside marriage than in, more poetry outside verse than in. Everyone knows there is more love outside the institutions than in, and yet I'm kind of an institutional man."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

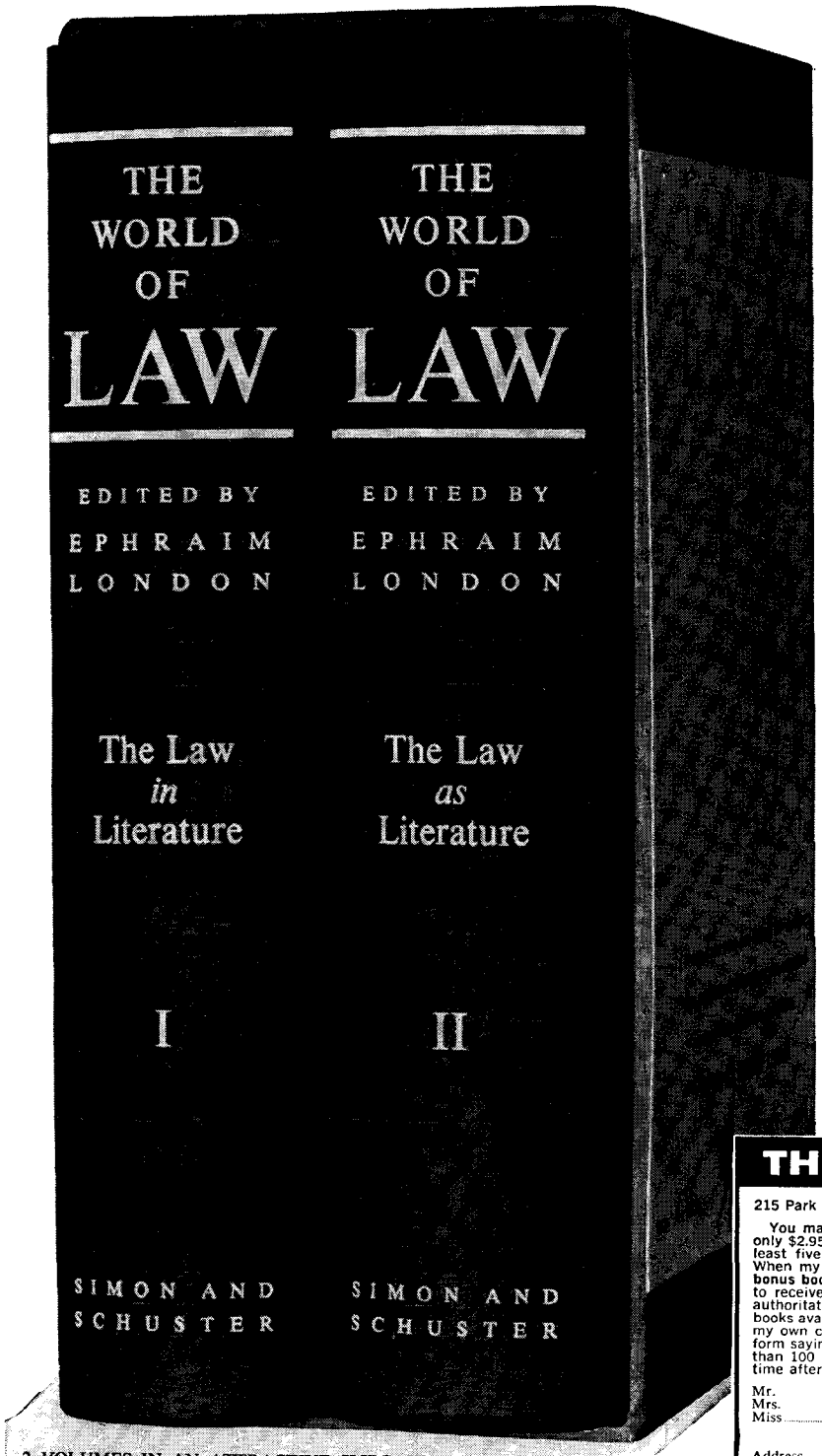
This lavish and exciting home library of the great writings of the law demonstrates that the law is above no one's head—that it is the stuff of life and literature.

THE WORLD OF LAW presents a panorama of the law through history. Here are those who practice the law, and those who preach it; those who make it, those who break it; those who write it and those who write about it. Here are essays, opinions, stories, plays, transcripts of testimony, and records of famous trials—all magnificently displaying the drama and excitement of the law.

Ephraim London, the editor, is responsible for the scope and excellence of THE WORLD OF LAW. One of America's most eminent constitutional lawyers, in recent years he has appeared in a succession of precedent-making cases, including the Dachau trial, the **Miracle** case, and the **Lady Chatterley's Lover** case.

What a wealth of entertainment and stimulation awaits the reader of these two superb volumes: Rabelais' rowdy legal humor . . . Robert Jackson's gripping summation, at Nuremberg, of humanity's case against the Nazis . . . the complete text of Terrence Rattigan's international hit play **The Winslow Boy** . . . actual transcripts from the trials of Oscar Wilde, Joan of Arc, and Emile Zola. . . great tales from Cervantes, Balzac, Chekhov, Dickens, and Faulkner . . . memorable opinions eloquently expressed by Brandeis, Learned Hand, Felix Frankfurter, William O. Douglas, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., and other titans of the law . . . Albert Camus' extensive and devastating indictment of capital punishment, **Reflections on the Guillotine.** Every mood and aspect of the law is represented in the two comprehensive volumes that comprise THE WORLD OF LAW.

Among Others Represented Clarence Darrow • W. H. Auden • Daniel Webster • Gandhi • Henry Miller • Francis Bacon • Herman Melville • Luigi Pirandello • Henry James Mark Twain • Frank O'Conner • Agatha Christie • Sholom Aleichem • Damon Runyon • Sheridan Le Fanu • Robert Benchley • H. L. Mencken • Guy de Maupassant • Herman Wouk Jonathan Swift • George Bernard Shaw • Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. • Lewis Carroll • O'Henry • Samuel Johnson • W. Somerset Maugham • Michel de Montaigne • *and many more*



2 VOLUMES IN AN ATTRACTIVE SLIPCASE
TYPOGRAPHICAL DESIGN BY MARSHALL LEE
1,472 PAGES • DIMENSIONS 10" x 6¾" x 4¼"

RETAIL $17.50

YOURS FOR

$2.95

with membership

The World of Law and the outstanding books listed below are all recent selections of the Book Find Club. You will recognize them as works of current interest and lasting value—solid, readable books ranging from social science to the fine arts.

Membership in the Book Find Club makes it possible for you to shop for the books you want in the comfort of your own home—enabling you to build your library conveniently and inexpensively. As a member you will regularly enjoy savings of 40% on the books you choose. Furthermore, you need choose **only** those selections you want from the more than 100 books and records that will be made available to members in the coming year.

BONUS BOOKS. When your initial commitment has been fulfilled, you will be entitled to a free bonus book **of your own choosing** after every third selection that you take.

Why not take advantage of this extraordinary introductory offer? And receive **The World of Law** for only $2.95.

Recent Book Find Club Selections

Let Us Now Praise Famous Men, James Agee and Walker Evans. Retail $6.50. Member's price $4.95.

Identity and Anxiety: Survival of the Person in Mass Society. A massive compendium of studies by Margaret Mead, C. Wright Mills, Harold Rosenberg, I. A. Richards, Geoffrey Gorer, Irving Howe, Karl Jaspers, and many more. Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.95.

Set This House on Fire, William Styron. Retail $5.95. Member's price $4.25.

Selected Plays of Sean O'Casey. Retail $6.50. Member's price $4.95.

The Joy of Music, Leonard Bernstein. Retail $5.95. Member's price $3.95.

The Affluent Society, John Kenneth Galbraith. Retail $5.00. Member's price $3.50.

The Greek Myths, Robert Graves. Retail $5.00. Member's price $3.75.

Images of Man: The Classic Tradition in Sociological Thinking, edited by C. Wright Mills. Penetrating studies of man by Lippmann, Marx, Engels, Veblen, Weber, Spencer, and many others. Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.95.

The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel, Nikos Kazantzakis. Retail $10.00. Member's Price $5.95.

America as a Civilization, Max Lerner. Retail $10.00. Member's price $4.95.

A History of Sexual Customs, Dr. Richard Lewinsohn. Retail $5.95. Member's price $4.50.

The Masks of God: Primitive Mythology, Joseph Campbell. Retail $6.00. Member's price $4.50.

The Crisis of the Old Order, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Retail $6.00. Member's price $4.50.

The Coming of the New Deal, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Retail $6.75. Member's price $4.75.

A History of Western Morals, Crane Brinton. Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.50.

J. B., Archibald MacLeish *and* **Brave New World Revisited,** Aldous Huxley. A dual selection. Retail $6.50. Member's price $4.50.

THE BOOK FIND CLUB

215 Park Avenue South, New York 3, N. Y.

You may enroll me as a member and send me THE WORLD OF LAW for only $2.95 (plus a slight charge for postage and handling). I agree to buy at least five additional selections—or alternates—in the next twelve months. When my initial commitment has been fulfilled, I will be entitled to a **free bonus book** of my own choosing after every third selection that I take. I am to receive each month without charge the **Book Find News** containing an authoritative review of the forthcoming selection and descriptions of all other books available to me at special member's prices. This will enable me to make my own choice: if I do not want the selection announced I can return your form saying "send me nothing" or use it to order another book from the more than 100 current choice titles offered. I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing the five additional selections or alternates.

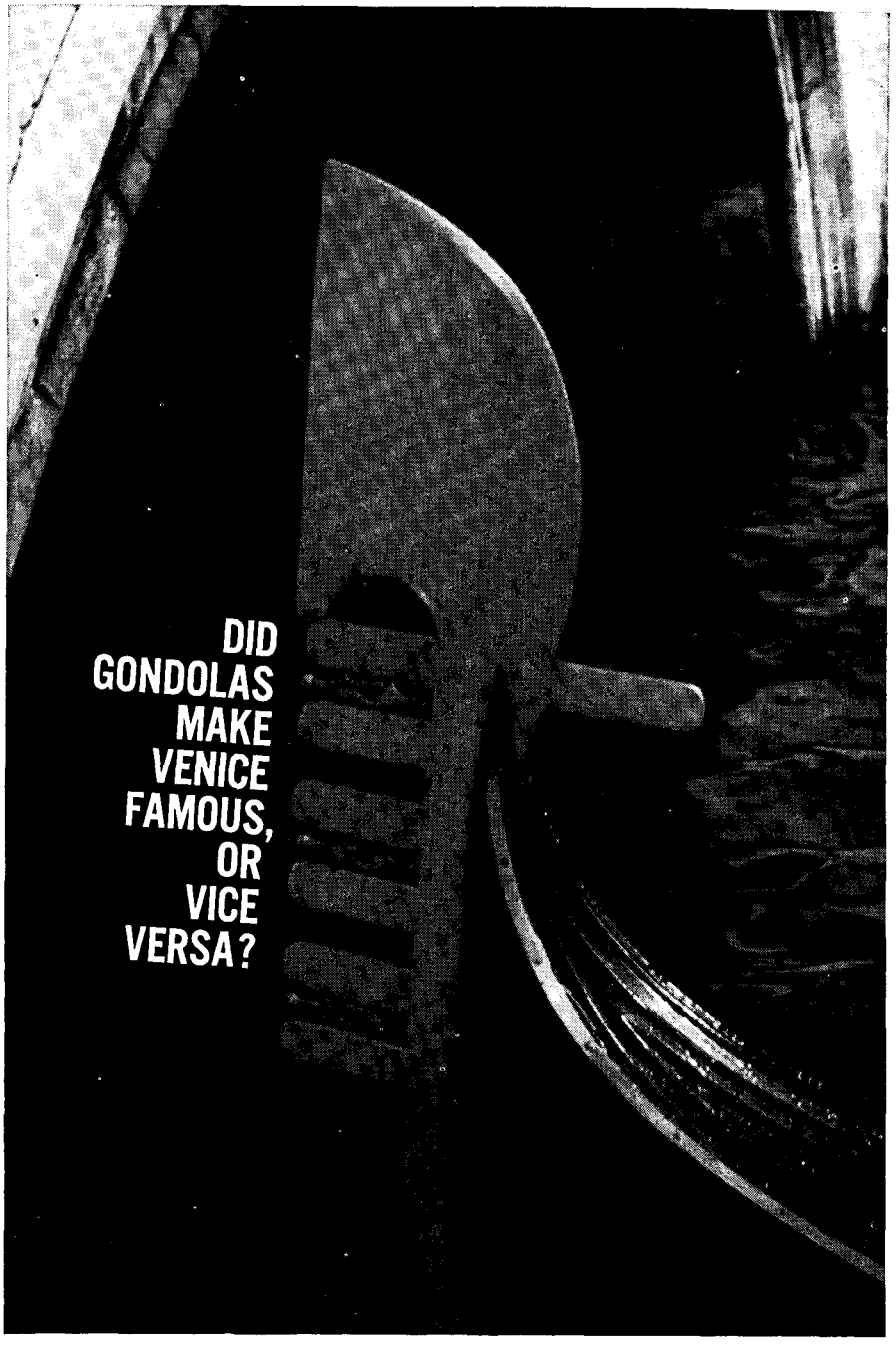
Mr.
Mrs.
Miss .....
Please print full name

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....
(Same offer and prices apply in Canada. Address: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ontario)

B61-27

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



VENICE has 444 passenger gondolas. All are jet black (by official decree). Any one of them can carry you on an adventure you'll never forget.

But paradoxically, gondolas are the *last* things you'll talk about when you leave Venice.

The city is unlike any other in Italy, in Europe, or in man's imagination. It is almost unreal.

Venice is fabulous churches, yet by no means a holy city. A city of gondolas, where walking is fun — getting lost an epic adventure. Venice is legendary glassware that is sure to play havoc with your gift budget. It's the only city in the world where Byzantine art treasures and Lido Beach could coexist.

You don't have to be a poet, honeymooner, or gourmet to fall in love with Venice. Its spell has been known to make dreamers out of hard-bitten realists.

For full information see your travel agent, or write: Italian State Tourist Office, 626 Fifth Avenue, New York — Ente Provinciale per il Turismo, or Ufficio Comunale Turismo, Venice, Italy.

VENICE

Chess Corner No. 45

A VAST difference of opinion exists on the distinction between a "brilliancy" and a "best-played" game. Since awards are given in most tournaments for these outstanding efforts, it would be well to establish a standard measuring rod. In general, the fine dividing line ought to stem from the approach to the denouement. When the game involves a sacrificial orgy, it is a brilliancy. When the finish is reached by profound positional moves, it is a best-played game, even with the discharge of a tail-end combination. Below are two "short-shorts," one for each category.

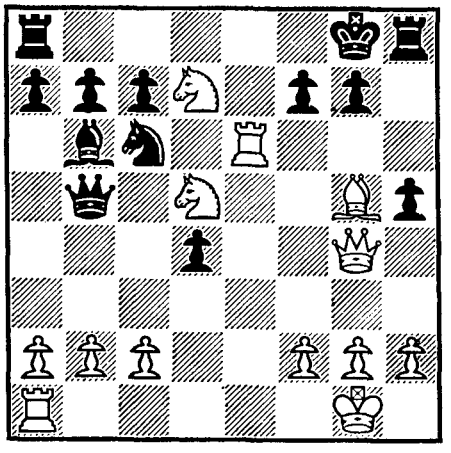
TWO KNIGHTS DEFENSE

Prince Dadian of Mingrelia		Bitcham	
White		Black	
1 P-K4	P-K4	7 BxP	QxB
2 N-KB3	N-QB3	8 N-B3	Q-B5
3 B-B4	N-B3	9 RxNch	B-K3
4 P-Q4	PxP	10 B-N5	B-QB4
5 O-O	NxP	11 N-Q2	Q-R3
6 R-K1	P-Q4	12 N-N3	B-N3
13 N-Q5		P-R3	

If 13 . . . O-O 14 N-B6ch, PxN 15 BxP, with subsequent mate.

14 N-B5	Q-N4	16 N-Q7ch	K-N1
15 RxBch	K-B1	17 Q-N4	P-KR4

If 17 . . . PxB 18 QxNP with the winning threat of N/Q5-B6 mate as well as discovered attack on Queen.



18 N/Q5-B6ch	PxN
19 B-R6ch	Q-N4
20 NxP mate	

KING'S GAMBIT DECLINED

Weigel		Ebert	
White		Black	
1 P-K4	P-K4	6 PxP	PxP
2 P-KB4	B-B4	7 NxP	NxP
3 B-B4	P-Q3	8 P-Q4	Q-R5ch
4 N-KB3	N-KB3	9 K-K2	Q-B7ch
5 P-B3	O-O	10 K-Q3	B-N3!

Black's last subtle, quiet, and earnest move weaves the mating net from which there is no escape.

11 R-B1	N-B4ch!
12 PxN	B-B4 mate

—AL HOROWITZ.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Incomparable multi-record sets... are any missing from your record library?

(NOTE: THEIR NATIONALLY ADVERTISED PRICES RANGE FROM $21.98 UP TO $41.98)

IN A SHORT TRIAL MEMBERSHIP

THE RCA VICTOR SOCIETY OF GREAT MUSIC
OFFERS YOU

ANY SET FOR $4.98

IF YOU WILL AGREE TO BUY SIX ADDITIONAL 12-INCH DISCS DURING THE NEXT YEAR

AVAILABLE IN STEREO UNLESS OTHERWISE INDICATED

A SIX-RECORD SET

No. 506
TCHAIKOVSKY OMNIBUS
Regular L.P. $29.98
Stereo $35.98

Piano Concerto No. 1 VAN CLIBURN
Violin Concerto JASCHA HEIFETZ
Fifth Symphony PIERRE MONTEUX *conducting the Boston Symphony*
Nutcracker Suite ARTHUR FIEDLER *conducting the Boston Pops*
Pathétique Symphony FRITZ REINER *conducting the Chicago Symphony*
Capriccio Italien KIRIL KONDRASHIN *conducting the RCA Victor Symphony*
Excerpts from The Sleeping Beauty PIERRE MONTEUX *conducting the London Symphony*

Regular L.P. $34.98

A SEVEN-RECORD SET

Not available in stereo

No. 507
THE NINE BEETHOVEN SYMPHONIES
Conducted by **ARTURO TOSCANINI**

Regular L.P. $34.98
Stereo $41.98

A SEVEN-RECORD SET

No. 508
EIGHT GREAT SYMPHONIES
Performed by the
BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
CHARLES MUNCH and PIERRE MONTEUX, *conductors*

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 3 *(Eroica)*
MENDELSSOHN Symphony No. 4 *(Italian)*
MENDELSSOHN Symphony No. 5 *(Reformation)*
BRAHMS Symphony No. 1
BRAHMS Symphony No. 4
FRANCK: Symphony in D minor
TCHAIKOVSKY Symphony No. 5
TCHAIKOVSKY Symphony No. 6 *(Pathétique)*

A FOUR-RECORD SET

No. 501. Vienna Philharmonic Festival
Conducted by
HERBERT VON KARAJAN

MOZART: Symphony No. 40 • HAYDN: Symphony No. 104 • BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 7 • BRAHMS: Symphony No. 1 • JOHANN STRAUSS, JR.: *Tales from the Vienna Woods;* Overtures to *Die Fledermaus* and *The Gypsy Baron; Annen Polka; Auf der Jagd* • JOSEF STRAUSS: *Delerien Waltz*
De Luxe SORIA Album
Regular L.P. $21.98 **Stereo $25.98**

A FOUR-RECORD SET

No. 502. Handel's Messiah

COMPLETE
Conducted by
SIR THOMAS BEECHAM BART., C.H.
De Luxe SORIA Album
Regular L.P. $21.98 • Stereo $25.98

A FIVE-RECORD SET

No. 503. The Five Beethoven Piano Concertos
Played by
ARTUR RUBINSTEIN
Regular L.P. $24.98 • Stereo $29.98

A SIX-RECORD SET

No. 504 Not available in stereo
Bach's Well-Tempered Clavier

COMPLETE
Performed on the harpsichord by
WANDA LANDOWSKA
Regular L.P. $29.98

A SIX-RECORD SET

Not available in stereo

No. 505
Rubinstein Plays Chopin
69 selections
POLONAISES
WALTZES
NOCTURNES
IMPROMPTUS
PRELUDES
Regular L.P. $29.98

THE BASIC IDEA: SYSTEMATIC COLLECTION UNDER GUIDANCE

MOST MUSIC-LOVERS certainly intend to build up a truly representative record library, but, unfortunately, almost always they are haphazard in carrying out this aspiration. Systematic collection not only means that they will ultimately build up a record library of which they can be proud, but that they can do so at an **IMMENSE SAVING.**

The one-year membership offer made here is a dramatic demonstration. In the first year it can represent a saving of **AS MUCH AS 40%** over the manufacturer's nationally advertised prices.

After purchasing the six additional records called for in this trial membership, members who continue can build up their record libraries at almost a **ONE-THIRD SAVING** through the Club's Record-Dividend plan; that is, for every two records purchased (from a group of at least 100 made available annually by the Society) *members receive a third* RCA VICTOR *Red Seal record* **FREE.**

A cardinal feature of the plan is **GUIDANCE.** The Society has a Selection Panel whose sole function is to recommend "must-have" works. The panel includes **DEEMS TAYLOR,** Chairman; composer and commentator; **JACQUES BARZUN,** author and music critic; **SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF,** General Music Director, NBC; **JOHN M. CONLY,** music editor, *The Atlantic;* **AARON COPLAND,** composer; **ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN,** music editor, *San Francisco Chronicle;* **DOUGLAS MOORE,** composer and Professor of Music, Columbia University; **WILLIAM SCHUMAN,** composer and president of Juilliard School of Music; **CARLETON SPRAGUE SMITH,** former Chief of Music Division, New York Public Library; **G. WALLACE WOODWORTH,** Professor of Music, Harvard.

HOW THE SOCIETY OPERATES

EVERY month three or more 12-inch 33⅓ R.P.M. RCA VICTOR Red Seal records are announced to members. One is singled out as the *record-of-the-month* and, unless the Society is otherwise instructed (on a simple form always provided), this record is sent. If the member does not want the work he may specify an alternate, or instruct the Society to send him nothing. For every record members pay only $4.98—for stereo $5.98—the manufacturer's nationally advertised price. (A small charge for postage and handling is added.)

RCA VICTOR Society of Great Music
c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

V25-2
22

Please register me as a member of THE RCA VICTOR SOCIETY OF GREAT MUSIC and send me the Multi-Record set I have indicated below, billing me only $4.98 (plus postage). I agree to buy six additional RCA VICTOR Red Seal Records from the Society within twelve months. For each of them I will be billed the manufacturer's nationally advertised price—$4.98 for monaural recordings ($5.98 for stereophonic recordings)—plus a small charge for postage, sales tax and handling. After I have completed my trial membership I need buy only four records in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I may cancel my membership any time after buying six discs from the Society (in addition to those included in this introductory offer). If I continue after my sixth purchase, for every two records I buy from the Society I will receive a third RCA VICTOR Red Seal record free.

INDICATE BY NUMBER THE MULTI-RECORD SET YOU WANT [ ]

CHECK THE DIVISION YOU WISH TO JOIN
☐ Regular L.P. ☐ Stereo

MR. }
MRS. } .....
MISS }
(Please print plainly)

Address.....

City.....Zone....State.....

NOTE: If you wish your membership credited to an authorized RCA VICTOR dealer, please fill in here.

Dealer's Name.....
(Please print plainly)

Address.....

PLEASE NOTE: Records can be shipped only to residents of the U.S. and its territories, and Canada. Records for Canadian members are made in Canada and are shipped *duty free* from Ontario.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at almost the speed of sound

Now from San Francisco, Los Angeles and Seattle fly the DC-8C Jet Couriers of Japan Air Lines... fly swiftly, serenely, effortlessly to the Orient amid the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound. See your travel agent.

JAPAN AIR LINES
DC-8C JET COURIER

JAL

THE PHOENIX NEST

Edited by Martin Levin

A *RADIOFONETICO* CHRISTMAS

FOR BETTER or for worse I can always count on my being two things —and one is a poet. Not, of course, a capital P one, but one of those everyday kinds: a jester or minstrel, a storyteller. The other thing I am is Italian. These two attributes, not much in demand today, were, nonetheless, what brought about my first radio broadcast.

As is the case with many minstrels, I have begun to be much more loved in my fatherland now that I am far from it, than I was when it was my home. On the basis of this esteem by long distance, one day recently my friends on both sides of the Atlantic decided that it wouldn't be such a bad idea to let me narrate something for the Italian radio. The correspondent for the Italian radio in the United States is my friend Roberto who lives in New York and it was he who called me one day last December to outline the idea.

"You know," he said, "we thought of having a poet do the Christmas broadcast to Italy this year and we've got you in mind for the job. Write up a piece about Christmas in America—well, in New York City, really—and bring it in. Write what you want about what you want. The technique for radio is simple; just remember immediacy of vision and that's it. After all, you're heard not seen on the radio. And remember, the listener uses his hearing as all five senses. *Mi raccomando!*"

My emotion was such at this offer that for a while after that call I just lay stretched out on the bed to think about it. Finally I went to my wife and said, "This year in Italy the description of an American Christmas will be broadcast to my people by a poet. By me. And that means *all* Italy will hear me because radios are always on over there, and if they don't hear me in their homes, Italians will hear me in bars and *caffès*."

"Well!" said my wife. "You'll earn something before Christmas after all."

That remark was, at that moment, annoying. But with the magnanimity of my success I withdrew without answering and began the re-creation of an atmosphere of sensory images and impressions and quiet reflections on Christmas until I had enough to cover page after page of notes.

Hello Italy!

The first thing I thought of was the two blind women who, like two placid and sturdy angels, come out each year toward the middle of October to play the accordion near 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue and gather contributions for the Christmas Fund for the Blind. They are fat and serene and identical and they sing with their blanched voices in the graceful dissonances of children enchanting the sidewalks of the distracted city. They are the first to tell the hurrying people that Christmas, if not really near, is not so far off either. Then, after the gentle duet of the blind women (and they are, for me, blessed creatures who carry with them an intimate relation to paradise and are the first and perhaps the only grace not contaminated by the Christmas season in New York), there is the growing maelstrom of decorations, cards and wrappings, and ornaments. Advertisements begin to exhort, imprecate, and threaten. Store windows explode in orgasms of good and bad taste together, or maybe it is all such bad taste as to become sublimated into the essence of elegance. Within, the stores are as overrich and gay as marzipan confections, their counters full of fine nonsense and their escalators bearing up hordes of frowning shoppers like the angels on Jacob's ladder who joined the earth to the heavens.

I wrote my first draft with fervor. The finished piece was about forty-five minutes long, including a few minutes generously figured in for sound effects, and I felt that I had said everything. I had even found a way to solicit international good will by a description of the flags rustling around the skating rink at Rockefeller Center. The sounds and sights of the rink were thrown in, too; all the poetic realities I could muster were there, omitting only the description of that gold lump which swims, sleeps, or engages in going through a hoop at the base of the fountain and upon which I refused to comment and offend the sensibilities of my people.

All I had to do now was record my broadcast in New York and then on Christmas Day all Italy would hear me. If Roberto should find my text too long (for no one knows, technicalities being what they are) he could cut out some of the time allotted for the sound effects, since I had already described everything so thoroughly myself. And so, feeling I had done my best, I went down to his office.

"You've been brief, I hope," Roberto

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said, as he seated me near his desk. "Maybe I forgot to tell you that the broadcast is going to be a series of commentaries from many different countries, and the United States has been given five minutes all told—just time for a few strokes of color, you see, done by an artist."

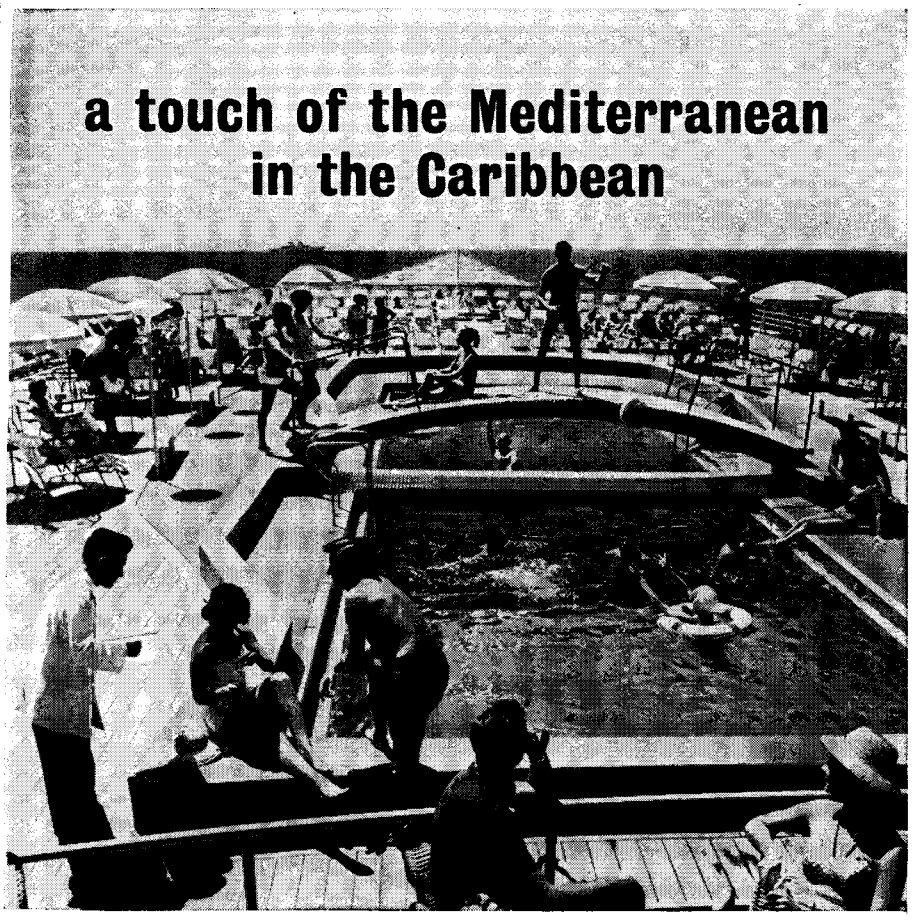
"Well, as a matter of fact," I said impassively, keeping myself seated only by that special equilibrium which is acquired by minstrels during the long trials of life, "I put *everything* in it. That way you can choose what effects—uh, what brush strokes—you like best." Roberto, who perfectly understood the rules and pragmatic sanctions corresponding to my Italian *mentalité*, read attentively, page after page, the whole of my piece. At the end he seemed to ponder a bit.

"You poets are the salt of the earth! But this is too long . . . in fact, *much* too long. A shame because it's well done. Really poetic. But somehow it just isn't, well, *radiofonetico*. The radio listener doesn't want to meditate; at the most he wants to be vaguely caressed by simple, direct images. It's the radio-phonetics you have to consider. And don't be offended, but these blind angels, I have never seen them in all my years here in New York!"

"You've never seen them? But if I meet them constantly?"

"Maybe so, but I'm not out, I suppose, the same times as you are. But why sadden Christmas with this bit about the blind?" His voice was extremely courteous but he was actually disturbed. "Do you mind if we just discard this text of yours and I'll give you a few leads on what we want?" He took a pencil and dashed off notes on a large memo pad, saying as he wrote, "Now here's the thing as I see it: a crowded street, sounds of traffic. Brief description of a store window, sounds in a toy department of one of the city's big stores, Santa Claus with children on knee. Fade-out on children telling what they want for Christmas, segue into a church choir singing carols . . . ." We decided on a time to record sounds. While Roberto set up an appointment for me to interview a department-store Santa, I went home and practised words—concentrated, poetic, realistic, easily assimilated, radio-phonetic words.

When Roberto and I arrived in the department store, our first problem was finding our public relations man. It's already a difficulty to enter a well-organized American department store to buy a pair of shoelaces. For when you ask the nearest salesperson where to find them, with the kindest of smiles the most she can do is point vaguely in a hypothetical direction to a hypotheti-



Incres ships—the luxurious new VICTORIA and the ever-popular NASSAU—are a bit of Italy afloat. Everything aboard is joyously Italian. An attentive Italian staff serves you as though the pleasure were all theirs. Chefs have that gifted Italian touch that makes every meal a delight. Friendly smiles among the passengers just happen.

The ships themselves are designed solely for pleasure cruising. All accommodations are first-class and 100% air-conditioned. There are vast playdecks, blue-tiled pools, theatres, cocktail lounges, top-flight entertainment.

The effect of such excellence of mood and facilities is a kind of personal Italian renaissance that leaves you totally refreshed! All this happens even on a 7-day cruise. Why not let it happen to you?

To NASSAU in the BAHAMAS

FROM N.Y. FRIDAYS AT 7 P.M. THE *S.S. NASSAU*

7-DAY CRUISES March 3, 10, 17, 24 · April 14, 21, 28 · $170 up

10-DAY CRUISES TO NASSAU & HAITI Feb. 17 · March 31 · $250 up

To the WEST INDIES on the *VICTORIA*

world's newest cruise liner!

Incres

THE LINE OF EXCLUSIVE PLEASURE CRUISING

Mar. 8 · 13 DAYS · 5 Ports · $390 up. N. Y. to San Juan, St. Thomas, Kingston, Port-au-Prince, Nassau.

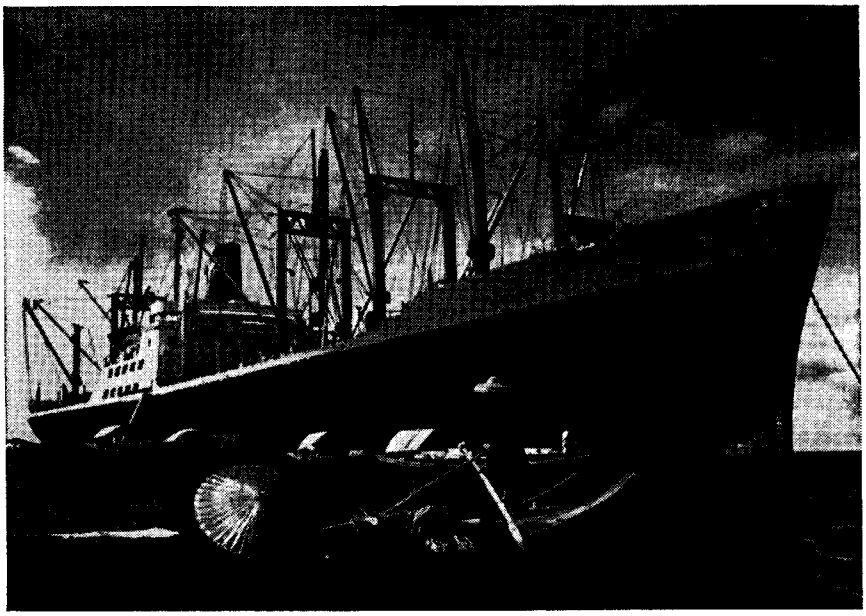
Mar. 22 · 13 DAYS · 5 Ports · $390 up. Easter Vacation Cruise to San Juan, Barbados, Guadeloupe, St. Thomas, Bermuda.

Regular vacation cruises to the Caribbean every other Wednesday throughout June, July & August. Details on application.

See your Travel Agent

INCRES LINE, 39 Broadway, New York 6, N.Y. DIgby 4-3570

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE WORLD IS YOURS—ON AN APL CARGOLINER CRUISE!

A world of adventure ashore—a world of comfort afloat. Sailing on 4 world routes, these deluxe freighters offer an informal atmosphere, distinctive accommodations, superb food and service. Passenger limit: 12. Sailings twice monthly to the Orient, Southeast Asia and Around the World. See your Travel Agent. Or write American President Lines, Department C, San Francisco 4, for free Cargoliner folder.

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES

CALLING AT 50 PORTS IN 22 COUNTRIES AROUND THE WORLD

OFFICES: SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES • SEATTLE • PORTLAND • NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • WASHINGTON, D.C. • HONOLULU

Citroen is your best choice, with a car and a plan for every budget. Shown here is the 8-9 passenger Station Wagon.

A CAR IS A MUST IN EUROPE!

Also available: the DS and ID 19 5 passenger Sedans, the new 4 to 5 passenger Convertible, and the 4 door, 4 seater 2 CV.

CITROEN

FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION WRITE FOR FREE OVERSEAS DELIVERY BROCHURE

CITROEN CARS CORPORATION DEPT. SR-11

Direct Factory Branches

In New York, N.Y. write: 121 West 50th St. or visit our showroom at 300 Park Avenue.

In Los Angeles, Calif. 8423 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills

Gentlemen: Please send me: Factory Direct European Delivery Plans, Brochures, Road Test Reports, and Name and Address of Citroen Dealer nearest me.

My Name is_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State____

cal counter so that you are gently and courteously dribbled, like a senseless basketball, from counter to clerk to counter until, having adjusted to the atmosphere of the place, you come all by yourself to the shoelaces.

In this state of affairs it can be well imagined what it meant for the lower echelons of store bureaucracy to be asked not where to buy something, but where to find a living person in the empyrean of administrative offices of that very store—offices, naturally, that almost no one knew existed and that might have been not only on the last floor of the store but in direct contact with the clouds as well. But we eventually arrived vis-à-vis the shadow of the shadow of the director of public relations, who said, "We think the idea is stupendous—however, I find myself without the necessary authority to help you resolve your questions. You will have to see my superior." At this point the superior shadow was called in and he said that the problem of interviewing Santa Claus must be met directly by the executive who was *his* superior, who in turn dribbled us on to a vice president who said: "Our company is happy to collaborate, even at the risk of some slip, with this marvelous form of mutual understanding among peoples of the earth during the Christmas season. Tell Santa Claus to answer you with simplicity, good faith, and confidence!" Then he disappeared. I suddenly understood that in him—and probably in all vice presidents—there was the infinitesimal margin for trial and error which is necessary if an otherwise too well-organized business is to succeed.

And so we were admitted first to the Toy Department and then, by means of a waist-high labyrinth, to Santa Claus, who was busy plucking children from a line that formed about him as to a confessional. He planted them on his knee to ask the usual questions; the children muttered vaguely, Santa Claus chuckled, the tape recording rolled, and we were all happy.

After that I spent a few days gathering other sounds, running down statistical data and trying to transpose into meters, liters, and kilos the height of the tree in Rockefeller Center, the girth of Santa Claus, the tons of candy canes consumed, and the number of kilowatts burned up each season in lighting decorations. My final problem was to find out how many Christmas trees are used in America each year. The answer I got, from thirty to thirty-one million, seemed too crude to Roberto for a poetic rendition.

"Why don't you," he advised, "find out how many average-size trees can be contained in a railroad car and then

PRODUCED 2005 BY NZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

figure up the number of cars necessary to transport the thirty-one million trees? Just think of that interminable train of Christmas trees—a magnificent image of radio poetry!"

While I was engaged in this research, my wife, whom I hadn't had the heart to tell I was down to a five-minute broadcast, began to fill my desk with newspaper clippings of Christmas items. When I received her collaboration with indifference, she looked hurt. "I'm only trying to take an interest in your work," she said. "How can you speak of Christmas in America and leave out the dispute over which tree is taller, the one given to the President or the one in Rockefeller Center? Why, just for the President's tree alone they needed two open boxcars to bring it from New Mexico. It's little things like these that are always interesting."

To show my wife I was interested in her interest, I made another call to Roberto and asked what he thought of her idea.

"*Signore e Dio,*" he exclaimed, "there's no time for all that! And then who would assume the responsibility for saying for sure which of those two trees is really taller? And what does it matter? It's better not to stir up rivalry between New York and Washington, especially when the President himself is involved. These problems only confuse the Italians anyway. Better leave problems alone—they're not radiophonetic. Come down tomorrow and we'll record the works."

The next day I went down and read my few lines between spurts of sound effects. Roberto was enthusiastic. "It's a little jewel of impressions and sounds," he said. "The words hardly exist. And it's five minutes on the nose. I'll send it off today."

And it was true. Of mine there was left only the title and the final greeting, clear, distinct, and unexpurgated: "*Buon natale, amici italiani!*"

Perhaps on Christmas Day in Italy, my sister in her kitchen or some friends in a *caffè* just managed to get my fleeting words before turning their attention to other matters.

—Antonio Barolini.

Antonio Barolini frequently writes of Italy in The New Yorker—and of New Yorkers for Italian publications. His volume of poetry, "Elegie Di Croton," won the Bagutta of Milan Prize recently.

AFTER DINNER . . .
CHARM YOUR GUESTS WITH
VERRY CHEERING
CHERRY HEERING

Denmark's Liqueur Delight Since 1818

FREE DANISH RECIPE BOOKLET, BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED
Write Dept. SR-2, Schenley Import Co., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y.1, N.Y.

Your trip to
EUROPE

something to talk about for many years to come!

Especially true if you make the trip on a GREEK LINE ship, choice of discerning travelers for superb cuisine, deft service, expert seamanship and gracious hospitality.

MEDITERRANEAN—Magnificent 23,000-ton "OLYMPIA" fastest in regular service to Greece from New York and Boston via Portugal, Italy, Sicily, Cyprus and Israel.

NORTH ATLANTIC—Popular 20,260-ton "ARKADIA" fastest in regular service to Germany from Canada, via Ireland, France, England and Holland.

See your TRAVEL AGENT **GREEK LINE**

NEW YORK • ATLANTA • BOSTON • CLEVELAND • CHICAGO • DETROIT
LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • MONTREAL • TORONTO • VANCOUVER

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You'll save about $250 by having the Fiat 600 shown above delivered to you in Europe. 18 Fiat models to choose from, sales and service throughout Europe, the U.S.A. and Canada.

SEE THE ITALIAN CENTENNIAL...IN YOUR OWN FIAT!

(And your savings will pay for most of the fun!)

This is the year to see Italy . . . the year all of Italy—and especially Turin, the birthplace of Modern Italy—will be ablaze with pageantry and excitement celebrating the Italian Centennial.

And how to see Italy? In your own FIAT—how else? A FIAT is as Italian as the Bay of Naples—and you'll save about $250 on the FIAT 600 by having it delivered to you when you arrive. (And that's after allowing for shipment home and customs duties!)

But even that wonderful savings is only the beginning. Whether you're driving down the Riviera or the New York Thruway, your FIAT 600 will deliver about 40 miles a gallon. On top of that, the low initial U.S. price includes a full load of accessories at no extra charge!*

You'll miss the vacation of a lifetime if you don't put FIAT and Italy together this year. See your FIAT dealer and select the model you like best. Then arrange to have it delivered in Rome. Or Paris. Or anyplace else in Europe. But by all means arrange to have it delivered. Now.

**Accessories included at no extra charge: heater, defroster, whitewalls, windshield washers, electric wipers, turn signals, undercoating, leatherette interiors, and fold-down rear seats. All at no extra cost!*

FIAT

CARRIES YOU IN STYLE FOR LESS THAN A PENNY A MILE

A product of Turin, cradle of Italian unity. Visit Turin and the Italian Centennial Exhibition, May through October 1961.

For overseas delivery or rental, see your nearest Fiat Dealer, travel agent or write to the Fiat Motor Company, Inc., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review
FEBRUARY 11, 1961

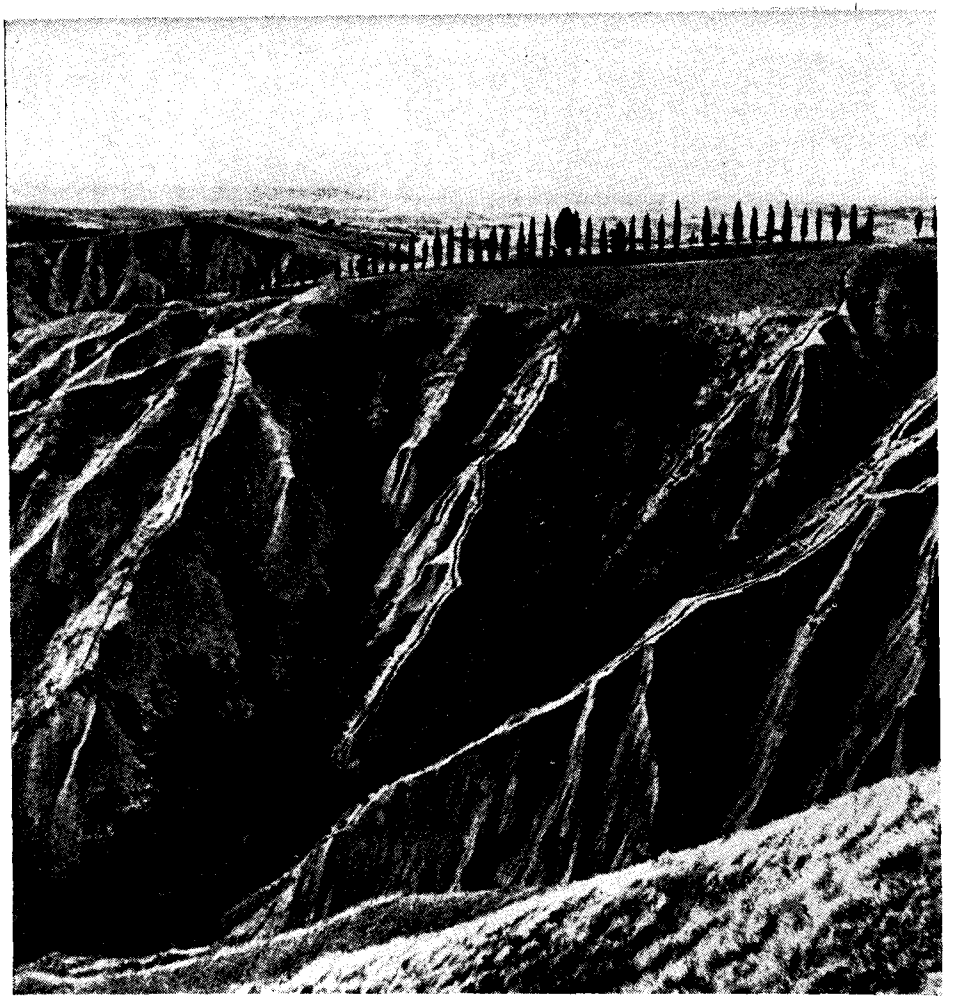
One Hundred Years of Italy

A CENTURY AGO, on March 17, 1861, the dream of Dante came true when the first Italian Parliament gathered in the ancient Piedmont city of Turin and proclaimed the Kingdom of Italy. The historic event, made possible by such giants of the Risorgimento as Cavour and Garibaldi, welded into one nation a peninsula of separate states that had been a significant force in Western civilization since antiquity. And so, in a dazzling variety of ways, has it remained during the hundred years since unification. Yet to view Italy solely in terms of its past is to cloud the reality of its present. For modern Italy, though it has been described as an eighteenth-century country embarrassed by the twentieth century, is undeniably a vigorous and creative nation in its own right. The grandeur that was Rome is, in an important sense, the glory that is Italy today. It is this Italy, a fertile combination of the old and the new, that *SR* salutes on the following pages by presenting a gallery of the country in prose and pictures. Viewing the country from their special vantage points are John Ciardi, *SR*'s poetry editor; Giorgio de Santillana, professor of the history and philosophy of science at MIT; H. Stuart Hughes, Harvard University historian; Ada Louise Huxtable, a writer specializing in architecture and design; Katharine Kuh, *SR*'s art editor; Sergio Pacifici, associate professor of Italian at Yale; Irving Kolodin, *SR*'s music editor; Hollis Alpert, one of *SR*'s film critics; and Horace Sutton, *SR*'s travel editor. As an additional feature, former Ambassador to Italy James D. Zellerbach writes on the promise and problems of modern Italy in a guest editorial on page 52. Special editors for this issue were Mrs. Kuh and Mr. Pacifici.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sense of Rapture

By JOHN CIARDI



—From "Eternal Italy," by Janos Reismann and Carlo Levi.

"Bones of rock . . . softened here and there by erosion."

EVERYTHING that is most characteristic of Italy certainly begins with the fact that the still-smoldering volcanos that largely formed the land made it a peninsula—a region attached to Europe but fenced off by mountains that have always been enough of a barrier to enforce a difference. The traveler climbing those mountains from the north and west is climbing out of Europe. When he starts down the other side, he is descending into the difference that is Italy.

The first difference he cannot help but feel is in the land itself. The upheaval that formed the land left the bones of rock everywhere visible, softened here and there by erosion and by centuries of incredible toil, and punctuated by dramatic cypresses, but always primordial; pocketed by rich valleys and plains, but always ringed by crags and impoverished slopes at whose feet roar the dangerous Italian rivers, two parts mud to one part water.

The backbone of that geological display is the Apennines, which, broken at the Straits of Messina, rise again to form Sicily, the Italy south of Italy. Built on that mountain spine, Italy is a harsh land, bony and masculine, but all about its shores there dances that incredible blue female sea waving its mists and spangles; while over the rocks themselves, though it be no more than cactus and scrub, the Italian vegetation, its "several greens exultantly specific," as Peter Viereck put it, flames toward that particular Italian sun.

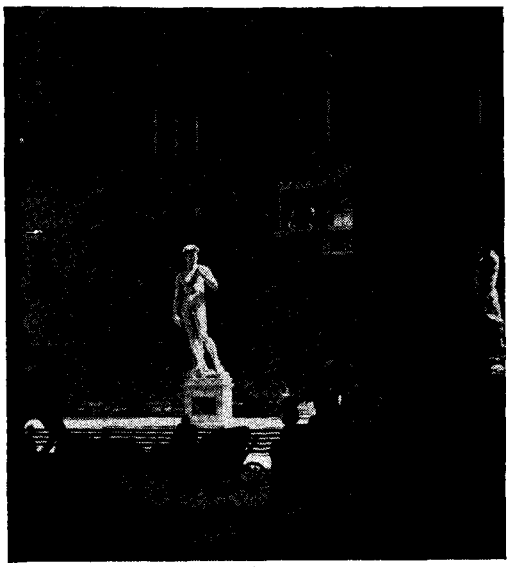
It is a dramatic landscape, its beauties forever poured forth upon the harshness of its stones. Perhaps it is that sense of contrasts that unfailingly overpowers the visitor. "A sight to stir the coldest nature and make a sympathetic one drunk with ecstasy," wrote Mark Twain in September of 1892, describing a sunset over Florence. And though he was no hand at easy ecstasies, that sense of rapture was still powerfully with him a month later, when he wrote, "Late in the afternoon friends come out from the city and drink tea in the open air, and tell what is happening in the world, and when the great sun sinks down upon Florence and the daily miracle begins, they hold their breaths and look. It is not a time for talk."

Italy is a land to turn any visitor voluble, but always, too, it brings him to his speechless hour. Then suddenly it is as if he heard the wings of time beating above him; as if the past cried "you, too" at the same instant that the present cried "now." There comes upon him, then, a sudden sense of life. "It is impossible to describe the scene," wrote Hippolyte Taine in 1865, repeating a phrase that has long been standard on postcards from Italy. And he added, "Let us open our eyes and live, for we have the flower of life in a glance."

TWAIN was writing from Florence and Taine from Naples. The two scenes could hardly be more different. Yet it is characteristic of Italy that scenes so different in themselves should both be typically Italian, and both call forth that same rapturous sense of life. The daily miracle waits everywhere in Italy. All clocks stop for it, and all calendars rumple out of sequence.

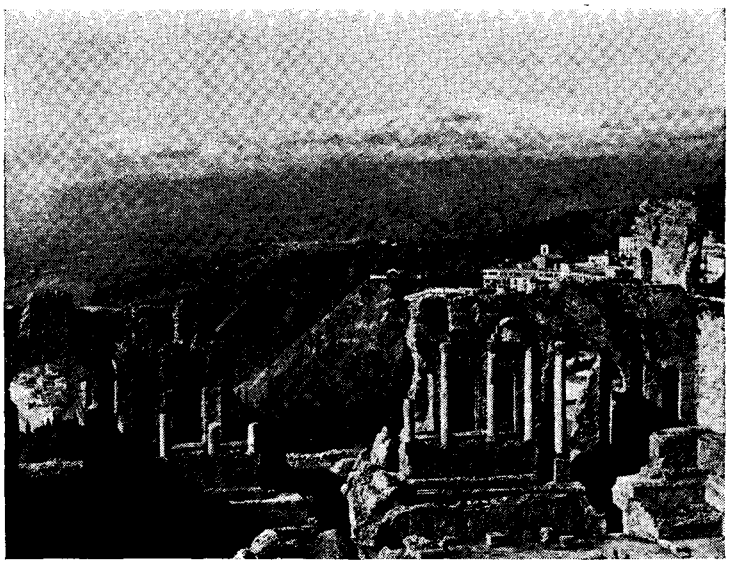
For the difference that begins as one descends the Alps into Italy is not only of space, but of time. From, say, the Austrian border to Puglia (the heel of the boot) to Lucania (the instep), to Calabria (the toe), or to Sicily, it is roughly 700 miles as the airlines fly, and more nearly 1,000 as any known road winds. And every hundred miles carries the traveler at least a century

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—*From "Italy," by Martin Hürlimann.*

"The sun sinks on Florence and the daily miracle begins."



—*From "Eternal Italy."*

"From the time he has traveled from Rome to Naples and from Naples south he has entered the past."

back from whatever time he left at the border. Italy, he will discover, is a time machine.

As a matter of accuracy within fantasy, the progression is not an even one. In Milan the traveler can still think of himself as being in the twentieth century. In Florence he simply cannot tell what time it is: time seems to have folded into itself like a pack of cards, the past and present all shuffled together. In Rome he knows the twentieth century is somewhere around because the Romans build monuments to it, though they have never quite learned how to live in them. But by the time he has traveled from Rome to Naples, and then from Naples south, there can be no doubt left in him: he has entered the past. Somewhere a bit south of Rome, he knows he has left his century, the Christian world, and the advertised standard of living. He has entered antiquity, the pagan thicket, and the heartland of that crushing and hopeless poverty the Italians call *la miseria,* and from which they are forever ready to recoil into an exuberance called *festa.*

So separated from time, it is inevitable that he should feel detached from world and care. That feeling of detachment is deeply involved with the sense of rapture. Note again how Mark Twain put it: "friends come out . . . and tell what is happening in the world." Not what is happening, but what is happening out there in some place else that is called, or used to be called, "the world," a place and an existence far outside the time machine.

Perhaps only magic will explain it. If so, Italy has a magic power to divide a man from his life, and thereby to quicken his sense of it. The conventions, the compulsions, the habituations by which one has lived before, seem to be instantly challenged and instantly overthrown. "I scarcely recognize myself or my own spirits," wrote Elizabeth Barrett Browning from Florence in 1847, "all is so different!"

But different from what? Not different from oneself, certainly. One seems to feel rather that he has never been more truly himself. What one feels different from, rather, is the self he had thought he was in that other place called the world. It is a sense of having shed a blindness to walk in the light of a new awareness.

THAT sense of emergence into a new light is always an intoxicating experience, and the Italians have long since grown used to the tourists' intoxication —grown used to it and built an economy around it. "Send a bookkeeper to Italy and he turns poet," an Italian friend once remarked after dinner; "send a poet to Italy and he turns madman." Whereupon he launched into a discourse so enthusiastic that it left him with no eyes for the checks, which I was left to pick up. No matter: it wasn't much of a tab. In Italy it is hard to get stuck for more than a few dollars at a time, and the talk was more than worth it.

But to allow a cynical practicality into the festivities, the fact that 2,000 lire is not much more than three dollars certainly had something to do with my happy sense of detachment. If to enter a magic landscape and to find oneself in a time machine are releases of the spirit, the fact that most foreign money goes a long way in Italy cannot fail to contribute to the happy sense of being at a great banquet. A feeling of easy affluence is no spoiler of the appetite.

Though both my father and mother emigrated from Italy in their teens, I did not have my first experience of it until I was almost thirty-five and on a sabbatical year from Harvard. The year was a sort of second honeymoon for my wife and me, and if that were not enough, our first Italian city, coming down as we had from Salzburg, was Venice. I was instantly dizzy with it. There simply could be no such city on earth: we were clearly on Mars or in heaven or in some marriage of fantasies. In a euphoric outpouring I wrote my mother that she must have been mad to have left such a country. Her answer was a clear capsule. "Dear son," it read, "I did not have American dollars when I was there."

I thought of her answer again when I read Henry James's account of a stroll outside Florence on a bright afternoon in 1877. He had climbed a hill, light of heart and heavy of pocket, and had come to an unidentified villa with a large view of the countryside. "What a tranquil and contented life it seems," he wrote, "with romantic beauty as part of its daily texture."

James was the tourist born. Not for him the burden of hopeless poverty. Nor the experience, so often reported by emigrants, of returning to Italy at forty or fifty to find that their childhood companions are no longer contemporaries but broken, toothless, old men. The tourist sees the barefoot waifs and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thinks how enormous and beautiful their eyes are. He sees the old women bent in perpetual black, like untidy nuns, and thinks how picturesque it is. He sees the peasant battering his rocky soil with his antique and back-breaking tools, and thinks how blessed it must be to live so close to the root of things. Deprivation is nothing to him: let it show his face and he reaches for his camera.

Yet, whatever he misses there inside his detachment, what he does see rushes to him with a sense of the first things of his life. His emotions, like his pocketbook, are there on a favorable rate of exchange. He can indulge himself in the presence of the grieving stones of Italy and somehow be moved by a pathos that could even be real; as Charles Eliot Norton was in the presence of Siena, of which he wrote with more self-rapture than real compassion: "This old town which has seen so much bloodshed . . . to so little purpose . . . where the passions of men have burned so hot, and where life has been so full of hazard and adventure."

FOR that matter, why should he have felt compassion? In Italy, even present grief seems far, and long past. And always there is that equal sense that glorious things, too, have stirred in those stones. "Enough remains of ruined splendor to convince the spectator of all that has departed." The words are Hawthorne's, from "The Italian Notebook," and they refer specifically to the Sistine Chapel, but they could have been spoken of almost any city in Italy. The past stirs full there.

Many a man, in fact, standing in that presence of time, has been filled with a powerful sensation of *déja vu*. One arrives for the first time and instantly has the feeling that he has been there before; that he has, in fact, been there forever.

Often — especially among the more literate and the more learned — that feeling is preceded by a rapture of anticipation. So Edward Gibbon testified of his first visit to Rome in 1764: "I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated my mind as I first approached and entered the eternal city. After a sleepless night I trod, with lofty step, the ruins of the Forum; each memorable spot where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, or Caesar fell, was at once present to my eye; and several days of intoxication were lost, or enjoyed, before I could descend to a cool and minute investigation."

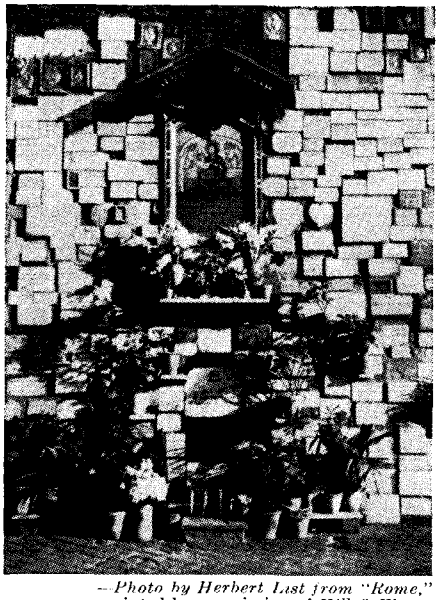
Twenty-two years later, approaching the city by the same route, Goethe felt the same feeling even more strongly. "My anxiety to reach Rome was so great that . . . even in Florence I stayed only three hours." And if the joy of his first discoveries was less learnedly detailed than were Gibbon's, his account gives an even more immediate sense of reaching a place to which his life had long since traveled. "All the dreams of my youth," he wrote, "I now beheld realized before me; the subjects of the first engravings I ever remember seeing (several views of Rome hung in the ante-room of my father's house) stood bodily before my sight."

It is not hard to account for that special sense that Italy is, from the first, a place returned to. Certainly if a Western man has a mind, it has been to Italy before him. Perhaps he had forgotten to what monuments his schoolhouse was addressed; as he may have forgotten what assumptions, long since native to his way of thinking and being, first entered the civilized mind in sight of these stones. But in Italy he stands in one of the schoolhouses of the world: the minute he enters, he knows he has entered one of the home places of his mind. He has entered not only the landscape of a legend, but of his own legend. The difference he has come to is himself; and somehow he had never understood time, and himself in time, as he seems to understand it now.

It is that exhilarated rush of time upon him, certainly, that has given the Italian his particular genius, the visitor his sense of rapture, and visiting artists the special burst of creativity that inevitably breaks from them in Italy. But if that sense of the rush of time is powerfully of life, it is as powerfully of death.

For in Italy it is no paradox that the principal industry is life and the principal product death. The Italian, as Salvatore Quasimodo once said [*SR*, June 11, 1960], has a cult of death. It has been bred into him by everything Americans most readily forget. Life has been cheap there. The very graves are so crowded that it is still the necessary

—*Morin from Monkmeyer.*



—*Photo by Herbert List from "Rome," printed by permission of Hill & Wang.*

"It is that exhilarated rush of time . . . that has given the visitor the sense of rapture . . ." (left); "For in Italy it is no paradox that the principal industry is life and the principal product death" (above).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

custom to disinter and pile up the bones every so many years in order to make room for the new dead.

In Italy, moreover, things tend not to change. The Italian is still likely to be born in an immemorial stone room in the same bed in which his fathers as far back as memory reaches were born, and in which, if they managed to escape disaster, they died. The Italian has his beginning and his end in the same place. He lives in the very stones that will be his tomb.

And who can estimate the force the Church has been upon him in his cult of death? Where but in Italy could there be such a church as Santa Maria della Concezione (the church of the Capuchin monks) on the Via Veneto in Rome, whose funeral vault is intricately decorated with the bones of over 4,000 monks? The dead monks were propped, half upright, in a semicircle of open niches. As each new monk died, the skeleton of the one who had sat longest was taken out and the bones sorted as architectural detail for the walls and ceilings—shin bones making a framework around rosettes ingeniously formed of vertebrae and finger bones, in a wreath around the skeletons of two children flying on bony wings above a wall of skulls. The monks of the order came there not only to pray but, in a compulsive and characteristically Italian ritual, to study the look of their own death, each man to see himself exactly as he would be in his turn. As I recall it, it is less that a century since the practice stopped and the last monk was removed to be distributed as architectural detail, but the crypt is still there, its last semicircle of dead monks still propped up in their rotting and powder-dry cassocks.

To be in Italy is many things, but always it is to find oneself walking that crypt, or its equivalent, and then to climb back into the sun, into *that* sun. And once up from that boneyard what choice has one but to put on his own death's-head, or to fling his hat in the air and dance? The visitor may undergo a kind of shock treatment in the boneheap of the Italian presence. But always the adjustment comes fast. Up goes the hat in the air. The more death is visible, the more urgent it becomes to live. That news of death is, after all, what one has always known. To have it so dramatized may at first be painful. But listen: there is music in the streets. It's a *festa*. Let's go! There will be time enough to lie dead. But *feel* that sun! What was it Hippolyte Taine said? "Let us open our eyes and live, for we have the flower of life in a glance." The daily miracle is around the corner.

The Genius of Italy

By GIORGIO de SANTILLANA

A NATION does not come to grips with itself except through a Reformation, or a revolution, or both. Italy had neither. It kept to humanism as a substitute.

While other nations stand on the sum of their achievements through the centuries, on the work of their kings and nobles and people (or maybe we should invert the order), the Italian nation is the premature invention of Dante, born almost full-shaped of a dream, and it has stayed like that, half-visible truth, half chimera. If we bring to bear on it the dimensions of history, there is an extra dimension that belongs there not at all. In it the Italian likes to take refuge, telling himself improbable stories about himself, kept warm by myths of old greatness, by his pagan identity with nature, his immersion in the biological unit of the family, by what he prides himself in calling his humanity —cozy in a kind of great egg which, as it were, never hatched.

It is difficult to think of a nation being invented from a poem, although there is some kind of precedent in Homer and the "Song of Roland." There was no Italy at the time of Dante. There had never been. By forging a literary instrument comparable in modernity, say, to the English of Gibbon, he forced a consciousness into being far ahead of time. He was—says Petrarch the humanist rather scornfully—a poet loved by innkeepers, dyers, and wool-weavers. He was rooted in their own medieval past. The stark, rocklike directness of his phrasing creates a truth out of impossible contrast, out of the very tension that spans the gap between infinity and a grain of sand. Thus was Italy projected into the future, a compromise between the universe and city brawls, between the absolute and the absurd. For five centuries, as G. A. Borgese once wrote, it remained a phantom before coming into the world. It had what phantoms may have and poets may give, a speech and a myth. It bred humanistic disdain out of its very helplessness. Nothing but the perfect, the ideal order, should be viable. And it all induced a kind of schizophrenia, as if the intellectual functions were unaware of the life of the body. For example, last year Danilo Dolci was damned by his Cardinal and indicted by the courts because he wrote a sociological paper describing the awful conditions of life in Sicilian slums. Dolci had defied the familiar credo of "dignity," "public morale," "national prestige above all." It may be a sinister caricature; it remains the old schizophrenia none the less.

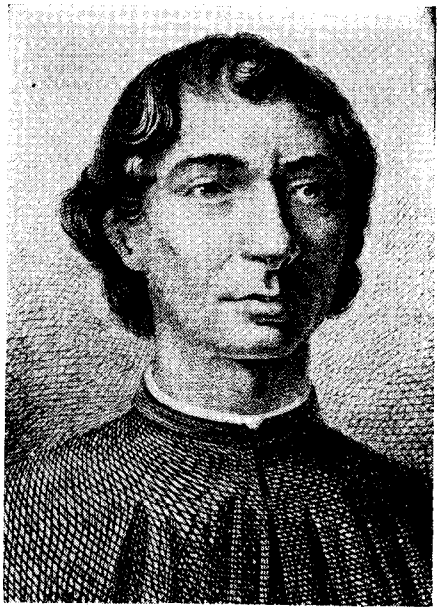
—*Bettmann Archive.*

Carving by Brunelleschi

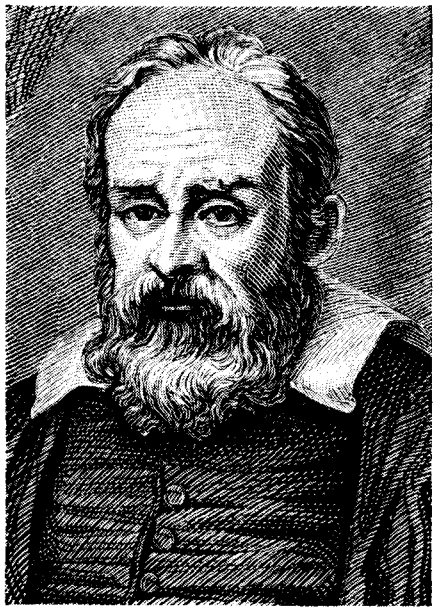
I concluded once that the real genius of Italy consists in an infinite capacity for avoiding action in the face of history. It was meant as a bitter judgment of its rulers, but it may be so because its real and its ideal components are out of phase. Much may be masked by the good nature of the people, but the contrast is everywhere between high achievement and open debasement. Good and evil are inherent in a compulsive respect for form. The genius of Italy lies, maybe, in showing up "safe" mediocrity as ugly.

Mediocrity, that so human condition that the Anglo-Saxons know how to adorn with conscience and decent virtues, becomes in Italy sinister and obnoxious. That is what makes the Italians middle—or rather middle-middle class—so painful to live with, through no fault of their own. They have absorbed the defects of an aristocratic civilization without any of the virtues, and what is left is conformism, bad taste, appearance without substance. Every man who can write the correct fine phrases considers himself entitled to the privilege of authority, that is, becoming a prebendary and a puny oppressor on his own. It is these people who have never been able to provide leadership, whose petty privileges and deep-laid prejudices make them the most resentful of foreign influence and modern change. They are the inert mass at the center, who talk most about Historic Importance, and drag around the star-decked mantle of the past while it gets caught in their feet. The contrast is sharply defined again by the fact

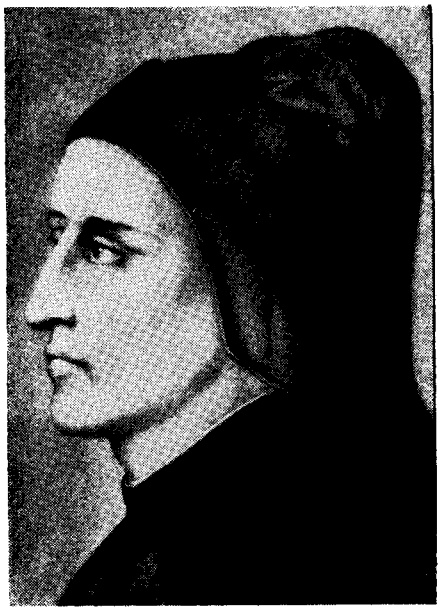
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Machiavelli



Galileo



Dante

that the creative power of the simple people has remained intact, that it can rejoin the intellectual elite in excellence of form, integrity of craftsmanship, seriousness of purpose. At both ends, critical capacity and moral judgment have remained alive. It is at the dead center that humanism has taken the final form of *qualcunismo* ("anybodyism").

This accounts for the peculiar predicament of the Italian intellectuals—I mean those of international stature, of which there is always an impressive crop. To accept the middle-class mentality would mean to be caught in the quagmire of conformism or complicity or escapism; only ancient clarity and Swiftian indignation will give the intellectual his freedom. As for the scientists, they remain outside the cultural circuit. Italy has never been allowed to recover from the Galilean crisis. It has failed to take advantage of the scientific humanism that grew out of its own intellectual accomplishments.

HERE, it seems, are the countersigns of the failure of humanism through time. As in Greece once, so in Italy, it always seems out of phase. Humanism is born, no doubt, of the late medieval flourishing of the free cities. It affirms, to be sure, man's "high estate." But a formal culture in its pride is born at a time when the social underpinnings are giving way. At the same time that Italy was still inventing and exporting the financial, literary, diplomatic, and military techniques for the new Europe, we find Machiavelli ruefully meditating on the evil days of his country and trying to figure out desperate countermeasures. We find nobody else caring, well-paid scholars writing learned orations about nothing, poetry degenerating into Arcady. By the time Italy had created the new cosmology, we find Bruno burnt and Galileo defeated. This, then, is how things stand from the very outset of humanism: a civilization shooting forth wonderful sparklers, but out of balance and kilter, full of broken utopias and futile hopes, passionately rehearsing great motifs, but ready to settle down into the immobile splendor of a long decadence comforted with splendid dreams.

It is a sad paradox that the nation that achieved the soberest line in construction, an impeccably majestic design, all the way from Roman law and Church Latin to Brunelleschi and P. L. Nervi, from Giotto to Monteverdi and Galileo, over all of Europe, should also be plagued with perverse sophists, adored writers of rich, intoxicating nonsense like D'Annunzio, artists who took the airy power of the baroque to overload it with swelling ornamentation, with multitudes of jumping martyrs and trumpeting angels, all the way down to the recent Imperial Borax of Brasini and Piacentini. Italian style and Italian architecture today have worked themselves free out of their own strength.

What stands out in my recollection, indeed, all the more vividly for the ubiquitous self-indulgence, glibness, self-pity, and moral relativism, are the examples of strength that I have watched—the Roman capacity for mastering a world of things, the Cromwellian austerity of great men, an austerity at the same time devoid of puritanism —the more-than-Victorian virtues of an elite, yet an elite without cant—and withall the richness and gentleness of an intellectual texture where old tradition comes into play, the critical detachment that allows for no illusions while it detracts in no wise from the intentness on a job worth doing. Those who have known Salvemini, that fountainhead of the Italian genius, would hardly have thought of the old clichés when confronted with the Euclidian incisiveness of his mind, the ruthless ethical clarity of his historical thinking. But they would have recognized the pure Italian nature in his childlike delight at the nonsense and pleasure of life.

IT comes back to the fundamental paradox, or coincidence of opposites, that the genius of Italy should always be caught between perfection and decay, between the impossibly high and the unpresentably earthy. It is the genius of this strange people that, having built up Roman Law and shaped their very language into well-struck legalistic phrases, they should use their capacity mostly to misuse and circumvent the law; that they who pride themselves on their shrewdness and innate science of life should forever believe in the latest expedient for dodging the slings and arrows of outrageous history, and should land themselves in disaster through naïve self-delusion; that the most cosmopolitan of peoples, which covered the world with its artists and craftsmen, should also be the most obstinately provincial; that the stony magnificence of Dante should be paralleled only by the earthy power of the language of the Roman *plebs*, as wrought into the poetry of Belli; that the people which brought forth Francis and Jacopone, Aquinas and Catherine of Siena, should turn its saints into pagan godlings, and the Vicar of Christ himself into a gilded showpiece; that the na-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

D'Annunzio

Borgese

Fellini

tion that gave the world its highest modes of spiritual perfection should also indulge in such intent materialism.

Today's well-fed middle classes like to stress the spiritual content of their civilization, and affect scorn for the materialistic technology of the new world powers. Believe them not. They deny their heritage. Where else could the wisdom born of matter be an unchallenged historic title, if not among the descendants of Rome? What clearer theory of man himself having become "heaviness" without Grace, than in the penetrating vision of Machiavelli? The very awareness of material truth goes hand in hand with an acceptance of sinfulness as inherent, inevitable, and cozy, a comforting thought only the Latins have been able to comprehend. To hear a Roman speak of money in his own accent, to hear him say *li cuadrini*, is to be brought in contact with a reality so ultimate and unchallengeable that any Anglo-Saxon talk about currency sounds fey and unreal, an airy nothing. To the American, money is a yardstick of action, a measure of possibilities, an instrument for his dreams. It is only where poverty has reigned for ages, where everyone is poor except the rich, that money is clearly understood as a means of buying not harmless goods, but power over people and souls. Resistance to it becomes splendid, professional integrity silent heroism, as it should be. Such virtues need a backdrop. Where else could we find a showcase of twenty-four-carat materialism, the thing in the pure state, to compare with Via Veneto? "La Dolce Vita," Fellini's recent movie whose title is by now a common word in Europe, has made it known to all.

Put this on the balance sheet of humanism. On the credit side, on the high plane, there is universality. When the wind of the Reformation stirred Italy, it did not lead to new fanatical creeds, but much rather to detachment —away from "the theological grammarians of dangerous niceties." When it worked, it bred a new kind of unitarian, teaching a lofty kind of Christianity without harsh dogma, like the Socinians, Ochino, and so many others, unwelcome to either cause, who accepted exile, persecution, and death for their faith. Bruno himself, for all his southern excess of rhetoric, for all his Neapolitan slapstick, is akin to these men. It was he who detonated the Copernican mine and rushed alone through the breach into the open world. Yet this revolutionary was fired only by the great imaginings of antiquity, in true Renaissance manner, and also in Renaissance confusion.

Where is the true note in all this? For me (and I am willing to admit to my personal prejudice), it comes from Tuscany, and it rang true until Tuscany was crushed between the bumpers of North and South. The purity of this musical note was a saving grace to the world. It rings again today in Italian writers who have again become conscious of the world around them. We can detect it first in the twelfth century, in the metaphysical poets who write of nobility, true intellect, and the "gentle soul," of woman's beauty as a hint of heavenly perfection. These are not soft words. They come of a spirit of high adventure, of rebellion and discovery, which tied Guinizelli, Cavalcanti, and their friends into a secret band of rigorous nonconformists. They put themselves under the invocation of Plato, but I see in them essentially revolutionaries and innovators who thought they could read the laws of the cosmos in the soul, and wrote to each other in code of its grace and power. From their "new style" came Dante.

IT is a secret kind of poetry (but any true language is secret), to us as distant as the sound of a lute. But here is where the true strength lies: it brought forth in those distant times craftsmen who did not know about humanism, but who shared with those metaphysical poets the belief in the divine origin of beauty and the conviction that truth is embodied in the perfection of form. Those craftsmen in their turn established the tradition that gives the Italian such quiet competence in his craft and in life. We should see what underlies it. Those artists—it was then the name for craftsmen—had a deep concern: they sought religiously to give clean expression to the archetypes of the universe. (I realize Cellini and his like drop out of all this, but I won't apologize. They come under "Pandemonium.") In two centuries those creators, from Giotto and Brunelleschi to Piero della Francesca, had reached the utmost limit of expression; Leonardo gave up in despair. But where Leonardo left off, Galileo was to take up again in the same spirit, with the new power of abstraction, to reveal the mathematical laws of the cosmos.

That is why I tried once to represent Galileo, in the richness and contrasts of his personality, in his strength and his weakness, in his triumph and defeat, as the embodiment of that paradox of the Italian genius. Have I come here upon another definition? I should be tempted to stand by that.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Puzzle of History

By H. STUART HUGHES

MOST educated Americans think they know something about Italy. Its arts and its tourist attractions are familiar; its language does not seem very difficult; its people welcome the foreigner as a friend. In fact, this apparent ease of acquaintance is deceptive. In some ways we know less about Italy than our fathers and grandfathers did. While many have a travelers' working knowledge of its language, few read its literature in the original; still fewer have followed the sinuosities of its history; the reporting of Italian affairs in the American press has, on balance, diminished in the past decade, and much of what reporting there is, is biased and misleading.

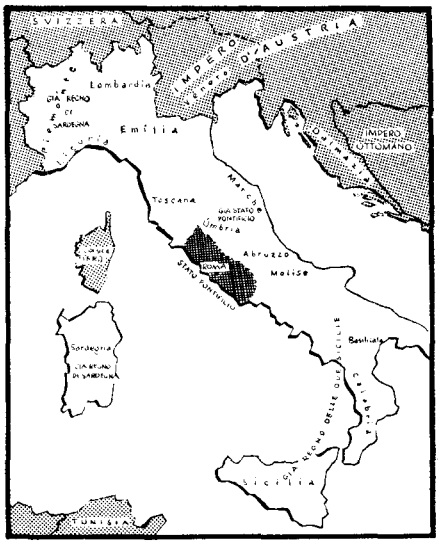
Contemporary Italy's history puzzles us because it seems like an anticlimax. A hundred years ago the bulk of the country was united into the Kingdom of Italy; the hopes of Dante—the longings of seven centuries of Italians for unity and freedom—were apparently fulfilled. The tendency of foreigners was to close the book of Italian history, as with the traditional last lines of a fairy tale: "They lived happily ever after." The Italians, it seemed, had solved their problems: the millennium had come. In fact, the country's confrontation with its true problems, the most significant phase of its modern history, had only begun.

There is a further source of puzzlement. In the past century Italy has led a double history—indeed, it has led a double history in two different senses. Two great contrasts have split Italian life. Two diverging lines of experience have shown how fragile was the apparent national unity achieved in 1861.

The first concerned ideals and political loyalties. When Rome finally became the capital of United Italy in 1870, it had already been another kind of capital for almost two millennia. As the residence of the Pope and the seat of Catholic Christendom, it had possessed an international importance overshadowing that of the capitals of the individual Italian states. The Kingdom of Italy took Rome from the Pope by force; for two generations Pius IX and his successors refused to accept the loss of their territorial dominion. During more than half the history of United Italy, the "Roman Question" poisoned relations between Church and state and tormented the consciences of Italian Catholics. As Italian citizens they owed *national* allegiance to a kingdom that was in a state of political warfare with the authority to which they owed *spiritual* allegiance; not until the early years of the twentieth century were good Catholics permitted to vote in Italian national elections.

The agreement of 1929 between Mussolini and Pope Pius XI apparently settled the Roman Question. By the statesmanlike compromise of giving the Papacy territorial sovereignty over the few acres of Vatican City, the two authorities were able to square the state's insistence on its right to rule all Italy with the Church's equally strong insistence that its head needed a seat of government independent of any national authority. But the settlement of 1929 was less a compromise than it seemed. In fact, it was Mussolini who made most of the concessions. In return for a renunciation by the Pope of territorial claims that had become totally anachronistic, the ruler of Italy granted nearly all the Church demanded in respect to marriage law and a privileged educational position.

SUCH concessions might seem only natural in a state whose population was overwhelmingly Catholic. The Church since 1929 has enjoyed no more favor from the Italian state—actually less—than it does in such profoundly Catholic countries as Ireland or Portugal. But Italy differs from countries like these in two important respects. First, as the seat of the Papacy, the Italian state is far more subject to direct Church pressure; combining as he does in his own person the headship of the universal Church with that of the Italian Church, the Pope is far more tangibly present in Italian affairs than he is in those of any other country. Second, Italy is less Catholic than it appears. Besides its small minorities of Protestants and Jews, a vast percentage of its population—more particularly among urban workingmen and intellectuals—is only nominally Catholic. Some are at least baptized, married, and buried by the Church; others have no Church connection at all. Anticlericalism and opposition to the priests have always been strong forces in Italian life and Italian politics. For the past century, a constant struggle between clericals and anticlericals has split Italian society. Most of the time, the majority of the country's democrats have been on the anticlerical side.



Italy in 1861—a hope fulfilled.

Hence it has been peculiarly difficult for Italy to find a satisfactory balance in Church-state relations. For the first generation of its history as a United Kingdom, anticlericals were in control, and their intemperate statements embittered a question that demanded a maximum of tact on both sides. In the generation that has passed since the settlement of 1929, clericalism has been in the ascendant.

The second great split in contemporary Italian life has been between rich and poor—or, in geographical terms, between North and South. The *Risorgimento*, the movement of national regeneration that culminated in the unity of the country, was an affair of a privileged few. It was people of means and education who agitated and fought for the creation of United Italy. Most of the poor, the peasants and the urban artisans, stood on the sidelines, watching the great events of the years 1859-61 with dull bewilderment. And in the decades that followed, the majority of the Italian people felt left out of public affairs, strangers to the national consensus. Not until 1913 were the Italians granted something approaching universal manhood suffrage.

Even in a technical sense, then, Italy has known political democracy for less than a half-century. Of these five decades, two were passed under the Fascist

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dictatorship and another was occupied by the world wars. The first Italian experience with democracy was largely confined to the four years of postwar maladjustments and civil disorder from 1918 to 1922. The second experience began with the overthrow of Mussolini in 1943 and has continued to the present day.

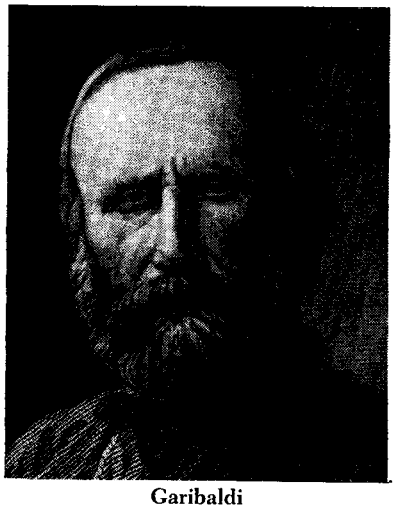
Thus the poor of Italy have found reason to incline toward bitter social protest and extremist leadership. They have been skeptical of the ability of democratic politicians to alleviate their lot. It is natural that Italy should have produced the largest Communist party in the Western world, and that for the first decade of its post-Fascist history the main body of its Socialists traveled meekly in the Communist wake.

Within Italy, the South is poorer than the North. This is true of many countries, including our own, but in Italy the gap yawns more profoundly than in any other major Western nation. South of Rome begins the vast area of agrarian misery: here one feels in another world from the industrial bustle of Turin or Milan. And here the pressure of rural overpopulation has been able to find no adequate outlet—ever since the United States, by its quota laws of the early 1920s, cut off the flood of immigrants from Southern Italy and Sicily which in the single year preceding the First World War had reached a quarter of a million.

In the past decade, however, Southern Italy has at last begun to come to life. The land-reform measures of the years after 1949 have given the peasants a new hope, and the beginnings of industrialization have opened fresh vistas for urban enterprise. The gap between the two parts of the country is still wide—indeed, in some respects, it has increased, since the northern industrial cities have drawn the major profit from the economic boom of the late 1950s. But a trend toward equalization is already in sight. Moreover, from the wider standpoint of Italian poverty, the worst may be over. At a slower pace, it is true, than France or Germany, but still steadily and cumulatively, Italy is becoming a modern, mobile, and consumption-oriented society. One's judgment of this change depends on the direction in which one makes a comparison. If one turns north and compares Italy to France or Germany or Switzerland, then it seems lamentably in the rear. If one turns east and west and brackets Italy with its Mediterranean neighbors it emerges triumphantly in first place.

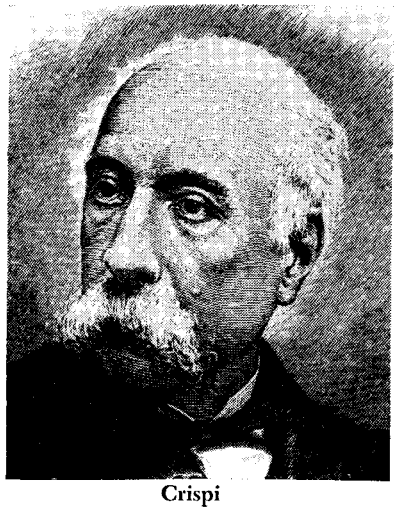
The central dilemma, then, of contemporary Italy has been to find a regime that would bring these contrasts and these problems into harmony, a regime that would bridge the differences between Catholics and anticlericals, rich and poor, North and South, and provide Italy with the dynamic leadership required for modernizing its economy and society to bring them up to the level of the most advanced nations of the Western world. A large order, certainly. It is no wonder that Italy has never found a regime with which the majority of its citizens have been satisfied.

For the first half-century of United Italy's existence the political regime was a liberal parliamentary monarchy. It was liberal in the sense that the liberties of the citizen were guaranteed



Garibaldi

Cavour



Crispi

Mussolini

De Gasperi

Tambroni

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by the law and the constitution, and parliamentary in that the essentials of power were in the hands of parliament and the ministry responsible to it. But it was definitely not democratic. The suffrage was based on property, and nearly all the workers and peasants were disfranchised.

The complex and shifting pattern of Italian parliamentary politics required a parliamentary organizer of genius to make the system work. The late nineteenth century had seen a succession of these—Cavour, Depretis, and Crispi, to name those of lasting importance. Not until the first decade of the twentieth century, however, did the tradition of parliamentary management reach its ultimate expression. In the person of Giovanni Giolitti, Italy found the greatest majority-monger of them all. Giolitti gave his country freedom combined with order, economic progress, and cautious reform; he gave it the best decade it would know for half a century and even led it on its first steps toward democracy. But for all his qualities and achievements, Giolitti could not grant what Italian youth craved: a new ideal of martial glory and service to the nation. In the matter-of-fact, uninspiring, businesss-as-usual manner in which he ran the country, Giolitti epitomized the solid strength and the fatal weakness of the Italian parliamentary monarchy.

HENCE it was not surprising that after the cruel experience of the First World War—which Italy entered against the will of the majority of its people and which brought it much suffering and little credit or reward—the country was shaken by violent social discord. During the first four postwar years, Italy struggled to make a reality of its new democracy, while militants of the left and of the right threatened to tear society apart. At first it seemed that revolutionary Socialism, inspired by the example of Bolshevik Russia, would sweep the country. In the end it was a new form of authoritarian conservatism—Mussolini's Fascism—that ended the first Italian experiment in democracy.

This second of the three regimes under which united Italy has lived appears in retrospect a step backward from its parliamentary predecessor. The Fascist dictatorship destroyed the liberties that Italians had enjoyed during the six decades between Cavour and Giolitti, and gave them very little in return. But this is a verdict of hindsight. When Fascism was still untried, millions of Italians hoped that Mussolini would go beyond the accomplishments of the parliamentary monarchy—that he would give them a new pride in their nation, and would at length associate the peasants and workers in a broader political consensus. For a few months or years, Italians of good will could still hope that Fascism would bring unity.

Their disappointment was cruel. The arbitrary acts of the Fascist dictatorship proved to be not merely emergency measures to deal with a temporary crisis, but a permanent abrogation of liberty. Mussolini's social and economic enactments, far from helping the working classes, in practice strengthened the position of the rich against the poor. Above all, instead of restoring dignity to the nation through a vigorous assertion of its rights abroad, the foreign policy of Fascism proved the ruin of Italy. By his conquest of Ethiopia, his intervention on Franco's side in the Spanish Civil War, and his eventual entrance into the Second World War itself, Mussolini forfeited the good will of the French and British and became totally dependent on Nazi Germany. Month by month his followers fell away. When he was finally driven from power, in the summer of 1943, Sicily had been lost, the Italian mainland was about to be invaded, and his people, almost to a man, had turned against him.

The first phase of the Second World War had brought defeat and disgrace to Italy. Its later phases created the people's proudest memory—a revival and heightening of the *Risorgimento* experience—in the achievements of the Italian Resistance. For the last year and a half of the war, the Resistance fighters redeemed the national reputation through the help they gave to the liberating armies of Britain and the United States, and simultaneously prepared the country for a second and more robust experiment in democracy.

Modern Italy's third regime—the government of Christian Democracy—was a direct outgrowth of the wartime Resistance. Its founder, Alcide de Gasperi, had been one of the chiefs of clandestine anti-Fascism, and his own convictions always remained true to the tradition of Italian democracy. The popular strengths of his party likewise stemmed from the Resistance—its republicanism, its belief in liberty, its concern for the laboring poor, and its effort to remain independent of clerical direction. In his seven and a half years of power from 1945 to 1953, De Gasperi made many compromises with the Fascist past. He was indulgent to the corruption and the authoritarian behavior of his subordinates. Yet in his leadership of a party that sought to combine democracy with an assertion of Catholic values—and economic stability with moderate social reform—De Gasperi gave Italy the most broadly based regime that it had yet known, and the one that came closest to associating the mass of the people in the process of government.

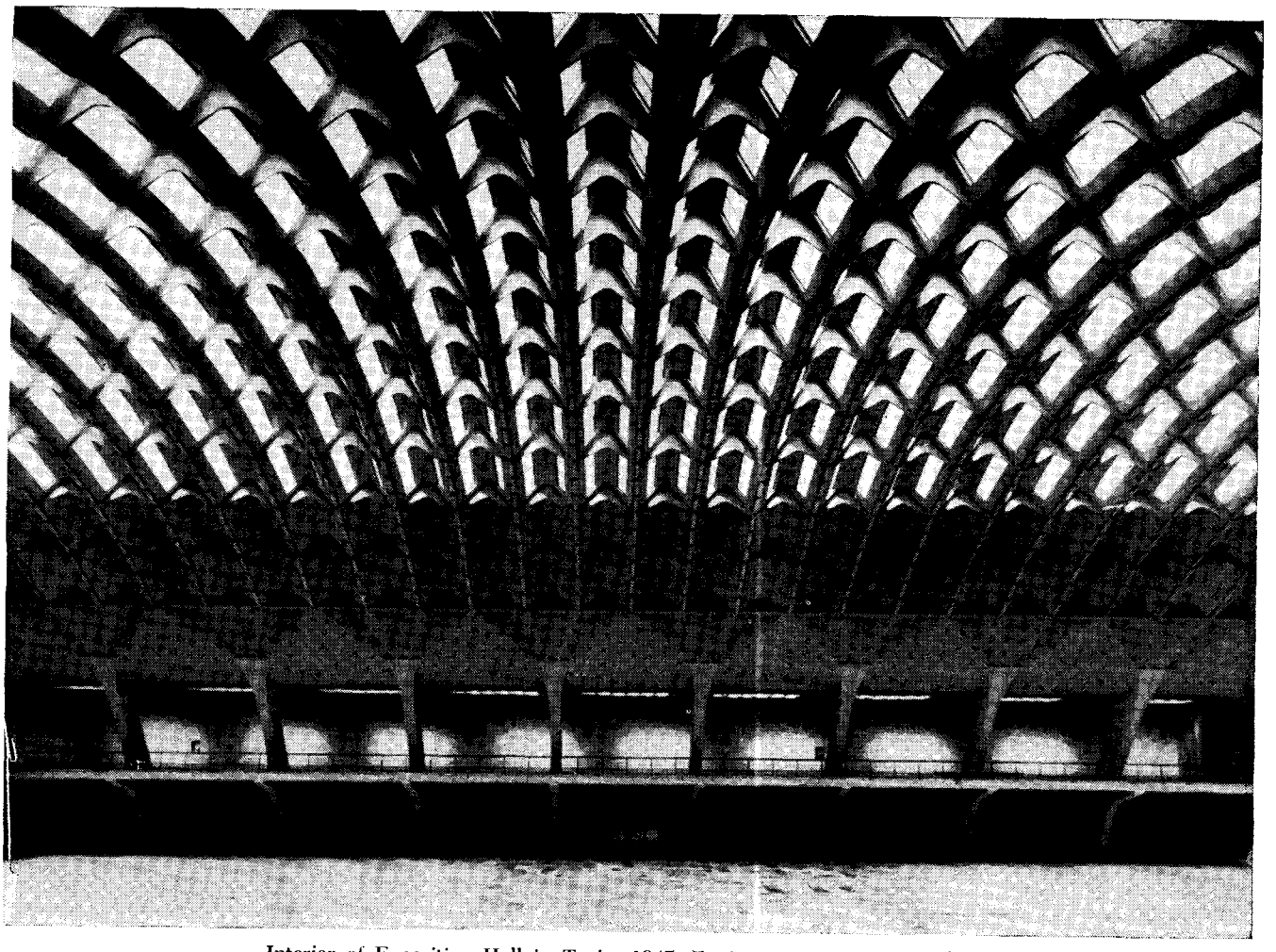
Since De Gasperi's retirement, this third effort to unite the Italians—this third approximation of a satisfactory political regime—has shown its less attractive features. Its leadership has been unsure and has changed too often. Six successive premiers, all drawn from the same party and representing every tendency within Christian Democracy, have proved themselves incapable of giving the country a clear and consistent direction. The process of economic reform has slowed. Clerical influence has vastly increased, and abuses of authority on the part of subordinate officials have become bolder and less frequently punished. Most dangerous of all, during the early months of last year the Prime Minister himself, Tambroni, quite openly sought the support of reactionary authoritarians, and his own administration began to take on an increasingly authoritarian character.

THEN came the popular demonstrations of July which toppled the Tambroni government. These manifestations were quite incorrectly reported in the American press as primarily, or even exclusively, Communist. In fact, they represented nearly all shades of Italian anti-Fascism; they restored the militant unity of the wartime Resistance. Faced with the threat of a new authoritarianism of the right, the forces of Italian democracy closed ranks once again.

The result was the formation of a more broadly based government and a restoration of democratic faith within Christian Democracy. More important than this, the events of last July revealed the danger of entrusting the exclusive direction of Italian democracy to a single party. It drew attention to the necessity of a real electoral alternative. Fortunately, since 1956 such an alternative has appeared in the decision of the Italian Socialists to break away from alliance with Communism. Today the Socialists have not cut all their links to their former allies; trade union ties, for example, still remain strong. But over the past four years the Socialists' independence and self-confidence have grown, and they are now in a position either to present the voter with an alternative to Christian Democracy, or, in alliance with the governing party, to offer an "opening to the left," a substantial parliamentary majority for a dynamic policy of reform.

Twice in the past—in the period 1918-22 and again from 1943 to 1945—Italy has had a chance to create a type of democracy that would give its poor and its dispossessed a sense of sharing in the national experience. Twice it has failed. Its third chance began last July.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Interior of Exposition Hall in Turin, 1947—Engineers: Nervi and Bardoli.

Italian Architecture: Drama in Diversity

By Ada Louise Huxtable

TO ANYONE who has experienced the serene, measured perfection of the Pazzi Chapel in Florence, or been seduced by the baroque puff-pastry of Santa Maria della Salute shimmering whitely on Venice's Grand Canal, or entered those superb, ordered urban spaces, the Piazza San Marco in Venice or the Piazza Navona in Rome, the supremacy of Italian architecture *is* unquestioned. Its contributions have been characterized by recurrent flashes of theatrical brilliance unmatched anywhere else in the world. The spark of Italian creativity—frozen briefly by the academies in the nineteenth century but rekindled with its familiar, irresistable fire in our own time—is a particularly potent force in contemporary art and life.

Its most recent, fiery display burst into view in the Forties, at the end of the war. The sudden, surprising flowering of an "Italian style," with its attendant excitement, was hailed immediately as a "renaissance," the rebirth of the great tradition of Italian architecture and design. No renaissance at all, it was actually the culmination of a long and logical evolution. Except for the prophecies of futurism in 1914, modern architecture came late to Italy and developed slowly, reaching its apogee there a full twenty years after the movement had made its mark in northern Europe. Inevitably, it developed different forms, under a different set of circumstances. These circumstances —the end of war and its sober restrictions, the break with the academic controls of Fascist dictatorship, the boredom of a quarter-century of unrelieved rationalist design—released Italian creativity and made the postwar production possible.

Its distinctive nature was undeniable. Dramatic and inventive, at once serious and lighthearted, it broke with "pure" design and stressed an experimental, try-anything freedom aimed at the uninhibited pleasure of the senses. The Italian influence went beyond the arts; it was promoted, and perverted, in everything from houses to *haute couture;* it pervaded fashionable life; it even put women into pants (a subsidiary development of doubtful esthetic value). On a higher level, it answered a real need at the right time: public and professionals alike craved variety and delight. Italian design supplied both.

The factors that set the stage for this revolutionary work were historical, cultural, and environmental. History brought Italian architecture to full focus at a moment when the world was ready for its innovations. Although futurism had flashed brilliantly, but briefly, just before the First World War, its most tangible and lasting accomplishments were in painting and sculpture; its most substantial architectural legacy was a noteworthy series of visionary drawings of a mechanistic metropolis by Antonio Sant'Elia—a dream-city that no one was prepared to build. Soon after the war, however, a radical new architecture began to appear in northern Europe. In 1926 a group of seven Milanese architects, the "Gruppo Sette," issued a manifesto officially launching the new movement in Italy. From 1930 to 1940, modern work was produced belatedly, a decade behind the rest of Europe. It

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

showed its own characteristics quickly in a handful of superior buildings, particularly in the work of Giuseppe Terragni and Pietro Lingeri, where intricate structural patterns replaced the flat surfaces favored by the earlier German, Austrian, and Swiss pioneers.

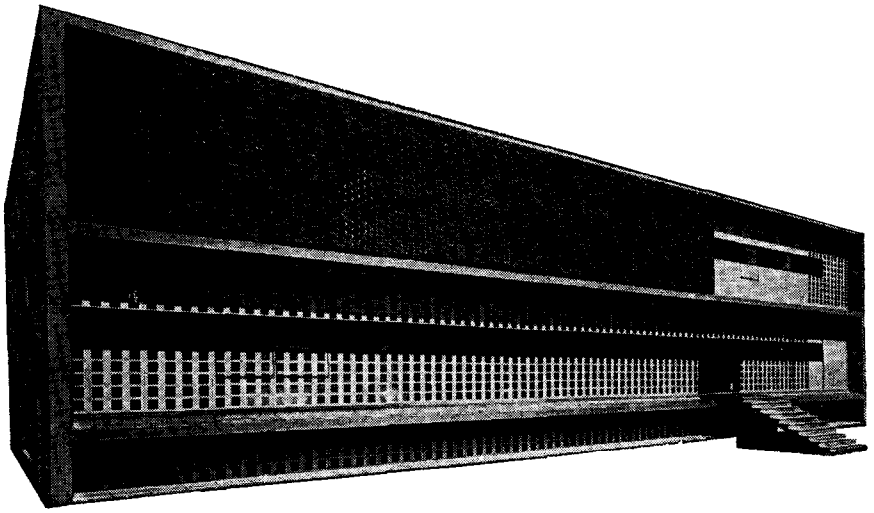
Even the advent of dictatorship was no deterrent to the determined little band of modernists. Fascism's early social reforms were sympathetic to reforms in architecture; handsome hospitals, welfare, administration, and exposition buildings were designed for the government by some of the most talented members of the new school—Ignazio Gardella's Tuberculosis Dispensary at Alessandria (1935-38), Giuseppe Vaccaro's Vacation Colony at Cesenatico (1937-38), Studio BBPR's projects for the 1942 Rome Exposition. As architecture became increasingly associated with propaganda, however, the enemies of the new movement—the strongly entrenched, tradition-bound academies of Rome—moved into power to create the hollow, pompous, pseudo-monumental style associated with Mussolini's more grandiose public works.

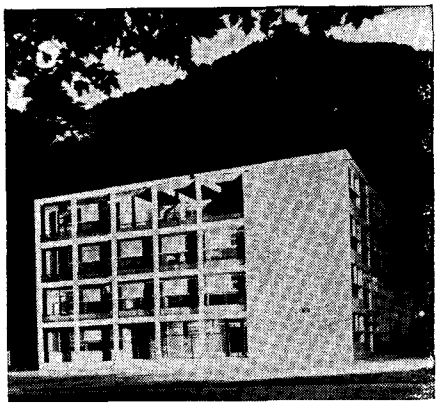
THROUGH the disappointing decline ran three threads of vitality. The first was a one-man revolution: the remarkable work of the Italian engineer Pier Luigi Nervi, who, from 1930 on, used reinforced concrete to create radical structural forms of unfamiliar shape and surprising grace, in a series of warehouses, hangars, factories, and exposition halls with an unconventional and often electrifying beauty. If Italy had no other claim to greatness in the twentieth century, Nervi would still stand as one of the creative giants of the age. The second contribution was in the art of display—the Italian shops, stores, exhibitions, and interiors of the Forties offered a special excitement in the refined, imaginative handling of unorthodox new ideas. Third, there was the integrated design program, initiated by the Olivetti Corporation with its coordinated activities in architecture, product design, and graphics, only now receiving popular recognition in pretentious but pallid imitations. Uniting all of these contributions were the recognizable characteristics of the developing Italian style: increased structural intricacy for its own sake, enrichment of forms, revival of surface interest, experimentation with color and decoration, combination of tradition and experiment, and a new sense of space, all pursued with inventiveness, individuality, and notable elegance. To this writer, who recorded and analyzed these trends in Italy in 1950 and 1952, there is satisfaction in seeing certain predictions realized. For Italian innovations called the tune of the future at that time; they are the marks (and sometimes the danger signs) of international architecture today.

These innovations, in turn, have been made possible by certain timeless elements of the Italian taste and temperament, which contributed conspicuously to the new work. There is, for example, the well-known Italian dramatic flair—that particular gift for striking theatrical poses that needs no revival or "renaissance." The sentimental scene, the artfully planned effect, the calculated emotional climax (often piled on emotional climax), is all part of the daily *commedia dell'arte* that every Italian understands and enjoys. Any Latin worthy of the name disdains Anglo-Saxon understatement. He prefers drama and overtly sensuous delights. True Italian elegance courts a kind of super-refinement that borders delicately on ostentation. Theirs is not the sophisticated simplicity of sackcloth (an American intellectual affectation), but the simplicity of silk—*seta pura*—of gleaming, twenty-two-carat gold or steel worked like gold, of the superbly smooth line called *liscio*, of buildings and objects fashioned with an exquisite subtlety and luxury that make conventional "good taste" seem somewhat provincial and crude by comparison.

THE Italian style enthusiastically endorses the combination of the ornate, sentimental antiques still held in a state of contemptuous discard by more inhibited designers, with the severe austerities of modern architecture—a mode promoted unflinchingly by men like Franco Albini, Ignazio Gardella, and the leading Milan firm of Belgiojoso, Peressutti, and Rogers. (This firm designed the Olivetti Corporation's New York showroom in 1954: a rich mélange of rare marbles, Venetian glass, abstract sculpture, and business machines—the commercial products no less distinguished than their opulent setting.) The same sure but unorthodox taste permits a *gioco*, or playful esthetic trick, like the retention of a solitary, rosy, floating female figure on an otherwise painted-out bad baroque ceiling, the lady discreetly and delightfully spotlighted in uncompromisingly functional surroundings—an unforgettable caprice in Gardella's postwar studio. It embraces furniture and products as well as buildings, for the Italian architect is also interior and industrial designer, responsible for *l'arredamento*—the furnishings and equipment of his structures. In art, as in life, he is quite capable of handling the touchiest liaisons with impeccable sensitivity.

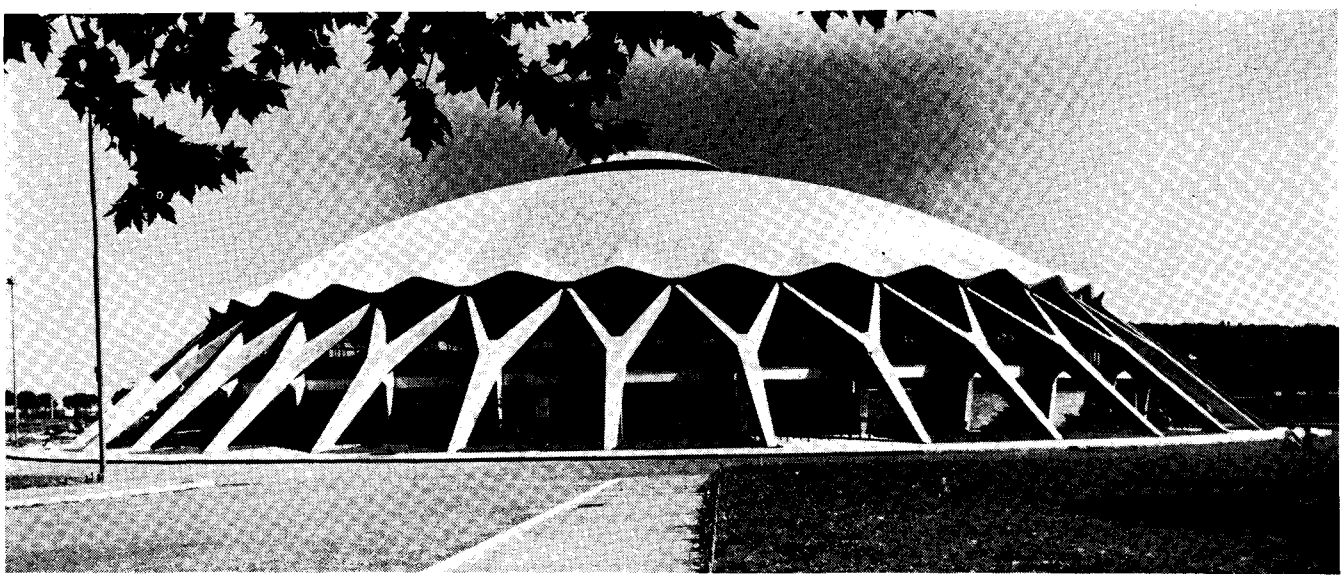
Seen in the context of Italy's cultural history and esthetic ambience, none of this is surprising. Surrounded by the monuments of the past, the designer in





State Architecture under Fascism—(above) Casa del Populo, Como, 1932-36, architect Giuseppe Terragni; (left) Tuberculosis Dispensary, Alessandria, 1935-38.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



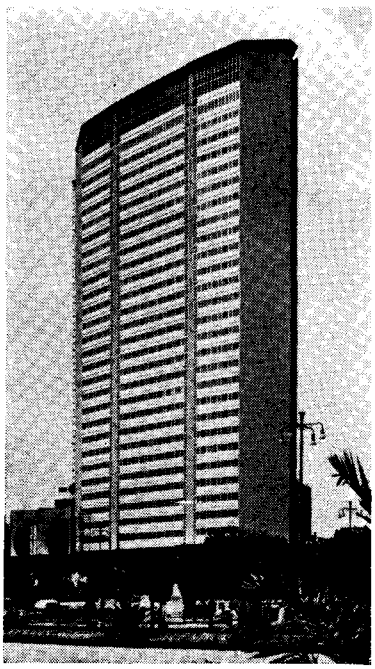
Nervi's small sports palace in Rome, 1960.

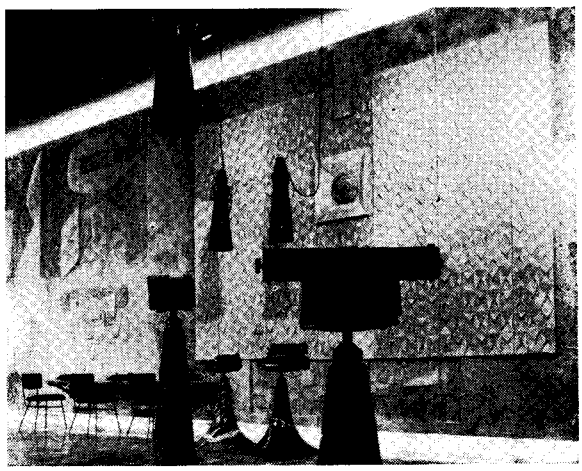
Italy is aware that all art changes and that the new and startling soon become familiar. The old has always been there and the beautiful never goes out of style. He knows how to create an effective harmony of contrast.

He works in an environment of exceptional architectural glamour. Italian monuments have a stage-set grandeur; Italian houses are like the expressionist cubes and rectangles of experimental theatre where mood is revealed by color and illumination. The light of Italy—perhaps best appreciated in retrospect in a cold northern city on a gray winter afternoon—is equally a part of its art. The Mediterranean sun that so emphatically defines the planes and volumes of architecture with almost blinding brilliance at noon, turns everything to glowing, gilded softness by late day, in a landscape tinged with honey. At six in the evening, Rome is a blue and gold city. Umber and russet houses stand against a clear sky still touched with sun. There is no tone, shade, or tint of gray. Marvel is piled on marvel; to overwhelming light and color is added the rich chiaroscuro of baroque pediment and portal. In the south, peasant buildings offer a three-dimensional, abstract geometric complexity that the sophisticated Italian architect particularly admires. Imagery, color, and decoration, part of an ageless tradition, are easily incorporated into his most recent and avant-garde work.

This, of course, is the Italian spirit at its best. At its worst, the strong sense of drama, the love of sensuous display and surprise lead to unforgivable experiments and unpardonable excess. Contemporary Italian architecture and design range from the height of beauty to the depth of vulgarity. In 1950, it was the dazzling hope of the Western world; a decade later it appears to have parlayed its creative spark into a disorderly search for novelty for its own sake. Today, unfortunately, there is more emphasis on odd than on graceful work, and the desire to shock is becoming greater than the desire to please. Assurance borders on arrogance, and among the younger generation, in particular, talented men like Vittoriano

(*Continued on page* 90)



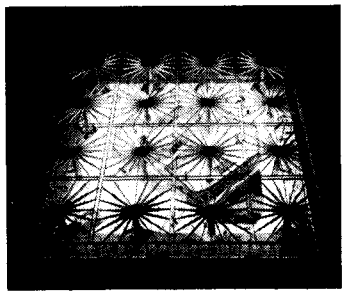


—*Hans Namuth.*

Above: Olivetti showroom in New York City.

Left: Pirelli Bldg., Milan, 1955-59; architects: Gio Ponti and Roberto Rosselli; engineer: Luigi Nervi.

Right: Model of building for International Labor Exposition, Turin, 1961, by Pier Luigi Nervi. Interior and exhibition designs by Gio Ponti.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Italy's "New" Renaissance: An Inquiry

By KATHARINE KUH

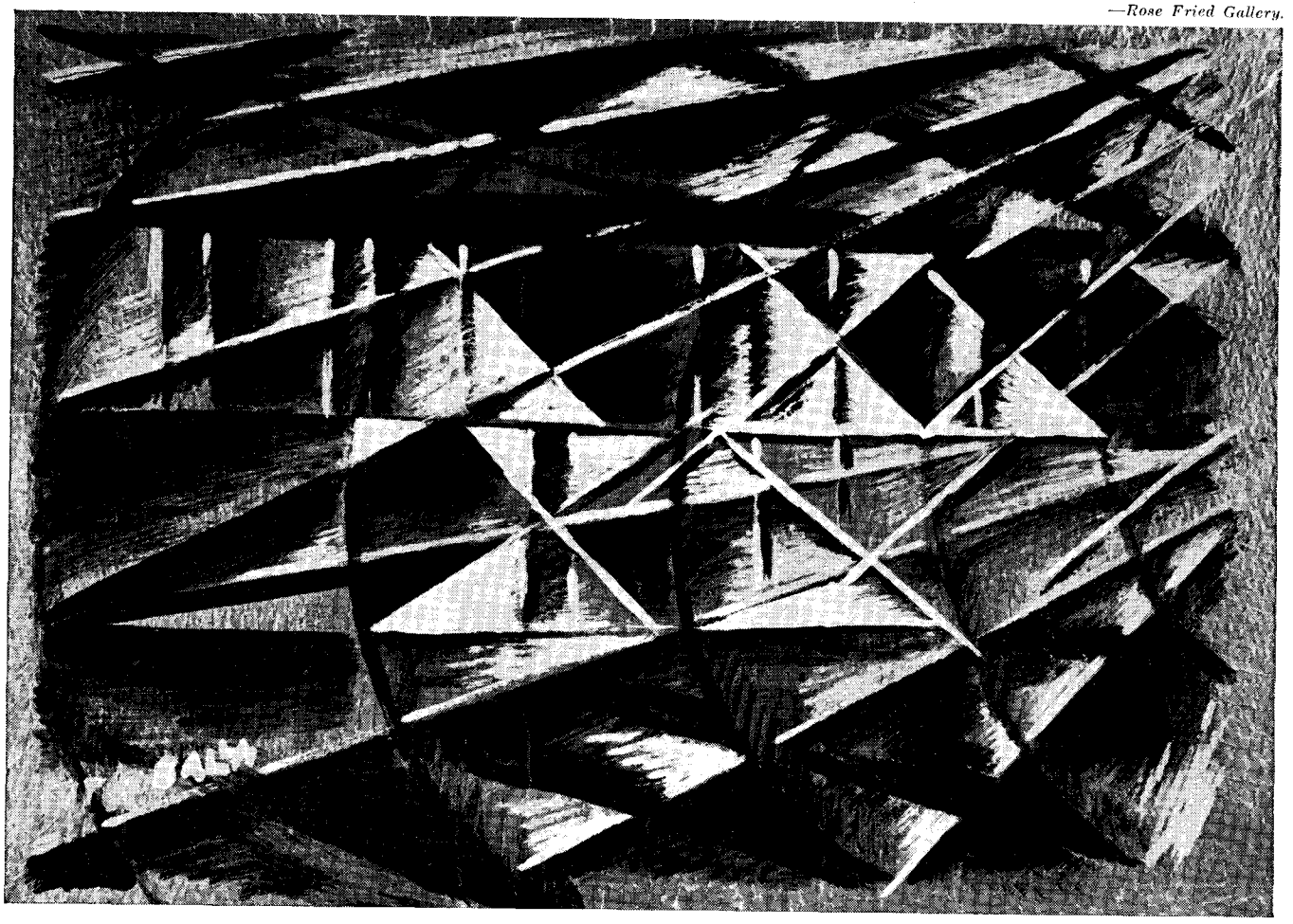
SINCE the war there has been much talk of a second Italian Renaissance. In a country where this word evokes memories of such giants as Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Titian, the claim may seem bold. And one is led to question: a renaissance of what? If the *quatrocento* rediscovered the meaning of humanism via that now renowned patch of earth in Pisa's Campo Santo, exactly what roots, if any, nourished a renaissance in postwar Italian art? Or is merely a general revitalization of design, painting, sculpture, and crafts enough to justify this contention? After the war, extensive rebuilding naturally followed Italy's widespread destruction, but this physical rebirth reflected chiefly an exuberant enthusiasm for established international methods already widely, if only recently, accepted. Few countries, except those behind the iron curtain, have not experienced this same invigoration, for in a shrinking world art is bound to grow less nationalistic.

In Italy the new international spirit produced certain personal characteristics more charming than earth-shaking. During the last few years it was not from this country that the most interesting germinating seeds of contemporary art developed, but rather from the New World. How logical that a people troubled by severe destruction should be far too busy catching up with the present to become pioneers of the future. No matter how seductive their sculpture, how sophisticated and sensitive their paintings, Italian artists today are less leaders than gifted followers, less originators than men brilliantly able to synthesize, combine, and refine the inventions of others.

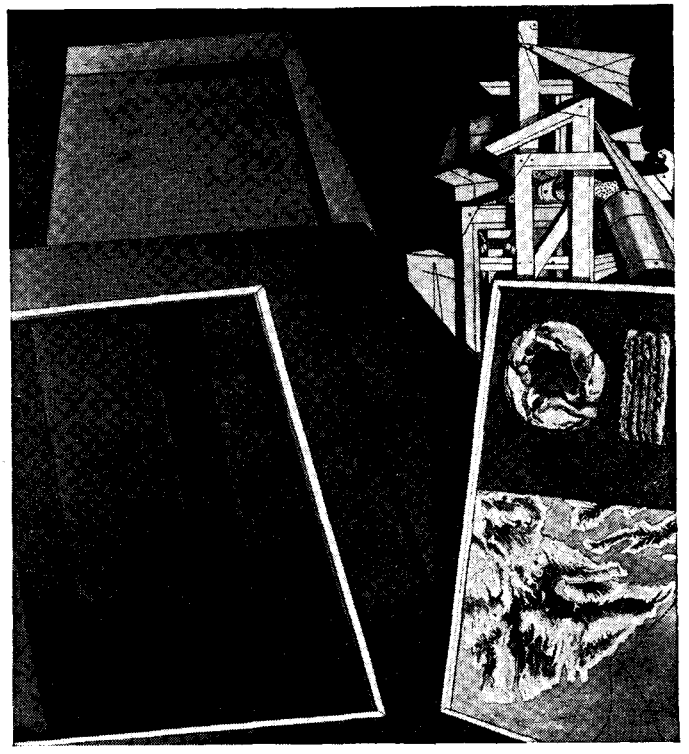
This is not to say that the urbane archaisms of Manzù, Mirko, and Marini fail as significant works of art, that the subtle abstractions of Afro and Santomaso and the powerful compositions of Cremonini and Vedova lack depth or authenticity. Nor can one lightly pass over Morandi's exquisite understatements, so balanced and impersonal as to bring memories of Piero della Francesca to mind. Though these men have all vitally contributed to the art of our time, it is not they who charted its course—nor even the younger Italians. In this group one thinks immediately of Consagra, the Pomodoros, Somaini, and the somewhat older Mastroianni, but though it is too soon to estimate their place in modern history, still on present evidence one doubts whether they are not less inventors than excellent representatives of those new metal techniques that are rapidly eliminating the boundaries between painting and sculpture. That the younger Italians are indebted to Spanish and

"Automobile Dynamics," by Giacomo Balla, 1913.

—*Rose Fried Gallery.*



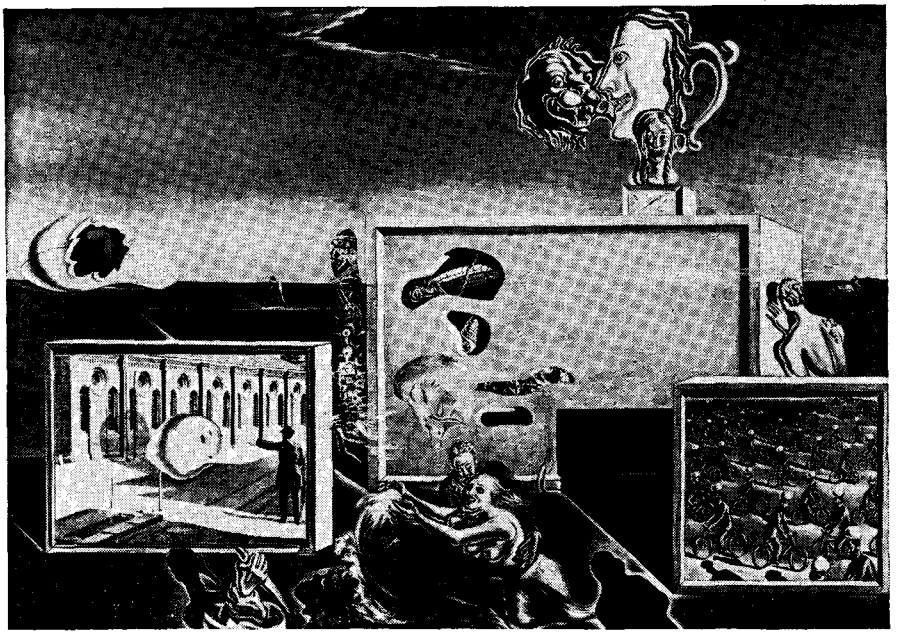
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"One need only compare his still life of 1916 with Dali's similarly compartmentalized composition."

Left: "Nature Morte Evangelique," by Giorgio de Chirico. Below: "Illuminated Pleasures," by Salvador Dali.

—Both paintings from the collection of Sidney Janis.



American experiments in metal is doubtless true, but it is only fair to admire the added dexterity and grace they bring to this medium.

Though present-day art in Italy maintains extremely high qualitative standards, it is the extraordinary, the unexpected peaks of performance we miss. For these we must turn to a somewhat earlier period—to the days just before and after the First World War when the futurists were already experimenting with the dynamics of speed. These men, who even now, fifty years later, have scarcely begun to receive the attention they merit, defied the past with missionary zeal. One can only speculate how much sooner they might have been recognized had they worked in France, and benefited from that country's astute Gallic genius for art promotion. Equally neglected and ridiculed by the general public were two other Italian artists painting at about the same time and likewise making history. I refer to Amedeo Modigliani and Giorgio de Chirico. During roughly most of the second decade of the century, these two men, along with the Futurists (but all working in totally different directions), established Italy as a potent world leader in art.

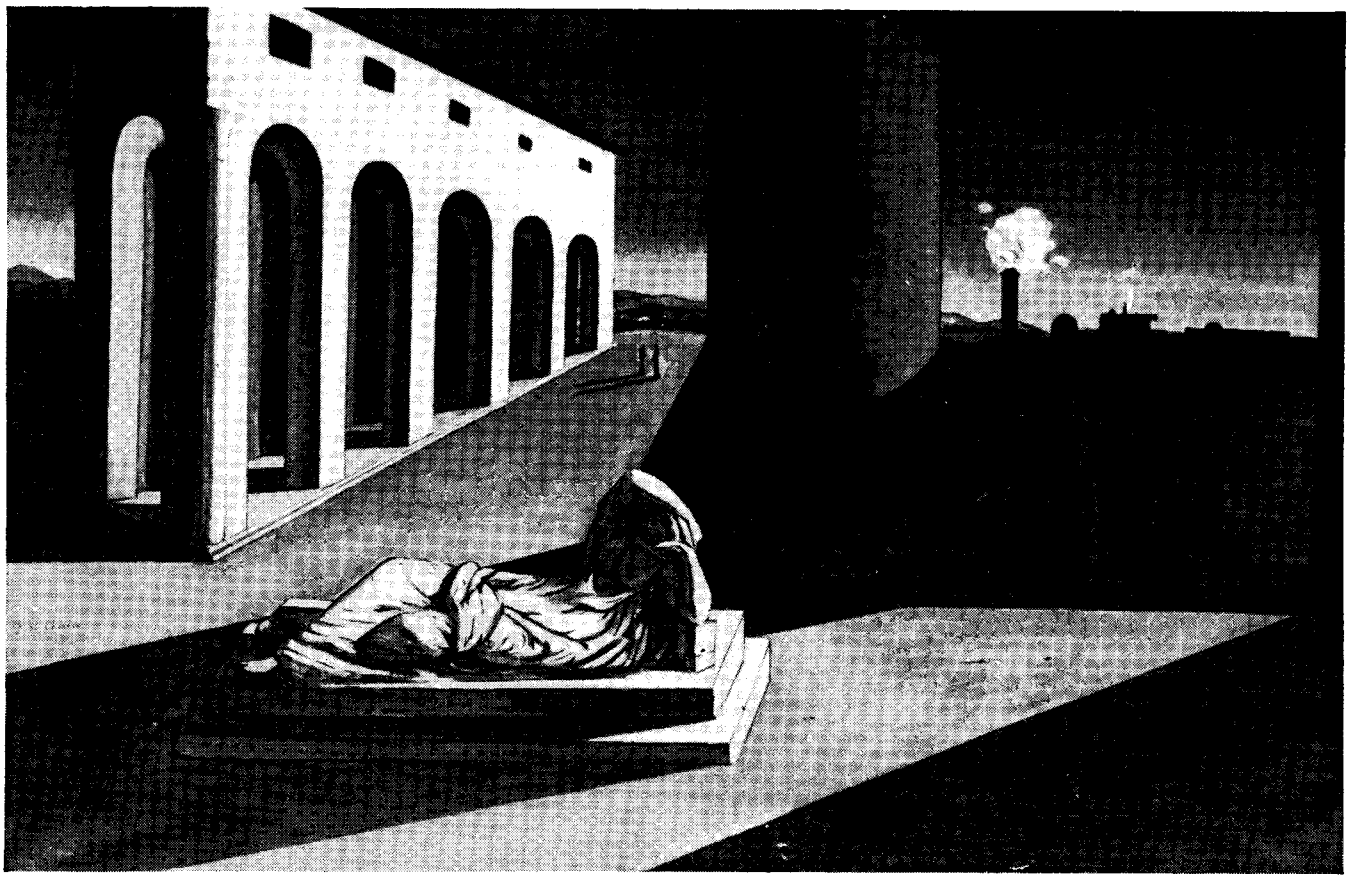
Sometimes overshadowed by its predecessor cubism, and obviously not uninfluenced by it, futurism was probably the single most positive and powerful expression of our technological age. Not only did Balla, Boccioni, Carra, Russolo, and Severini focus on speed, change, science, machinery, strife, and multiplicity, but in so doing they also ironically foretold the coming of Fascism. Strange indeed were the bedfellows of this ideology which, at once revolutionary and reactionary, echoed the futurists' reverence for progress through mechanization. The real danger for the futurists stemmed from a world so externalized that not even a nostalgic twinge for the past was allowed in a country where heretofore art had always grown from art. Even so, who now in Italy can approximate the strength of Boccioni's famous bronze striding figure or of his paintings charged with such conflict and incessant motion that a new kind of organized chaos emerged?

In Italian art today the familiar danger is excessive good taste and a tendency to overrely on archaic Mediterannean images. With the futurists, however, there was only the danger of excess itself. The very arrogance that motivated them to believe they could *reproduce* (not merely suggest) the dynamics of machinery, the complete energy and activity of speed, the vibrant cacophony of large cities demonstrates how militant was their concern with the present, how closely they re-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flected that European restlessness which immediately antedated World War I. In a sense they were symbolists, for they used abstracted transparent overlapping forms (a technique borrowed from cubism) to duplicate cinematic methods, not surprising in a period when the motion picture was rapidly developing. But at heart they were realists, for above all they wanted to encompass at one moment, simultaneously, the continuous motion of an object or group of objects. Perhaps it is better to say that they hoped to trace the moving object's path in space. Often they accomplished this by turning the observer into a participant, making him feel that he was within the moving body, himself hurtling through a landscape or a city. This philosophy of participation has today become an integral part of American abstract expressionist painting. As orthodox impressionism was concerned with reproducing realistic sunlight, so futurism was dedicated to realistic motion, both ambitions of such fugitive and impalpable substance that only the bravest could survive.

The futurists broke passionately with Renaissance art. Gone was its single center of interest, its tactile forms, naturalistic color, and emphasis on humanism. Only a year or two later, however, Modigliani was to turn back to his ancestor, Botticelli, and in a most daring union attempt to join this artist's sinuous elegance to the primitive power of newly discovered Negro art. Limiting himself almost solely to portraits and occasional nudes, he juxtaposed Botticelli's fluent line and urbane individualism with hieratic tribal memories of Africa, miraculously inventing a language of his own as authentic as those he combined. Wistful, frontal, lost in reverie and loneliness, his figures transcend the stylized conventions that produced them. In other hands, these elongated necks, ovoid heads, and flattened noses might seem contrived, even "modernistic." With Modigliani they are not clever technical exercises; they are engrossing human documents touched by humor, pathos, sensuality, and compassion. Because his methods were easily imitated but his content deceptively evasive, he established no school. His was a brush as personal as the Renaissance master's he admired. A symbol of our ambivalent century, Mo-



"Like a memory from the past, the classical figure of Ariadne haunts Chirico's early paintings."

Above: "The Joys and Enigmas of a Strange Hour," by Giorgio de Chirico. From the collection of Wright Ludington.

Left: Ariadne, copy of a lost Hellenistic Statue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

digliani was, like many of his contemporaries, in love with primitive art while yet remaining faithful to his own heritage. In fusing these two philosophies he rarely permitted the brutality of African sculpture to submerge the refinements of his Italian background. The transformation he effected was not due to a gentle refurbishing of the past but to a new image he forged from two alien cultures.

In a way Giorgio de Chirico did the same thing, though on a more complex level. He is still painting today, but we remember him only for a few magnificiently productive years between 1913 and 1920. Now he turns out canvases so banal and pedestrian that they seem to mock his earlier enigmatic inventions. And inventions they were. One need only compare his still life ("Nature Morte Evangélique") of 1916 with Dali's similarly compartmentalized composition, "Illumined Pleasures," painted thirteen years later, to realize that Chirico was not only a forerunner but, in effect, the true father of surrealism.

With his eerie perspectives, incongruous shadows, and fragmented capsules of irrational scenes, he set the stage for modern psychoanalytical painting. By including pictures within pictures, both he and Dali tried to approximate the density and multiplicity of dreams. Chirico was a master at making the impossible seem plausible; he virtually caused the unreal to appear "realer" than reality. Conceived in terms of various associative experiences drawn from different periods in his life, his paintings often depended on superimposed combinations of past, present, and intervening psychological states where barriers of time and moral judgment were suspended. For example, like a memory from the past, the classical figure of Ariadne haunts many of Chirico's canvases. Because he was born in Greece (of Italian parents) he not unnaturally turned to classical subjects but combined them irrationally with later experiences in Italy. Thus his appropriately named painting of 1913, "The Joys and Enigmas of a Strange Hour," linked a Hellenistic Greek sculpture of Ariadne with nineteenth-century Italian architecture from Turin, a city where the artist had recently lived. And the train, a ubiquitous symbol in many of his compositions, no doubt at least superficially came from associations with his father, who originally went to Greece as an engineer for a railroad in Thessaly.

If both Modigliani and Chirico frankly borrowed from the past, it is well to remember that recurrent images are not necessarily repeated images. These men, especially Chirico, were able to fuse past and present in a union strong enough and new enough to encompass the future. It was, however, the futurists who dealt only with their own times and in terms so prophetic we are still trying to catch up with them.

How strong a role nationalism has played in Italian art during the last hundred years is questionable. While nineteenth-century art slumbered, its painters wavering between competent genre scenes and memories of French impressionism, Italy marked time. Then came the explosive early years of the present century. It seems fruitless, however, to attribute national characteristics to futurism. Why this movement developed almost exclusively in Italy is not clear, for surely it reflected the prewar tensions of all Europe. No doubt Chirico and Modigliani were closer to their native roots than the futurists, but what they had to say, and what we chiefly admire in their work, is less Italian than twentieth century. With uncanny understanding they predicted, as they contributed to, that "new vision" which was being shaped by both the findings of Freud and the reveberations of primitive art. These same golden years were productive not only in Italy; everywhere in Europe, old forms were being challenged by new ideas.

—*The Art Institute of Chicago.*

"Hieratic tribal memories of Africa."

Left: "Mme. Pompadour" by Amadeo Modigliani. Above: African Mask.

—*The Art Institute of Chicago.*

—*Ehem Staatt. Mus. Berlin.*

"Modigliani was to turn back to his ancestor Botticelli.

Above: "Venus," by Botticelli. Left: "Woman with Necklace," by Amadeo Modigliani.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Landscape of Letters

By SERGIO PACIFICI

BEFORE the end of the last war, it was difficult to find many people in the country who were more than superficially acquainted with modern Italian letters. For all but the specialist who, despite Fascism and geographical distance, managed to keep abreast of literary developments abroad, contemporary Italian fiction and poetry inevitably called to mind less than a handful of names, and not the most representative ones at that: D'Annunzio, Pirandello, Papini, and Silone. Even if this meager list was at times stretched to include one or two more names, the American view of twentieth-century Italian literature remained singularly limited and amazingly partial.

Two main reasons account for our neglect of Italian letters. First, our political isolationism and the existence of a healthy and exciting indigenous literature encouraged a regrettable cultural provincialism; secondly, the sympathetic American observer (a rare thing in those days) was too prone to conclude, frequently without documenting his evaluations adequately, that the Italian literary scene showed no sign of the vitality, richness, and talent typical of other European countries, such as France and England. This was the situation until 1947 or 1948.

That our receptiveness to Italian films, books, and art has undergone a dramatic change of late is readily apparent. No more persuasive an indication of this change could be found than in the number of films from Italy reaching our shores after receiving coveted prizes, or in the numerous volumes of Italian fiction that appear here year after year. Since the publication in 1947 of Carlo Levi's masterful semiautobiographical essay, "Christ Stopped at Eboli," Italian writing has enjoyed a steady critical and popular success, the latest example of it being Giuseppe di Lampedusa's "The Leopard." When such an "old-fashioned" historical novel written by an Italian aristocrat reaches the best-seller lists, the fact seems indicative of a significant climate of opinion.

In 1953 the distinguished teacher of comparative literature, Renato Poggioli, taking stock of postwar developments in an essay titled "The Italian Success Story," diagnosed the situation this way:

> What has happened has just the quality of a fairy tale: Italy has gained the sympathy and admiration of an alien world only after she has started acting and feeling like Cinderella . . . before doing so, she had failed to tear off the veil of foreign ignorance and indifference, having chosen to play the part of Cinderella's stepmother or of her stepsisters.

This amazing change was only in part a spontaneous or, for that matter, a one-sided affair. The time has come for critics to acknowledge that the spadework necessary to introduce the Italian novelists here was performed by the publishers themselves. Their astute choices of authors and titles, their sense of timing, their sophisticated presentation were all instrumental in creating the kind of atmosphere conducive to a serene, positive confrontation of two diverse cultures. This thesis is supported by the fact that the novelists whose work made a genuine impression here were by no means "new" writers, as was generally assumed. Indeed, most of them had a record of literary activity that began as early as the Twenties. Yet it was only after the Italian writer had made a symbolic descent into hell and experienced the anguish of being the citizen of a contemporary community that he was made humble again and re-established a contact with life. Soon after the end of the last war, Salvatore Quasimodo reminded his audience that "the new generation knows that to find man it need not thrust beyond, into the inferno: the inferno is here." Thus, to a large extent, the esteem being enjoyed by Italian novelists implies not merely the discovery of a new "manner" in which to articulate a national condition with universal applications, but an abandonment of whatever in them was conducive to a highly distorted, or even false view of life—a calculated rejection, therefore, of certain attitudes and traditions that had long been part of their intellectual and emotional baggage.

SELDOM before in modern times has the Italian literary landscape been as lush and productive as now. One may well regret the absence of such giants as Benedetto Croce and Luigi Pirandello. On the other hand, what has recently been dubbed "the generation without masters" has the advantage of comprising a large number of distinct and extremely talented personalities. Of the spate of excellent names that commend themselves, perhaps four stand out for their contribution to fiction and poetry, and as representative of certain trends. The most conspicuous of these is certainly Alberto Moravia. To his credit he already has an even two dozen books, the last of which, "La noia" ("The Empty Canvas") was recently issued in Italy. Moravia's great gifts hardly need extensive comment, since he is well known in this country. He is not only a consummate storyteller, but also an artist who has displayed a steady commitment to extending a vision of the world sketched out in 1929 in his very first novel, "The Time of Indifference." Since then, Moravia has analyzed and dramatized, with a clinical precision bordering upon the morbid, the decay of the middle class. His relentless dissections of the metaphysical malaises of our century, and his preoccupation with certain sexual traumas and maladjustments that he has found to be particularly indicative of the character of modern society, have

The U.S. Salutes Italy

Among the official greetings sent to Italy on the occasion of its centennial was this Concurrent Resolution by the U. S. Congress: *"Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring)*, That it is the sense of the Congress that the President of the United States extend official greetings from the United States to the people of Italy on the occasion of the centennial anniversary of the unity of Italy, which occurs in March of 1961, and provide for official participation by the United States in the celebration to be held in 1961 in the city of Turin, cradle of Italian unity, in recognition of the progress and achievements of the people of Italy during the past century." The resolution, passed last July, had as one of its sponsors Senator John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

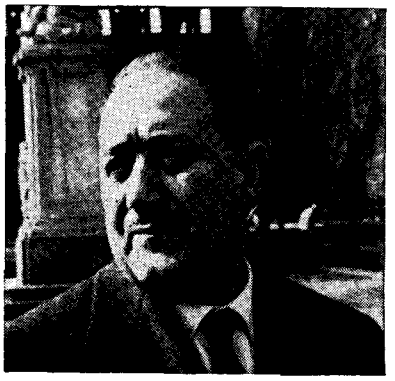
obviously contributed to his international reputation.

By contrast with Moravia's almost exasperating regularity (by his own confession he is accustomed to "writing every day, only, however, in the morning hours," and he attributes to "this almost bureaucratic habit the advantage of having written much without working too much"), Elio Vittorini appears as less disciplined and definitely an "irregular." In the mid-Thirties he wrote his first novel, "The Red Carnation," a story about what it means to grow up during Fascism. His next work was "In Sicily" (1941), an allegorical narrative about a young man's return to his birthplace in search of a reason to continue living in a hopeless and cruel world. In the immediate postwar period he produced "Uomini e no," an unorthodox account of the Italian underground. The short "Twilight of an Elephant" (1948) announced the death of the bourgeoisie, whose accomplishments it acknowledged, while the long, sluggish "Women of Messina" depicted the struggles of a small band of displaced persons trying to set up an ideal community where men may live in peace, fellowship, and true freedom. New Directions will soon issue "The Light and the Dark," consisting of two novelle, "Erica" and "La Garibaldina." Taken together, the two pieces, written in two different creative periods (1936 and 1950), exemplify the artistic dilemma Vittorini has been facing for two decades. What has long been his central problem—how to project his vision of life into a form whose traditional features have been enriched by new, loftier poetic rhythms—seems to have encountered an impasse that could possibly spell the end of his creativity or the discovery of a new form.

Much like Vittorini, Ignazio Silone has found in the great sociopolitical upheavals of our times the inspiration for his work, as well as its raw material. For several years before the last war, this humble intellectual from the Abruzzi region wrote with restrained indignation about the persistent attempts of Fascism—symbolic of any dictatorial political system—to erode the fundamental dignity of man. His early novels, "Fontamara" (1930) and "Bread and Wine" (1937), for all their evident simplicity, were profound and moving statements about the human yearning to work and and live in freedom. Silone's postwar production (he has written several novels, the last of which, "The Fox and the Camelias," appeared abroad less than a year ago) have not marked any significant deviation of either style or structure. But if Silone has not renovated the novel genre at the linguistic or formal level, he has nevertheless brought to it a genuine and compassionate understanding of the plight of the masses and a seriousness and sobriety that have certainly been salutary. It is relevant to note here that Silone, who has continued to depict the politically harassed confronting the bitter reality of exploitation and persecution, is no longer suggesting a "solution." In the concentration on the situation whose "message" must be transmitted in terms of action and images is a sign of maturity and serenity.

Vasco Pratolini is, among the established novelists, the one to have set for himself the ambitious goal of retelling, from the perspective and with the intuition of a novelist, those historical events of modern Italy that contributed to the sharpening of social consciousness. Pratolini's artistic trajectory is cer-

"Seldom before in modern times has the Italian literary landscape been as lush and productive as now."

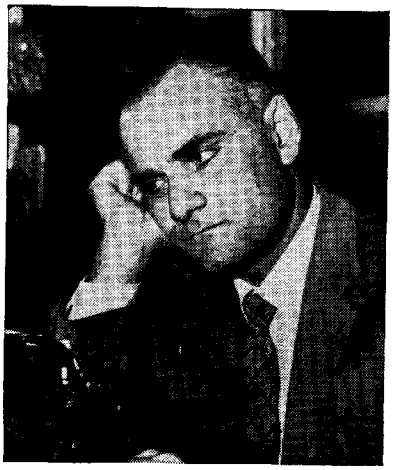


Ignacio Silone

Salvatore Quasimodo

Umberto Laba

Elsa Morante



Alberto Moravia

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tainly more easily definable than that of most of his contemporaries. He has slowly moved from his early autobiographical tales through a phase of stylistic refinement to arrive, after the war, at a position first of realism and then of "social realism." Although his "Tale of Poor Lovers" is unquestionably the most sustained work of fiction about the rise of Fascism to have been written to date, it is likely that Pratolini's position in his own literature will ultimately be determined by the strength of his great "work in progress," aptly titled "An Italian History." The first two novels of a projected trilogy have already appeared, "Metello" in 1955 and "The Waste," in 1960. Each book has been planned as a self-contained narrative; nonetheless, when completed, the trilogy should be a broad canvas depicting the struggles, frustrations, and victories of the Italian proletariat from the turn of the century to 1945. "The Waste," a massive two-volume work, is at once less intense and more episodic than any of his earlier fiction. Pratolini's method here is one of stratification: he describes the devastating corruption of the middle class in the Italy of the Twenties and Thirties and its coming to terms with Fascism when Mussolini was still a weak, confused revolutionary; to do so, he uses a series of detailed, historically accurate vignettes with a limited cast of characters. His problem, at this moment, seems to be centering on how to reconcile the demands of his poetics of social realism (which is to say, a commitment to reproduce, honestly and objectively, situations, characters, and milieux that have a historical dimension) with the demands of poetry.

Doubtlessly the recent renaissance of the southern imagination will go down in literary history as one of the truly exciting events of the postwar years. The cultural tradition of the large area lying south of Rome and commonly known as *il Mezzogiorno* is second only to Florence's. A fact not as widely appreciated as it should be is that the South, with all its economic, social, and political awkwardness, has contributed some of the finest philosophers, critics, and imaginative writers to Western civilization. From Gian Battista Vico to De Sanctis and Croce and from Marino to Verga, Pirandello, and Quasimodo, the South has never ceased to be the mother of inquisitive and sensitive minds. The pattern of migration to the North is one repeated time and again. Significantly enough, however, the *meridionali* have made their mark on the world of letters only when they have recaptured the squalor and dignity of life on the fringes of civilization and comfort. It is impossible to read the work of Silone, Giuseppe Marotta, Paride Rombi, Eduardo de Filippo, Michele Prisco, or Fortunato Seminara (to mention but a few of the rich crop of southern novelists) without gaining further insights into the meaning of suffering. A substantial number of these writers have been translated into English. Others, such as the brilliant Domenico Rea, who combines a strong feeling for the reality of his Neapolitans with a delicate pathos, still await a courageous publisher who will bring their work to the attention of the vast English-speaking audience.

THE deep shock caused by Fascist dictatorship and the loss of the war has produced its own impressive share of "engagé" and objective narratives. It is unlikely that many Americans will soon forget the stark novel by Giuseppe Berto, "The Sky is Red," a tale of four youngsters caught in the tragedy of the war; or Giose Rimanelli's "The Day of the Lion," in which the war is described from the perspective of a soldier who happens to serve on the losing side; or Natalia Ginzburg's "A Light for Fools," an absorbing story of a band of young bourgeois intellectuals growing up under the continuous threat of extinction. Recently Carlo Cassola has rewritten his "Fausto and Anna," a long novel about the difficulties of finding oneself, politically and morally, in a time of stress and uncertainties. Now that he has been warmly received here, it is to be hoped that his masterful novella, "The Woodchopping," will also find its way into English. The same should be said of four other novelists, Guglielmo Petroni (whose "The World is a Prison" is a gem of psychological and moral depth), Franco Fortini (especially his "Anguish of Christmas"), Oreste del Buono, and Furio Sampol. Equally serious, but stylistically more limpid, is another novelist, Giorgio Bassani, who divides his time between teaching, directing the Feltrinelli publishing house, and writing. His Flaubertian prose, distilled and controlled at all times, distinguishes him from his more emotional and verbose confrères. His novella "The Gold Rimmed Spectacles" is a superb tale whose twin themes of homosexuality and racial persecution in contemporary society are delicately interwoven.

For a lighter, amusing view of life, one may turn to a wonderfully humorous writer, Italo Calvino. Calvino, who was born in 1923, is probably the most genuinely gifted writer to have emerged in Italy in recent years. His first novella, "The Path to the Nest of Spiders," recounted the adventures of a youngster named Pin who had joined the Resistance. Calvino's style, at that time, had been influenced by his youthful readings of Stein and Hemingway filtered through the translations made by his literary mentors, Cesare Pavese and Elio Vittorini (who pioneered the study of American literature in Italy in the Thirties). Warmly praised when his first work was published, Calvino has not disappointed his early admirers and has become a unique personality. He writes in a deliciously light, frothy manner (as an example of choice Calvino I recommend "The Baron in the Trees") and has succeeded in enriching the chivalric tale with a surprising amount of contemporary relevance.

If fiction fares moderately well in Italy, there are insufficient signs that poetry is experiencing a similar outburst of serious and provocative works. This is partially explainable by the fact that Italian poetry had reached an unusually high level of quality and achievement before World War II. To be sure, the award of the Nobel Prize to Salvatore Quasimodo in 1959, ambiguous and misleading as its citation might have seemed to some, was in reality a belated recognition of a labor and a perfection attained as early as 1942.

FROM a perspective critically and geographically detached, it is clear that Italy and her literature have inserted themselves in the framework of world culture. After several years of "neorealism" in cinema and fiction, Italian literature appears to be on the threshold of a "new" period. There are dangers ahead, to be sure, for the gates standing at the end of the long avenue of success (how far that end is no one can know) could open just as easily into hell or paradise. In the midst of what by all standards is a fluid situation, I do find one thing particularly significant. In an age of anxiety and of revolutionary changes, the Italian writer has rediscovered some old, semi-forgotten secrets about his métier and himself: that it is the business of all serious imaginative literature to be concerned not with the hollow ghosts of the past but the living misery of the present; and that it is the artist's duty to depict and illuminate, with honesty and lucidity, not just the meaning of the pain, the dessication, and the tragic character of human existence, but the necessity to hope, to be brave even in the face of death and, above all, to be true to oneself. In the last analysis, it is here that we may at last discover the reason why Italian letters have regained a position of respect long since lost: they speak, without vulgarity and bombast, not about what is frail and base about man, but about his inner strength, his indestructible dignity.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Italy by Ear

By IRVING KOLODIN

EVERYBODY knows that Italy is shaped like a boot—everybody, that is, save the musicians whose talents, or genius, as the case may be, have made Italy and music synonymous for centuries. To them the physical outline has subtly merged with the metaphysical to produce a shape much more like a lyre. The strings would be gathered at a narrow nape at Sicily, spreading out to a taut block of tuning pins anchored on the Alps.

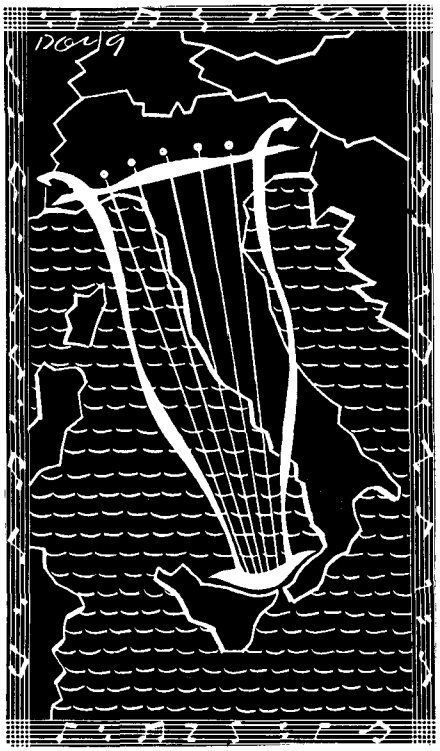
The allegorical soul of Russia, with its fantasies and folklore, has been likened to a marvelous cat with a lair deep in the forest. When it moved to the right, it told a story; when it moved to the left, it sang a song. Thus, the essence of Russian folk art. One might say of Italy that when the wind blew from the west, the lyre responded one way, when it came from the east it spoke differently; and, of course, when it was lapped by Libian air (or airs) from the south, it vibrated in a tonality all its own.

The remarkable thing about Italy, by comparison with other lands, is how little of its characteristic product is what is commonly called "folk music." That is not to say that it is lacking in regional products from Sicily and Naples on the south to the provinces of the north. But in almost every instance they bear the name of identifiable composers. Richard Strauss discovered this paradox when he wrote his early symphony "Aus Italien" after a visit to the peninsula. He stumbled on a lively little tune and wove it into his finale, in the calm assumption it was a folk melody. In Germany, certainly, its creator would most probably have been the celebrated, prolific Anon. But in Italy it was a product of Luigi Denza, who wrote over 500 songs including the one called "Funiculi-Funicula" which appealed to Strauss. Denza was a graduate of the Naples Conservatory with the skill to write an opera produced in his native city. Learning, however, did not stifle the impulse to write such a rollicking tune when he felt the urge.

The sum of it is that Italy has been producing musicians for so many generations in so many categories of expression that there could hardly be that basic entity in typical folk music—the "unknown composer." An Italian who had a musical idea could, most probably, also write it down, and perhaps even get it published. Who, for example, would know which is a composed tune, "O Sole mio" or "Santa Lucia"? As it happens, Eduardo di Capua (who also wrote "Maria Mari") composed "O Sole mio," while some forgotten, parallel Neapolitan wrote "Santa Lucia."

THE art of Vivaldi was highly developed when the young J. S. Bach was seeking guidance along the paths of instrumental music, and eagerly absorbed the works of the Venetian master as a road map to its topography. Handel journeyed to Italy as a matter of course to absorb postgraduate skills not available to him in the north of Germany; and Mozart's youthful exposure to the operatic influences of Milan in his sub-teens did more, probably, to affect his mode of expression than anything save being born the son of Leopold Mozart.

As well as welcoming the enterprising of all lands who were drawn to the mythical lyreside, Italy exported its arts as methodically as any other country exports a surplus of its marketable commodity. Jean-Baptiste Lully went to Paris in the seventeenth century to become the favorite composer of Louis XIV and influence the shape of French music for decades. Domenico Scarlatti went to the Iberian Peninsula early in the eighteenth century (first to Lisbon, then to Madrid, where he spent the last thirty years of his life) with results that still resound in the music of that area. Paisiello in Vienna, Rossini in Paris, Verdi in Russia, Costa in England, Campanini, Toscanini, and Serafin in America are examples of major Italian musical personalities who deeply affected the taste and preference of peoples far from their native soil.



NOR is such productivity confined to music. What is "Russian ballet," after all, save an outgrowth of Italian influences that were planted in Paris, transplanted to Moscow, and later rediscovered in Paris through the migration of Diaghilev and his talented associates? Whether in its earliest phase, when dancing came to the French court through the example of Baldassarino Belgiojoso (and the influence of Catharine de Medici), or in its later development in Russia under Enrico Cecchetti, ballet, internationally, has been deeply indebted to Italian initiative. It was under Cecchetti, as *maitre de ballet* of the Imperial Theatres, that Marius Petipa working with Tchaikowsky created such products as "Sleeping Beauty" and "Swan Lake," in a union of Italian, French, and Russian elements from which "Ballet Russe" took definitive form.

Thus it could be said that, for centuries, Italy was a five-letter word meaning music, as music was a five-letter word meaning Italy. But only a wilful sentimentalist would contend that these later years of the twentieth century could be counted among them, or that the identity of the "fives" on the highest level of creativity has been as strong in this century as in any one of four or five preceding. Even when measured against the world-wide decline of musical creativity (on the same "highest level"), Italy's contribution has been smaller in scope, numerically more limited than in times past. Something, clearly, has happened, since the flourishing times of Bellini, Rossini, Donizetti, and Verdi through the era of Ponchielli, Puccini, and Giordano to the lesser mastership of Leoncavallo, Mascagni, Montemezzi, and Respighi.

Perhaps the first clue was provided by Rossini at the ripe age of seventy-five (the year before his death in 1868) when he said: "The Germans have always been at every time the greatest harmonists, and the Italians the greatest melodists. But from the moment

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the North produced a Mozart, we of the South were beaten on our ground, because this man rises above all nations, uniting in himself the charm of Italian melody and all the profundity of German harmony."

Verdi, too "young" in a sense to be influenced adversely by Mozart, too "old" a product of the Italian soil to be anything but himself, put it another way well along in his own life (1884, aged seventy-one) when, in speaking of the upcoming Puccini, he said: "He follows the new tendencies, which is only natural, but he keeps strictly to melody, and that is neither new nor old. But it seems that he is predominantly a symphonist: no harm in that. Only here one must be careful. Opera is opera, symphony symphony; and I don't think it is a good idea to insert a symphonic piece into an opera just for the pleasure of letting the orchestra cut loose once in a while."

The "new tendencies" to which Verdi was referring were, of course, those of Richard Wagner. In his perspective of music, Verdi could see that "new tendencies" were inevitable, and he welcomed them. But the strong will and enormous talent that enabled him to formulate his own attitude out of the "new tendencies" of his youth (Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti) and middle years (Wagner himself) were in no such abundant supply with Italy's younger men. The old surge continued for a while—but the decline that Verdi feared eventually set in, along with the confusion of objectives against which he warned the younger men.

Well, one might say, that's the way the wind blows. But in Italy's case it has a literal application to the lyre theme. Quartering about, the wind has in recent times been blowing from what Rossini called "the North," bringing in clouds of learning. Brushing against the spiked barriers of the Alps, they have precipitated a more than figurative mist on the plains. And when the inevitable reaction against Wagner set in, Italian composers imported that, too, from "the North," in the systems and formulations of Schoenberg. Some point to Luigi Dallapiccola as a foremost Italian exponent of Schoenberg's precepts. It would appeal to me a good deal more if it could be said that Dallapiccola is a foremost exponent of Italian precepts.

But there are no changes without some benefits, no losses that can affect a national character totally and unequivocally. Vocally, at least, a tradition persists in such splendid performers as Renata Tebaldi and Giulietta Simionato, Cesare Siepi and Fernando Corena, Graziella Sciutti, Cesare Valletti, and Tito Gobbi, plus such others as Mario Del Monaco, Giuseppe di Stefano, and Ettore Bastianini (who could be greater than they are) if it has dwindled among Italian composers. Moreover, there has been a renewal of esteem for an instrumental heritage too long undervalued. Such groups as the Virtuosi di Roma, I Musici, the Scarlattiana ensemble of Naples, and the Quartetto Italiano remind us that if anyone objects to characterization of Italy as a lyre, it could be altered to the shape of the violin, this being the land where the instrument attained its still unimproved perfection. Cellist Antonio Janigro, pianists Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, Carlo Zecchi, and Pietro Scarpini are equal to the elite in the world-wide musical community, and the conducting list would be longer had the careers of Victor de Sabata and Guido Cantelli not been interrupted.

IF musical Italy, in a musical image, is now marking time, what are the prospects for a revival or a renaissance in the creative urge that has meant so much to the world in the past? One hope—I should not like to call it the only hope—is to make an end of sterile production of mere imitations of outside models (I suppose Italian "composers" will have to go through an electronic phase before the cycle is completed), to return to the native character, to the impulse to sing that has made the Italian voice and the Italian song unique and distinctive for centuries.

Significantly, it can still be heard in some products from the South where the mist from the North has not penetrated or failed to endure. Coming in from Sicily, the wind has brought such abiding excitements as Domenico Modugno's "Volare," which swept the world of popular music a few years ago, and, from a little farther up-peninsula, the enticing measures of Rascel's "Arrivederci Roma," d'Esposito's "Anema e Core," and Galdieri's "Non Dimenticar." All have that sensual rise and fall of the great tunes, mostly past but still present, to which the lyre gave birth, and none has failed to pass the world-wide test of acceptance. They may not weigh as much on the scale as an opera, an oratorio, or a symphony, but on the scale of musical values they measure vastly higher for freshness, vitality, and meaning than the total outputs of several "serious" composers that could be named.

Here, perhaps, is the essence of the matter. I doubt that Bellini or Donizetti, least of all Rossini (with his range from "Il Barbiere" to "Otello"), or Verdi (whose canon includes "Nabucco" as well as "Falstaff") thought of themselves as anything but musicians, "serious" or otherwise. Each did the best he could, and left the adjectives to others. It would be a happy day if the lyre began to resound again, naturally, unaffectedly, most of all, Italianly . . . more Denza, less Dallapiccolla.

A Messenger From the Horizon

By Thomas Merton

LOOK, a naked runner
A messenger,
Following the wind
From budding hills.

By sweet sunstroke
Wounded and signed,
(He is therefore sacred)
Silence in his way.

Rain is his own
Most private weather.
But surprise is his first star.

This stranger,
Our early hope, flies fast:
A mute comet, an empty sun:
Adam is his name!

O primeval angel,
Virgin brother of astonishment,
Born of one word, one bare
Inquisitive diamond!

O blessed,
Invulnerable cry,
O unplanned Saturday!
O lucky Father!

Come without warning
O friend of hurricanes,
Lightning in your bones!
We will open to you
Our noble door.

Open to rain, to somersaulting air,
To everything that swims,
To skies that wake,
Flare and applaud!

(It is too late: he flies the other way,
Wrapping his nakedness in rain!)

* * * * * * *

Pardon all runners
All speechless, alien winds,
All mad waters.

Pardon their impulses,
Their wild attitudes,
Their young flight,—their reticence.

When a message has no clothes on
How can it be spoken?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Film: The Italians Again

By HOLLIS ALPERT

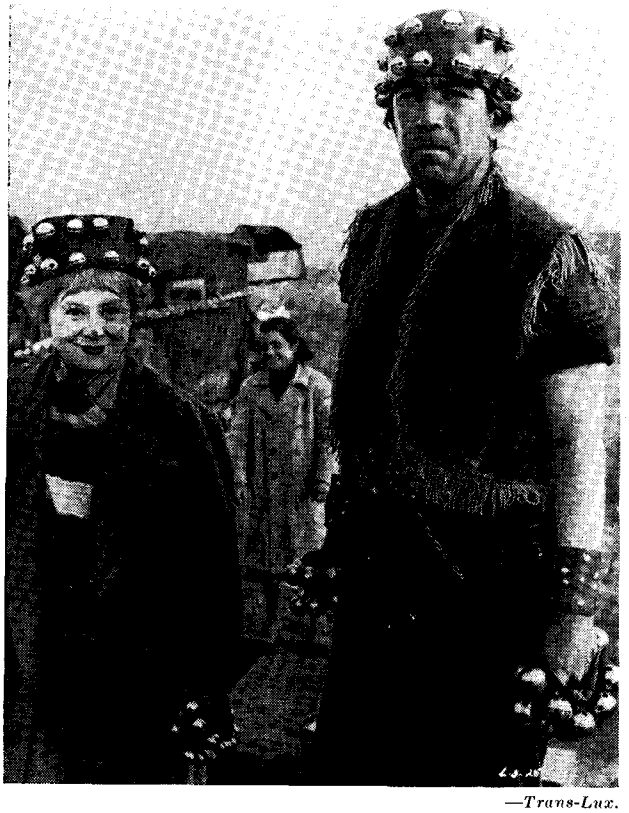
WHAT began as Italian neorealism may shortly be known as the Italian resurgence. All indications are that, for the next year or two, we will be seeing an unusual number of Italian movies—some the work of a middle-aged contingent that includes such well-known names as Federico Fellini, Roberto Rossellini, and Luchino Visconti; others by newer directors like Franco Rossi, Damiano Damiani, and Valerio Zurlini. Not too long ago a sad requiem was sung over neorealism, the film movement that sprang up in Italy immediately following the end of World War II and spawned such remarkable movies as "Open City," "To Live in Peace," and "The Bicycle Thief." One followed hard upon the other, and we became aware that Italy was producing a cycle of films as vital and distinct as those that appeared in Russia during the late Twenties, when the boundaries of the motion picture were extended enough to create an esthetic of the cinema that maintains its influence still.

In fact, any history of the post-World War II motion picture must give the highest rank to the Italian movement, which gave us not only great films but a new theory to chew over.

The theory was home-grown, and even the catch word, neorealism, was created by Italian directors and critics, who used it in a way of describing a relatively consistent kind of work (and a way of working) by such dedicated directors as Rossellini, Visconti, deSica, and Zampi. The semantically inclined might have quarreled with "realistic" as a descriptive term, when what was meant was something closer to naturalistic. But the coinage of "neorealism" answered most objections. To the Italians it meant not only a breaking with their past film tradition, made up mostly of empty spectacle, vapid boudoir dramas, and sound tracks gushing out syrupy Neapolitan love songs; not only a clear-eyed examination of the world that remained to them after Fascism, war, occupation, and liberation, but the birth of a new conscience, which was translated into social awareness and a concern for the ordinary man. What happened in the Italian movie thereafter may have, at times, been frenzied and chaotic, but the directors, quivering with artistry and an inspiration that had its roots in the dire problems of a postwar Italy, were entirely conscious of what they were doing.

It was an all but unparalleled bursting forth of a new kind of film expression. The historians will cite Visconti's "Ossessione," made in 1942, as the bellwether of the new movement. Visconti, in what was clearly a plagiarization of "The Postman Always Rings Twice," used natural settings and a raw, bold style to tell a violent story that was as much Visconti as it was James M. Cain. The movie has never been shown here, mainly because MGM made its own "Postman" and succeeded in preventing the American exhibition of the Italian counterpart. Visconti, in fact, is one director we have been unable to evaluate fully. Now that his "Rocco and His Brothers" has proved to be one of the important Italian successes of the past year, we soon will be viewing it, and should be seeing, too, his earlier "The Earth Trembles," a long saga of Sicilian villagers facing the perils of the sea. Visconti had refused to allow the movie to be cut to a less taxing length, and it would now appear that he has had his way.

The banner of neorealism was waved



—*Trans-Lux.*

—*Astor Pictures International.*

Scenes from "La Strada" (above) and "La Dolce Vita" (right).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proudly with "Open City," and it was Rossellini who became its prophet. Hardly were the Germans out of Rome before Rossellini was filming the first episode of a movie that was to show the ordinary Italian, suffering and heroic in a time of travail. The studio was abandoned in favor of the streets and byways of the city. It was financed, an episode at a time, by individuals whose anti-Fascism could emerge in this most graphic of all forms, and when it appeared it had a galvanizing effect, on both Italian film-makers and world-wide audiences. Rossellini followed it with another fine film, "Paisan." Working with him was a journalist and script-writer, Federico Fellini, whose name would later on be heralded for "La Strada," and "Cabiria," and whose latest work, "La Dolce Vita," has had an almost equally galvanizing effect--but with a difference.

Neorealism flourished for almost a decade. It became too easily identified with a portrayal of the poor and pathetic. Since the backgrounds were obviously the real thing, neorealism was said to depend upon lugging camera and equipment to the places that would show most movingly what the directors wished to show about postwar Italy. The recent havoc of war was viewed, as were the ruins of cities, the plight of the people. But the camera, in the hands of directors like de Sica, Zampa, and de Santis (in films like "Shoe-Shine," "To Live in Peace," and "Tragic Hunt"), allowed something more to come through: the human spirit itself, scarred, yet eloquent, and universal in its aspirations. It was not just the face of poverty, the look of Italian city and countryside, that brought extraordinary international interest in these movies; it was more importantly the content in them, the warmth and even the affection with which the people were shown, stories of a social awareness altogether different from the commonplace plot development of the typical commercial movie. Non-actors were used in place of stars, and it began to be assumed that all Italians were natural actors.

THE crews were small, the financing was often catch-as-catch-can, and the film stock was occasionally scratchy, but the earthy humor came through the subtitles, and the looks on the faces touched our hearts. The little boy following his father in search of a stolen bicycle will endure in memory for a long time, as will the priest stoically facing his execution by firing squad. When dozens of fly-by-night producers, noting the commercial success of many of the movies, got into the act—aided by the government system of film subsidy—it was rumored that they scratched their film stock as proof of their artistic validity!

It was ironic, but probably to be expected, that the neorealistic films were less patronized by the Italians than by others outside the boundaries of the peninsula. The conditions the movies portrayed were, after all, the conditions faced by the majority of the Italian audience. Why relive them at night on the screen? And Hollywood was there to provide a better and glossier world. As lesser directors moved in to supply what turned out to be an overoptimistic demand, the content turned melodramatic. "Bitter Rice," for instance, had realism of background, but the material was unreal and contrived. The politically motivated used the method to make known their own version of protest. There came an abatement of international interest in Italian movies, and unfortunately overlooked were many developments of the Italian cinema. The romantic "Senso" of Visconti has never been shown here, neither have the films of Antonioni, whose "L'Avventura" is currently intriguing European audiences. Neorealism may have waned, the subject matter with which it first dealt may no longer furnish the seeds of inspiration, but the imagination of the film-makers is still there. The theory of neorealism seems to be undergoing broadening in Italy. Fellini added an almost mystical note, Antonioni has taken to dealing with the emergent Italian middle class, as have others of the directors, Rossellini is edging toward the exploration of the psychological and the historical (note his "General Della Rovere" and "Blackout in Rome"), and younger directors are beginning to deal with the nature of Fascism, a subject hitherto frowned upon by the Italian Government.

THE dearth of Italian movies on our own art-house screens, so marked in recent years, may lead us to believe that a blight has come upon the industry. This is not altogether true. Fellini developed, after all, during the so-called barren period. But it is accurate enough to say that the Italian film industry went through a critical period from about 1955 onward. The too-easy money furnished producers through an incredibly complicated financing system resulted in several bankruptcies. The fine studio facilities furnished by Cinecitta, just outside Rome, were too often used for an imitation of the Hollywood product, featuring such well-endowed stars as Gina Lollobrigida, Sylvana Mangano, and Sophia Loren. The Italians went in for grandiose co-productions of spectacle, resulting in "War and Peace," "Attila," and "Ulysses." Censorship, both municipal, and Vatican-inspired, tended to handcuff the best directors.

What, then, accounts for the resurgence of the Italian film? Oddly enough, it was the worst turned out by the studios, the cheap spectacle based on mythical and pseudo-historical themes, that brought a helpful prosperity to the studio. With a slowdown of production in Hollywood, and a skyrocketing of costs, there was a sudden need for American drive-in and double-feature material. The Italians, old hands at dubbing (because as far back as the Thirties Mussolini had insisted on all foreign films being dubbed with Italian voices) dubbed English sound tracks on these entirely unimportant and usually entirely foolish pictures and filled a gap in the American market. The Germans ate up these spectacles, too.

WHILE censorship still exists, it is applied haphazardly, and middle-aged as well as new directors have been able to break through. With money relatively plentiful, the industry was in a position to take chances on the less obviously commercial films. No director who wants to make a movie close to his own heart ever has it easy, but Fellini, Antonioni, and others persisted through the barren period, with results that we shall soon see. One Italian critic termed 1960 in Italy as "the Year of 'La Dolce Vita.'" The movie has certainly had a most remarkable reception. Three hours long, a study of decadence in Rome, brilliantly photographed, sensational on the surface perhaps, but with a moral vision at its base, it caused an enormous controversy, much more pronounced in Italy than elsewhere. There were public debates about it, it raised questions in the Italian Parliament, the Jesuits of Milan and Genoa defended it, the Vatican has condemned it. The leftist press has gone almost unwillingly to its defense, mainly because conservative elements wish to have it banned. But one factor emerged above all others. It smashed Italian box-office records, outgrossing even "Gone With the Wind." This kind of answer tends to be a final one. A deal has finally been made for its American showing at the highest price ever paid for a foreign movie. If it clears the customs barrier (it has that famous orgy scene, after all) we will be seeing it within a month or so.

With new interest in the Italian film aroused here, the French New Wave, and even the great Ingmar Bergman, will have to give way for a time to the Italians. The Italian year is upon us. It should prove that neorealism has enduring values, and that the Italian directors are still among the best in the world.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Journey to the North

By HORACE SUTTON

NEW LOOKS, *nouvelles vagues,* and New Frontiers may come and go, but Italy, in the south of it, rarely changes. Rome, year in and out, looks the same, and Naples, bless its homely face, shows no sign of improving its grooming. But Milan, where I had let ten years idle by between visits, moves almost with the frenzied step of Manhattan. Nowadays the noon jet with the burners on the side whips over the Alps from Paris with scarcely time for lunch. Linate Airport, not so rakish as Malpensa, perhaps, is, all the same, dressed in that glass and marble look and effuses, as all postwar Italian architecture seem to, the distinctive cologne of black espresso. That sensory element seems to be drawn into the blueprints.

Even the taxis are new and the Principe e Savoia, which I had known from the days of '49 when the taxis were old and greasy, has some improvements to show. In its new rooms the Venetian blinds, so near their birthplace, roll up and down electrically, at the flick of a button. And when you want to hang the *non disturbare* sign, you push another button and the light flashes on your door outside, warding off maids and callers.

But down on the Milanese square, commanded by the Duomo, things have not changed. The great piazza, on the late fall day I visited it, was overrun by girls in careful Sunday coifs and swains in the latest male vogue, blue trench coats fitted with many brass rings. Under the big signs that would come alight with the dusk, exhorting the populace to "*Bevete Coca Cola,*" "Cinzano," and "Nescafé," pigeons pattered, prams were wheeled, and men in dark suits, always men, clustered in hot, Hyde Park discussions. High up among the needle spires of the Duomo, Sunday excursionists were climbing the façade of the cathedral for the view down on the black and white patches of the piazza. Inside the aged walls, banks of candles flickered, catching themselves on the prisms of the necklace of jewels strung around the collar of a saint. An organ pealed and the trill of soprano voices came rushing like a fresh brook down the wall of the nave. Silent clouds of incense washed over the faithful and the curious, kneeling and standing at the barricades stretched in front of the altar. In the *galleria* across the street a waiter fussed at a table, and, as he bent, his boiled shirt bowed out like a musical saw, imparting the suggestion that, if bonged on the chest, he might have emitted a great musical note. The police were dressed in pressed blues, and, with their heads encased in gold-crested helmets, they seemed almost top-heavy, like plumed horses in Sicily.

The crowd streamed into Motta, where the window cases were filled with marzipan peas, asparagus, and cherries, with candied *marrons* and whole glazed pineapples, with pink candied pears and half-oranges and peaches complete with candied pit. We settled for tea and, staving off the lances of temptation, came back in a few hours to do the whole thing properly at the establishment called Savini's, one of the best of Europe's restaurants. It was autumn, and there were piles of *ovoli,* the pink mushrooms gathered from under the chestnut trees that shade the northern lakes. They were sliced and mixed with strips of parmesan and celery, then coated with a snowfall of flakes shaved from white truffles that grow in Alba. Finally, all the shreds and shavings were anointed with oil, showered with pepper, and squirted with lemon. "Ah, non signore," said Nino the headwaiter with utter remorse, "the figs are out of season for we have already had the first fog." But Nino, who has been handed down to history by Marcia Davenport in "The Constant Image," produced yellow saffron rice with white truffles and cheese, and Chicken Bolognesi, which is hammered and dipped in batter and coated with melted cheese and a strip of Parma ham.

The glories of Savini lasted us until the middle of the next day when we rolled into Verona and pitched camp in an extraordinary hostel called the Due Torri. It had been a fine morning's ride along the *autostrada* with the snowy mountains visible out of the port window, and nothing to interrupt the run except the toll booths. "How much?" I had asked the toll collector in my best English, for my Italian is merely a pretense. "Two sevenny-five," he answered in a flash. "Ah," I said with delight, "you speak English!" There was no pretense in him either. "No signore, solo two sevenny-five."

We came circling around the Piazza Bra which rims the Roman arena built

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in 72 A.D. in what is to this day the very center of the city. Used as a quarry and robbed of its marble, it was restored by the history-minded Venetian Republic in 1500 and still bears the name of Georg Spolverino, governor in Verona for the maritime republic. There were ducts to convey the water from the Adige River when the arena played water fights to an audience of 80,000. The water comes no more to the arena except when the Adige overflows, which it has done eight times in history. An audience of 25,000 seats itself in the arena's modified grandstands, now, to listen to summer concerts.

The memory of Romeo and Juliet, who lived and loved and became a legend in Verona, is kept damp and green in the remnants of the Convent of San Francesco al Corso. It was here in this convent, according to the original story by Luigi da Porto, that Father Lawrence married the two lovers. All that remains now is the cloister, the chapel, and Juliet's tomb, the old stones cloaked in ivy, the small plots paved with grassy lawns, fountains spluttering, and white doves, for love's sake, padding along the paths. There is a bust of Shakespeare who read the da Porto story, and there is a letter box for latter-day lovelorn writers who drop in prayerful notes to Juliet. At the end of the tourist season the box is always full, and until last year Ettore Solimani, the guardian of the tomb, spent the winter answering each letter. The city is looking for another Dorothy Dix.

It was almost twilight when we bade Juliet goodbye and drove back into the center of town. By the time we walked into the Piazza Erbe the night had come on, but the hundreds of stalls, each of them covered by a white canopy, were still alive. They had chestnuts and potatoes, persimmons and peas, and, to eat on the spot, hot sweet potatoes to take the chill off a late autumn afternoon. There were *bombolini* floating in hot grease, looking just like the *frittelle* or fritters of anywhere else. Quail, pheasant, and sparrows, stripped of their feathers and their skin, lay naked on beds of ferns. They seemed almost to be shivering. Overseeing it all was the ever-present statue of the Madonna Verona, a Roman relic that has been in the square since it was a Roman forum in 4 A.D. Up out of the expanse of white canvas umbrellas that shelters the peddlers rises the shaft left by the Venetians five centuries ago, topped by the familiar winged lion of Venice. Looking down on the lion are the six white statues atop the Palazzo Maffei that represent the week's six working days. And looking down on all is the Torre dei Lamberti, begun in 1172 and finally completed in 1464. The *rengo* in its tower is still rung to summon the meeting of the town council and to announce events of import.

Through an archway lies the adjoining Piazza dei Signori, so magnificently decorated with its Loggia del Consiglio, considered one of the best works of the Renaissance. Dante stands in stone in the square, and atop the loggia are figures of Pliny and Catullus. A step away are the Scaligere Arches, the incredible little cemetery of the Lords of the Scala, a mass of busy stone tombs surrounded by a fence of black iron lace.

The tourist touts will have you dining at the Dodici Apostoli, but the Veronese won't go there, and the name, which means the Twelve Apostles, would only be dared in Italy. My preferences take me to Due Torri, which, I suspect, is avoided by the Veronese too, although it is a small masterpiece of a hotel and has been one since the thirteenth century. In its present edition, for it has been magnificently rebuilt, it has 100 rooms, each of them a showplace of period decor. The walls are coated in damask, and you can have your choice among Biedermeier, Empire, Louis XVIII, Charles X, and Directoire. Once a hospice for the Brandenburg Knights who were the bodyguards for the Scaligeri, it housed Mozart, Goethe, Heine, Francis I, Alexander of Russia, Maria Teresa, and Garibaldi before it closed in 1882. Reopened in sumptuous style in 1958, the hotel features all the blessings that flow from Lake Garda twenty minutes away—peaches and olive oil, red Bardolino and Valpolicella, and the pale dry whites from Soave. But best of all, when guests register they can push buttons to illuminate color photographs of each of the rooms and select the decor that suits them while still in the lobby.

Our little blue Opel rented from Auto Europe rested in the ancient cobbled square overnight and in the morning we settled with the uniformed guardian assigned to collect a tithe for parking on the municipal piazza. Then we rolled the fifty kilometers to that gem of equal beauty, Vicenza. How had I missed *it*?

If Verona lives on the lore of Romeo and Juliet, Vicenza lives on that of Andrea Palladio the architect. His legacies are real and they are everywhere. Not the least of them is his very last work, which is usually shown first, the famed Olympic Theatre. The ancients performed in the open air, but Palladio provided a sort of transition, creating in plaster and stucco a street scene in Thebes that would do for all plays and that would last for at least 400 years. Although the stage is only thirty-three feet from front to back, the illusion of five city blocks is stunning

—*H.S.*

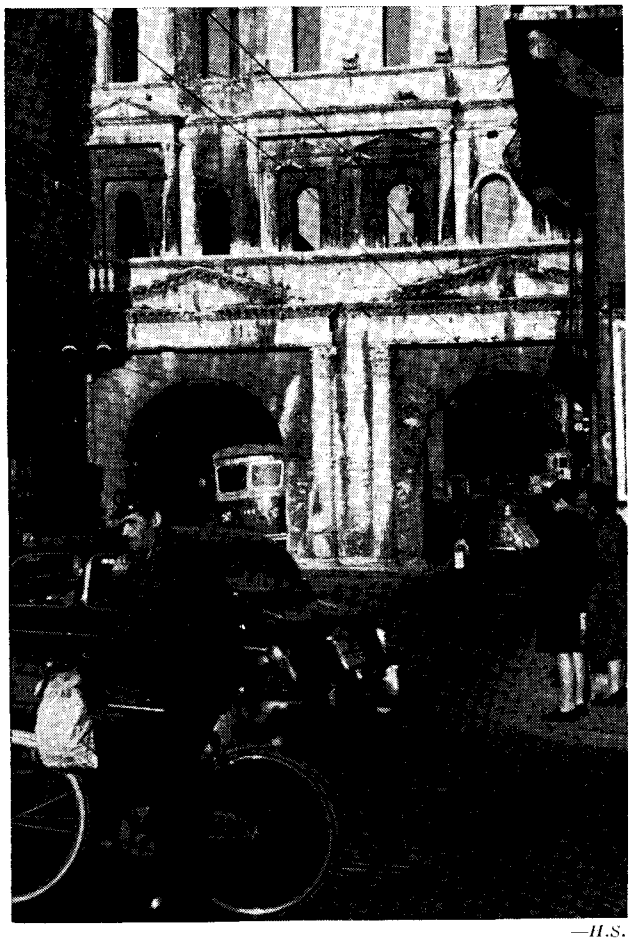
Verona—in the Piazza Erbe, the Madonna and the lions . . .

to contemplate. "Madame, we are in Greece," said Napoleon when he was a tourist visiting the Olympic Theatre. Palladio was over sixty when he started the theatre and it had to be finished by Scamozzi five years after Palladio's death in 1580. The theatre opened to "Oedipus Rex," and it still plays the classics. It plays concerts too, by candlelight, although the management is careful to avoid Verdi and Wagner for fear of blowing out the ancient walls.

In the city, Palladio was everywhere. From the time he first graduated from an obscure stonemason and became an architect until he died at Vicenza, he built seven houses in town, and was responsible in plan or in inspiration for many of the villas that command the Vicenza plain. Vicenza lived under the influence of nearby Venice, and

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when its rich citizens were bidden to spend part of the year on their land they decided to comply with the edict so long as they could do it in opulent style. While all of Europe was building castles, Vincenza built villas, several of which became classics of design that found their way into plans of mansions in London and even into Jefferson's Monticello, which greatly resembles Villa Rotonda, begun by Palladio about 1550 and, again, finished by Scamozzi. Although nothing approximating the



—*H.S.*

. . . on any street, the memory of Romeo and Juliet.

house-and-garden tours that have been organized in the southern United States exists in Vicenza, suggested itineraries have been mapped out in great looping tours in all directions from the city. The excursions will require anywhere from four to seven hours and you will need a car and instructions issued by Ente Provinciale per il Turismo in Vicenza.

Journey's end lies seventy kilometers distant, past bustling little Padua, and the smoky, industrial land's-end called Mestre. From there it is a short ride to the garages. You unload your baggage, take your car winding around the tunnels to its assigned stall, find a porter, and cross the street to a motorboat, a gondola, or the chugging ferry. Then there is Venice, 122 islands that were once sand banks, 1,100 streets, 500 bridges, and no fat people. No dogs either, and no horses. No cars and no Vespas. We checked into the Royal Danieli and, avoiding the splendor of its new wing, slept the night in a suite that was built before Columbus discovered America, the French doors swinging open to a mad bustle of strollers, of *gondolieri*, of travelers, of newspaper hawkers.

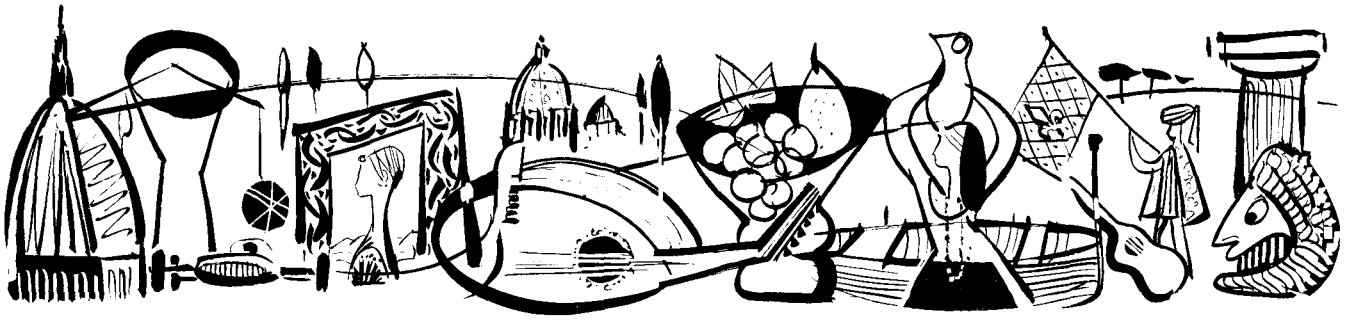
We did St. Mark's and the Palace of the Doges. We were in the square to watch Desdemona and Otello strike the gong in the bell tower and mix their music with the bands in the cafés that start their concerts promptly at eleven. We watched German tourists in corduroys and plus-fours, guidebooks and field glasses. We watched the pigeons, descended from the carriers used by the Commander of the Venetian fleet at Constantinople in 1204. By day we walked the Merceria with its 2,000 shops crammed in the mile-long promenade that leads from the clock tower to the Rialto Bridge. We took a boat across the canal to Salviati's with its picture of Theodore Roosevelt in glass mosaic made for the St. Louis Exposition of 1904, and priced Venetian chandeliers from $67 to $300, shipped to your home in sand. We walked Santa Salute island with its many glass factories and its showrooms, its villa that once belonged to Barbara Hutton across from the Salute Church built in memory of the second bubonic plague of the seventeenth century. The Venetians say the house is haunted, for the Benedictines once lived there and they were expelled. Prince Mdivani, married to Barbara Hutton when the house was hers, died in an auto accident. And Goering, who stayed there, was a suicide.

ON those pleasant thoughts we caught another boat, crossed to the Giudecca, and lunched at Cipriani's new hotel, a lovely nest of 140 rooms built, with help from the Guinness family, by the owner of Harry's Bar, itself still a bustling den of upper-crust Bohemians and tourists all day long. From the marble balcony of a suite at Cipriani's, shaded by an awning, the view gives out to San Giorgio Island and its Greek theatre and to the fishermen dangling a rod for eel just under one's window. The next day found us in the old palace of Andrea Gritti, a doge of the fifteenth century, whose elegant digs have long since become the elegant Gritti Palace Hotel, famous for its luxury and for its chicken that arrives supine in a bed of fettucine covered by a blanket of Mornay.

Of its long list of celebrated occupants—Hemingway and Sinclair Lewis among them (they were introduced there at a watery summit meeting)—none ever left a more eloquent testimonial than W. Somerset Maugham last summer. For the Gritti's pleasure he wrote of his first visit to Venice sixty-six years ago when he was twenty. There were no ferry boats, no motorscafi, and the only sounds in the canal were the strange cries of the gondoliers shouting their corner-turning warnings. "And when night has fallen," wrote Maugham with some nostalgia at eighty-six, "and you have drunk your coffee, you saunter into a room at the back to glance at the portrait of old Andrea Gritti, a merchant, a warrior, and a statesman who became Doge in 1523 and died at the ripe old age of eighty-three."

WE got on board a gondola and sailed down the canal, under the Academy Bridge with its hammer-and-sickle emblem hanging from it, and the exhortation to *Vota Communista*. One house removed from the bridge is a villa owned by Prince Rainier and Grace, and then another canal-side villa brimming with flowering vines where Verdi composed "Rigoletto." We tramped through Ca Rezzonico where ladies were once carried upstairs in sedan chairs, where Browning lived and also died. Wagner died next door, and Napoleon stayed in the enormous villa at the corner of the canal. Across the waterway lived Byron and Ruskin, near the villa of the Morrizzini family, who produced the only queen of Venice among all its 119 doges. Later in the day, we took the boat to Murano, passing on the way the island of St. Michael's, the cemetery of Venice. Tall cypress trees rose up above the red brick containing walls, and the white church of the cemetery rose up too, with its tablet in Latin, "What You Are We Were. What We Are You Will Be." It was an inevitable truth with which one couldn't argue, and I thought of it even though the splendor of Venice that night where the fare was sea snails, octopus salad, piles of white truffles, broiled mussels, tiny hard-shell crabs to be eaten shell and all. The durability of Venice only emphasizes the transience of man. It was a thought that stayed with me on the last gondola ride along the black canals and even later when the Milan express began to clack along the tracks on the road to reality.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Italy in Fairs and Festivals

Carnival, Viareggio, Feb. 14. One of the world's major Mardi Gras celebrations.

Fairs: Verona, March 12-20. Milan, April 12-27. Florence, April 24-May 14. Bologna, May 8-22. Palermo, May 27-June 11. Padova, May 29-June 13. Trieste, June 21-July 5. Ancona, June 24-July 9.

Murano Glass Exhibit, Venice, March 16-April 23. Antique and modern examples of the art.

Holy Week in Sicily: Holy Thursday procession, Caltanisetta, March 30. Good Friday Procession of the Mysteries, Trapani, March 31.

Easter Fireworks, Florence, April 1. Traditional Explosion of the Cart in front of the Duomo.

Papal Blessing, Rome, April 2. Pope John XXIII will pronounce a benediction from the balcony of St. Peter's.

Greek Easter, Piana Degli, April 2. Rites of the Greek Orthodox Church.

Handicraft Show, Florence, April 24-May 14. International exhibition.

Feast of St. Mark, Venice, April 25.

Flor '61, Turin, April 28-June 15. Flowers and plants from throughout the world to be displayed at Exhibition Palace.

Serenade of "Calendimaggio," Assisi, April 29-30. Honors St. Catharine.

Feast of St. Catherina, Siena, April 29-30. Honors Italy's patron saint in her home town.

Historical Exhibition of Italian Unity, Turin, May 1-Oct. 31. At Palazzo Carignano, where the Parliament proclaimed the new nation.

International Labor Exposition, Turin, May 1-Oct. 31. United States display to feature technological development in industry.

Italian Regions Exhibition, Turin, May 1-Oct. 31. Integration of the nation to be stressed in displays at Valentino Park.

Feasts of San Gennaro, Naples, May 2 and Sept. 19-21. Honor patron saint of Naples.

May Music Festival, Florence, May 4-June 30. Opera, soloists, symphonic music.

"Maggio di Bari," Bari, May 7-16. Annual May festival.

Ancient Football Games, Florence: May 7 in Boboli Gardens. Nights of June 24 and 28 in Piazza di Siena.

Classical Dancing, Tremezzo-Cadenabbia, May 14. In the Park of Villa Carlotta.

Feast of the Candles, Gubbio, May 15. Race with candles several stories high.

L'Infiorata, Genzano, June 4. Street carpeted with flowers Sunday after Corpus Christi.

Auto Races: The 45th Targa Florio, Cerda near Palermo, April 30. "Mille Miglia," Brescia, May 27-28.

Nuclear, Electronic Congress, Rome, June 15-29. Eighth international meeting, exhibition.

Festival of Two Worlds, Spoleto, June 15-July 16. "Vanessa," conducted by Weiner Torkanowsky. Ivana Tosini in title role. Richard Strauss's "Salome" conducted by Thomas Schippers. Brahms's "Requiem" out-of-doors.

Outdoor Operas, Rome and Verona, July-August.

Palio, Siena, July 2 and Aug. 16. World-famous procession, horse race.

Feasts of the Redeemer: Venice, July 16, a big night on the Grand Canal. Nuoro, Aug. 27-29.

Landing of the Saracens, Positano, Aug. 11. Celebration at night.

Joust of the Saracen, Arezzo, Sept. 3 or 10. The 33rd annual contest.

Feast of Piedigrotta, Naples, Sept. 7-9. Singing, eating, wine-drinking.

Joust of the "Quintana," Foligno, near Perugia, Sept. 11.

Grape Festival, Marino, near Rome, Oct. 11. A fountain spouts wine.

Feast of St. Francis, Assisi, Oct. 3-4. Procession, religious service.

Columbus Celebration, Genoa, Oct. 7-12. Visit home of the explorer.

IN THE U.S.A.

Wayne University Lectures, Detroit, Mich.: "Garibaldi and the Military Conquest," Feb. 17, "European View of the Risorgimento," March 3. "The Risorgimento and its Impact on Modern Italian Literature," March 17.

San Remo Festival of Song, New York City, Feb. 17-19. At Carnegie Hall.

University of Michigan Festival, Ann Arbor, Mich., Feb. 22, Italian Ambassador H. E. Manlio Brosio expected to attend.

Opera, San Antonio, Tex., Feb. 25. Performance of Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" dedicated to the Italian Centennial.

Art Exhibit, New York City, March 2-April 2. Italian drawings displayed.

UCLA Tribute, Los Angeles, Calif., March 8. Verdi's "Simon Boccanegra" and banquet.

Centennial Ceremony, Washington, D.C., March 16. Address by Italian Minister H. E. Gaetano Martino.

University of Miami Musicale, Miami, Fla., March 26-27. Fabien Sevitzky to conduct University of Miami Symphony Orchestra in program of music by Monteverdi and Rossini. Igor Gorin, soloist.

Verdi's Requiem: Philharmonic Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, New York City, April 1-2. Rochester Philharmonic, Rochester, N.Y., April 6.

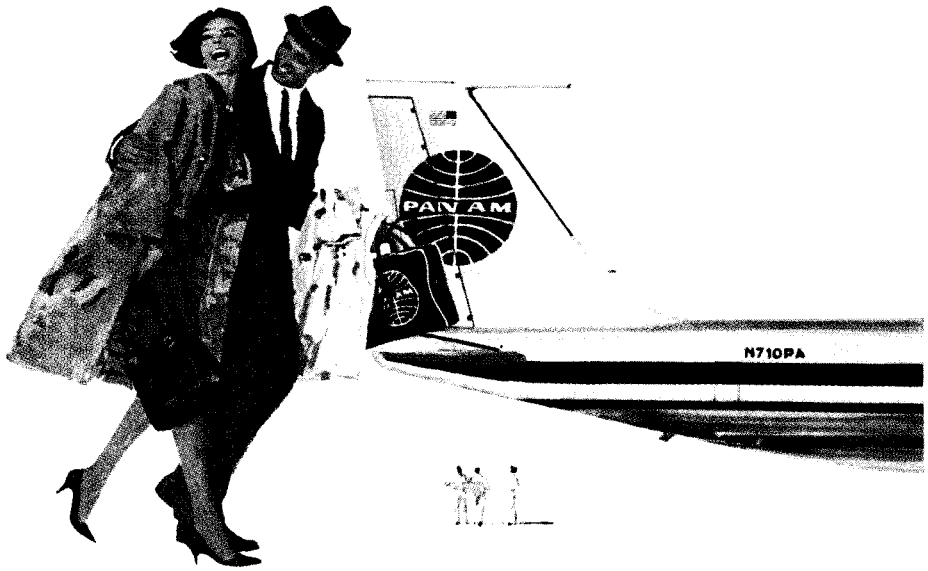
USC Salute, Los Angeles, Calif., April 8-28. Opera, exhibitions of fine arts and arts and crafts, drama, cinema, and business, cultural and sociological seminars.

New Orleans Observance, New Orleans, La., April 19. Consul General of Italy, Dr. Roberto Cerchione, to inaugurate program of Italian art, films, music and literary exhibits.

Embassy Ball, New York City, April 28. Salute to Italy at the Waldorf-Astoria.

—Compiled by Robert Meyer, Jr.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



You can still save $136 on your round trip to Europe by Pan Am Jet...but hurry!

Time is running out on the greatest travel bargain ever. Complete your trip before March 31st and you can see Europe for the cost of some "close-to-home" tours! On Pan Am's 17-day Jet Economy Excursion fares, you save $136. For instance, round-trip New York-London by Jet Clipper* is only $350! You'll enjoy Pan Am's wonderful food and service on the way. Europe is waiting, with hotel rates, gifts, almost everything priced lower now. Call your Travel Agent or one of Pan Am's 66 offices in the U.S. and Canada.

FARES AS LOW AS $298 ROUND TRIP!
Typical New 17-Day Round-trip Jet Economy Excursion Fares

Boston—Shannon . .	$298	Detroit—London . .	$394
New York—London .	$350	Chicago—London . .	$429
Balt./Wash.—Paris .	$420	West Coast—London .	$613

Good for return through March 31st!
Pay only 10% down on the Pan Am Pay-Later Plan.

and Pan Am adds the Priceless Extra of Experience!

When you choose Pan Am, you get that wonderful peace of mind. You know you're in the hands of the world's most experienced airline. You're flying the best . . . the finest Jets in the sky, with U.S. pilots and flight crews trained to high U.S. standards. Pan American is the *one* overseas airline that has flown more than 30 million passengers. And whatever your port-of-call, to any of 80 lands, one of Pan Am's 800 offices is nearby, your "home away from home."

Enjoy Pan American's priceless extra of experience when you fly abroad. You'll find it makes a priceless difference in the pleasure of your trip, and in the peace of mind of your family at home.

*Trade-Mark, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

FIRST ON THE ATLANTIC...FIRST ON THE PACIFIC...FIRST IN LATIN AMERICA...FIRST 'ROUND THE WORLD

WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sala Rotonda, The Vatican Museum of Antiquities ▶

Why these heroic statues are crowned with Scallop Shells

● In the Vatican's Sala Rotonda, these heroic sculptured figures—Juno, Hercules, Ceres—stand in brooding silence.

Now look above the statues' heads. Notice each niche is crowned with the graceful curves of the scallop shell. For artist Simonetti knew the scallop to be the symbol of the voyage, the journey, the quest. And because myth and legend have given eternal life to these ancient deities, Simonetti used the shell to symbolize their journey—a journey into eternity.

The symbolism of the scallop shell reaches back into antiquity. In classical Greece, it was associated with the goddess Venus, born of the sea. In medieval times, pilgrims to the shrine of St. James in Spain wore the scallop badge in their hats. And Crusaders on far journeys to the Holy Land made the scallop the badge of their quest.

Today, this symbol of the journey and quest is the appropriate name and trademark of the Shell Companies. Under this familiar symbol, Shell men explore the most difficult places on earth to enrich the world's oil supplies. They drill in arctic wastes and deserts, even under the floors of the seas.

But that is only the beginning of the quest carried out under the sign of Shell. In scores of laboratories the world over other Shell workers search for and develop new and better products from petroleum—new chemicals to increase man's food supply, new kinds of synthetic rubber, new yarn of unusual properties, and, of course, finer gasolines and motor oils.

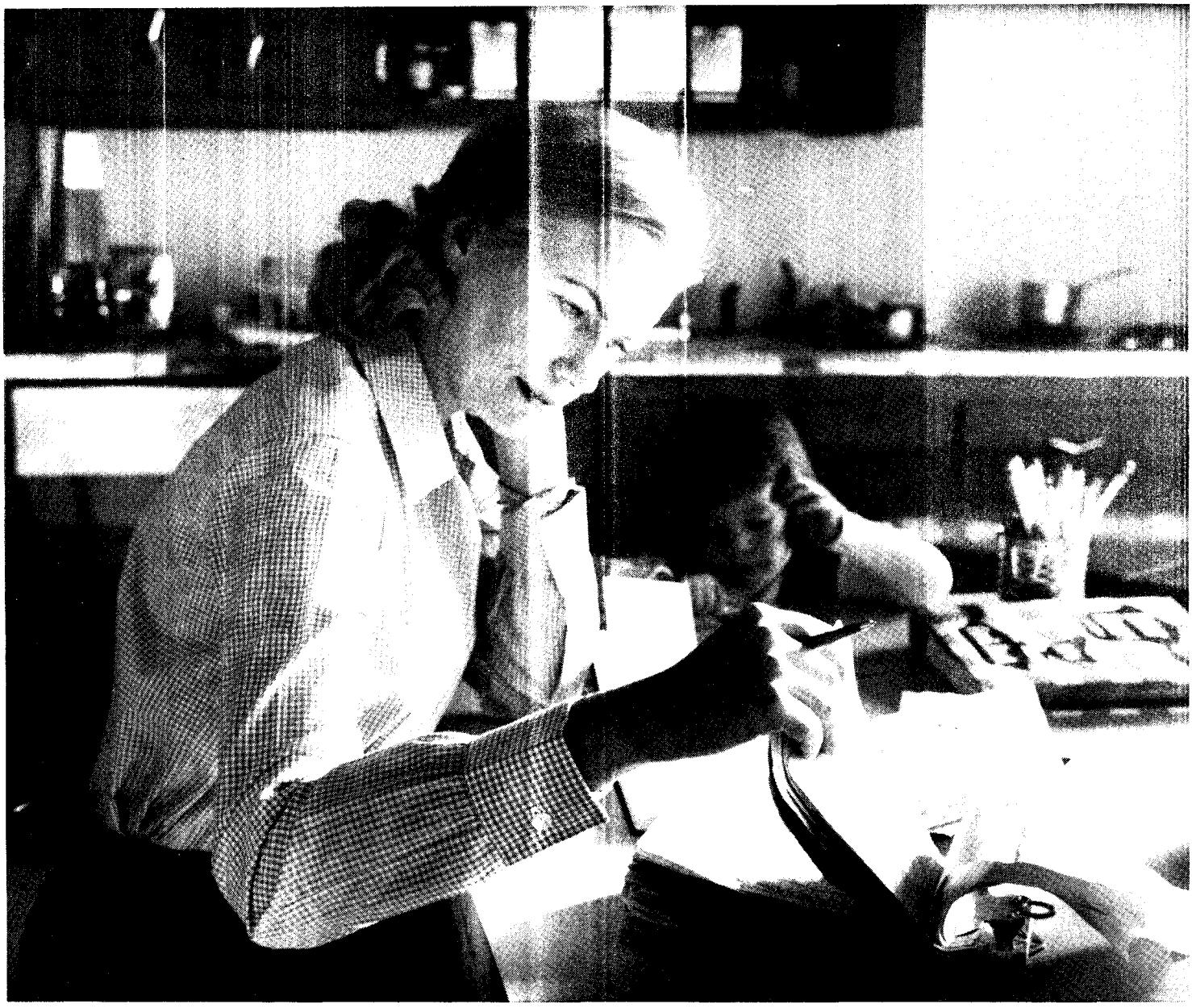
When you see the sign of the shell, think of it as the symbol of the quest for new ideas, new products, and new ways to serve you. *The Shell Companies: Shell Oil Company; Shell Chemical Company; Shell Pipeline Corporation; Shell Development Company; Shell Oil Company of Canada, Ltd.*

SHELL

SIGN OF A BETTER FUTURE FOR YOU

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Who balances America's biggest budget?

IT isn't the Federal Government, nor is it Industry. It's the American woman who balances the biggest budget in our nation—the budget of America's families. Last year, American family income was up to about 353 billion dollars. Women controlled or influenced the saving and spending of 85% of this money—more than 300 billion dollars.

The American housewife has added the job of family comptroller to her already impressive list of modern homemaking responsibilities as a wife, mother and dedicated member of her community. Today, America's women manage 70% more money than they did 10 years ago. In addition to this increased financial responsibility, the average American woman devotes more than twice as much time and effort to prudent shopping as she did in 1940.

Like everything else she does, the American woman measures her own shopping success by the amount of good living she brings home to her family. No matter how much money there may be in the household budget, her insistence on quality at a reasonable price has made it clear that she intends to be thrifty.

An outstanding example of this attitude is the ever-increasing number of women who shop at stores that give S&H Green Stamps. Today, the women who budget for half the families in our nation receive S&H Green Stamps as a reward for thrifty shopping.

Perhaps your wife has brought home something "extra"—some little thing "outside of the budget"—by saving S&H Green Stamps. If so, this is just one more way that she brings better living to you through the intelligent budgeting of her household dollars.

An American Way of Thrift for 25,000,000 Families . . .

S&H GREEN STAMPS

DISTRIBUTED SINCE 1896

BY THE SPERRY AND HUTCHINSON COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Italy in Books

Literature and Culture

THE HISTORY OF ITALIAN LITERATURE. *By Francesco de Sanctis. Translated by Joan Redfern. Basic Books.* $12.50.

THE GENIUS OF ITALY. *By Leonardo Olschki. Cornell University Press.* $5.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ITALIAN LITERATURE. *By John H. Whitfield. Pelican Books.* 95¢

History, Politics, and Economics

ITALY FROM NAPOLEON TO MUSSOLINI. *By René Albrecht-Carrié. Columbia University Press.* $1.75 (Cloth $5).

THE UNITED STATES AND ITALY. *By H. Stuart Hughes. Harvard University Press.* $4.50.

THE ITALIAN LABOR MOVEMENT: PROBLEMS AND PROSPECTS. *By Joseph G. La Palombara. Cornell University Press.* $2.50.

ITALY IN THE GIOLITTIAN ERA: ITALIAN DEMOCRACY IN THE MAKING, 1900-1914. *By A. William Salomone. University of Pennsylvania Press.* $5.

ITALY. *By Gerardo Zampaglione. Praeger.* $6.50.

Anthologies of Poetry and Fiction

AN ANTHOLOGY OF NEW ITALIAN WRITERS. *Selected from the pages of Botteghe Oscure. New Directions.* $3.50.

STORIES OF MODERN ITALY. *Ben Johnson, editor, Modern Library.* $1.95.

THE PENGUIN BOOK OF ITALIAN VERSE. *By George Kay. Penguin Books.* $1.25.

SELECTED WRITINGS. *By Salvatore Quasimodo. Allen Mandelbaum, editor. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* $5.

MODERN ITALIAN SHORT STORIES. *Marc Slonim, editor, Simon & Schuster.* $5.

LIFE OF A MAN. *By Giuseppe Ungaretti. New Directions.* $3.50.

Other General Titles of Interest

A REPORT FROM PALERMO. *By Danilo Dolci. Orion Press.* $4.

AMERICAN IN ITALY. *By Herbert Kubly. Simon & Schuster.* $4.50.

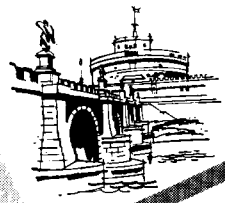
VENICE OBSERVED. *By Mary McCarthy. G. R. Bermer, editor, Reynal.* $15.

THE STONES OF FLORENCE. *By Mary McCarthy. Harcourt, Brace.* $15.

ROME FOR OURSELVES. *Aubrey Menen. McGraw-Hill.* $15.

ITALIAN ART, LIFE AND LANDSCAPE. *By Bernard Wall. Sloane.* $5.

TOWARD AN ORGANIC ARCHITECTURE. *By Bruno Zevi. Faber & Faber (London). Transatlantic Arts, Inc., Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Fla.* $6.75.



when ITALY calls . . .

think of
HOME LINES

General Agents for the National Hellenic American Line's popular 21,000 ton

s.s. QUEEN FREDERICA

From New York direct to
PALERMO • NAPLES • MESSINA

Acquire the mellow continental mood en route to Italy. Enjoy nine relaxing days, with attentive service and outstanding cuisine. The wide selection of modern accommodations includes an entire deck of de luxe Belvedere suites in First Class, and 640 berths in posh Tourist cabins with private bath or showers. Lounges and cabins are air conditioned. It's the most gracious way to travel since the gondola.

OTHER LUXURIOUS HOME LINES' SHIPS with the traditional touch of Italian hospitality

S.S. HOMERIC providing transatlantic express service from MONTREAL and QUEBEC direct to Channel ports. Offering SUN-WAY CRUISES to the WEST INDIES and SOUTH AMERICA during the winter season.

M.S. ITALIA now in year-round SUN-WAY CRUISE service. Weekly sailings to NASSAU in the BAHAMAS. Leaves New York every Saturday at 4 P.M. Stopovers arranged.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT!

HOME LINES AGENCY INC.
General Agents
42 Broadway, New York 4, N. Y.
Digby 4-6363
Offices in all principal cities

"The best single work on the subject."
— PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON, *The Reporter*

The WORLD *of* VENICE
By JAMES MORRIS

Author of *The Hashemite Kings* and *Islam Inflamed.* A modern, definitive history, unsurpassed for its wealth of information and the sheer enjoyability of its style. Illustrated with maps and photos. $5.00, now at your bookstore. PANTHEON BOOKS

International Bestseller!

THE LEOPARD

By THE PRINCE OF LAMPEDUSA

"A superb novel in the great tradition and the grand manner."—*Newsweek*

$4.50, now at your bookstore PANTHEON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor: NORMAN COUSINS
Publisher: J. R. COMINSKY
Associate Editors: HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN, HORACE SUTTON

Associate Publisher W. D. PATTERSON
Science Editor JOHN LEAR
Poetry Editor JOHN CIARDI
Communications Editor RICHARD L. TOBIN
Education Editor PAUL WOODRING
Production Manager PEARL M. STEINHAUS
Book Review Editor ROCHELLE GIRSON
General Editor HALLOWELL BOWSER
Feature Editor JAMES F. FIXX

Editors-at-Large
CLEVELAND AMORY
HARRISON BROWN
JOHN MASON BROWN
FRANK G. JENNINGS
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
T. S. MATTHEWS
WALTER MILLIS
ELMO ROPER
JOHN STEINBECK

Contributing Editors
HOLLIS ALPERT
HENRY HEWES
GRANVILLE HICKS
ARTHUR KNIGHT
KATHARINE KUH
GILBERT SELDES
ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON
JOHN T. WINTERICH

Italy Today and Tomorrow

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial is by James D. Zellerbach, who retired last month as Ambassador to Italy after having served in that post since 1957. Mr. Zellerbach, president of the Crown Zellerbach Corporation, succeeded Clare Boothe Luce as Ambassador.*

WITHIN the century since the establishment of modern Italy, no single period of development has produced more dramatic changes on this endlessly fascinating peninsula than the past fifteen years. From the most destructive war in its history, Italy is not only emerging as an industrial nation of the first rank; it is also enjoying a major cultural renaissance whose impact extends far beyond its frontiers.

The Italian economy, stimulated after the war by American aid, has been expanding at the rate of 6 per cent a year, well ahead of the rate of population growth. Due to the classic economic disparities between different regions of Italy, this expansion has been largely concentrated in the North, especially Piedmont and the Po Valley. It is the North that has provided much of the impressive statistical evidence and tempo of Italian economic growth, such as the doubling of Italy's national income in the last ten years, the favorable balance of payments, and the soundness of the lira.

But the South, the *Mezzogiorno*, the object of countless official investigations and false starts, is beginning to shake off its past of impoverishment and neglect. The *Cassa per il Mezzogiorno*, or Fund for the South, is providing a broad range of incentives to stimulate agricultural production and industrialization in Sicily, Sardinia, Apulia, Calabria, and the other Southern provinces. New highways, railway lines, and electric power systems, including nuclear power stations, have been built or are under construction. Petro-chemical plants are rising at Brindisi, Gela, and Syracuse. Taranto will soon be producing steel.

THE Cassa also performs the unique function of financing archeological excavations, in some cases combining slum clearance with the resurrection of Roman provincial cities—a novel form of "urban renewal." This is not as far-fetched as it sounds. The Italian Government is vigorously promoting tourism, now a $500 million industry in Italy. If the South is poor in natural resources, its wealth in antiquities is a major attraction to visitors from other countries.

Up to now, however, the *Cassa* has not appreciably narrowed the economic gap between Southern and Northern Italy. The Northern industrial centers have benefited from its investments along with the South, since they have been busy manufacturing the tools for Southern industrial expansion. But there is at least the possibility now that the cumulative effect of development in the *Mezzogiorno* will generate the spark of regional economic self-propulsion.

Because of its depressed areas, Italy continues its long struggle with unemployment and underemployment. The high rate of growth has absorbed new people coming into the labor market, and unemployment in recent years has dropped from 10 per cent to 6 per cent of the labor force. But the economic misery of the nearly 2,000,000 Italians who cannot find work is a tragic reality of contemporary Italian life. There was a time, however, when Italians despaired of ever finding a decent living for their whole population within the limitations of their economy. Now, almost for the first time in history, no Italian need regard himself as permanently surplus to the needs and resources of his country.

The confusions of Italian political life continue to baffle the foreigner, and I suspect not a few Italians. The Italian political spectrum has not been substantially altered by the country's economic expansion and rising living standards. Of the democratic forces, the Christian Democrats form by far the largest single party. However, they do not constitute a majority in Parliament and are themselves a coalition of various factions. Unless the situation changes, the Christian Democrats cannot govern without outside support, and none of the smaller democratic parties can form a government without them.

THE Italian Communists are still the largest Communist Party in the free world, and have the second largest representation in Parliament. To keep their electorate today, however, the Communists have to follow, not lead it. Both in politics and the labor movement, where they are deeply entrenched, the Communists now try to present themselves as the advocates of mild reform rather than of violent revolution.

The Nenni Socialists have indicated that they intend to break away from the Communists and follow an independent line. But much remains obscure about their real intentions and the ability to implement them. On the extreme right, the Neo-Fascist Party is impotent and isolated.

The persistence of the large Communist and pro-Communist vote in Italy is a source of concern and puzzlement to many observers of the Italian scene familiar with the goals of left-

(*Continued on page* 55)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WHAT'S IN A POEM?

JOHN CIARDI'S POEM "The Eleventh Hour News" [*SR*, Jan. 14] is one of the most skilful satires I have ever read. Mr. Ciardi probes deftly.

CLIFFORD HOLM.

Chicago, Ill.

CONGRATULATIONS TO John Ciardi for shifting from the esoteric to the satiric. "The Eleventh Hour News" is the most enjoyable and comprehensible piece of *vers libre* to issue from his pen.

CHARLES E. LANGE.

New York, N. Y.

JOHN CIARDI'S "The Eleventh Hour News" is startling, revolting, and mystifying. . . . The inclusion of this murky concoction, which reads like the product of a disordered mind, is an abuse of its author's editorial office. Poetry, what sins are committed in thy name!

NAOMI G. SCHLAIN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

THE NEWS FROM LAOS

N.C.'S EDITORIAL "What We Don't Know Can Kill Us" [*SR*, Jan. 14] was a worthy attempt at detecting the reason for the small amount of international news in our newspapers. However, since the author implied that it is the fault of the news agencies and newspapers, I must take issue. We must remember that however idealistic a news service may be, it still must cater to its reading public. Consequently, if the public is not interested in the situation in Laos, the news service will not put a reporter there. It appears, therefore, that it is not a question of revamping our news agencies, but rather, of revamping our society.

LEE DEMBART.

Jackson Heights, N. Y.

WE WERE SOMEWHAT startled to read in N.C.'s editorial that "neither of the major American wire press services had a staff man in Laos" when the Laotian Government made its invasion charge on December 30.

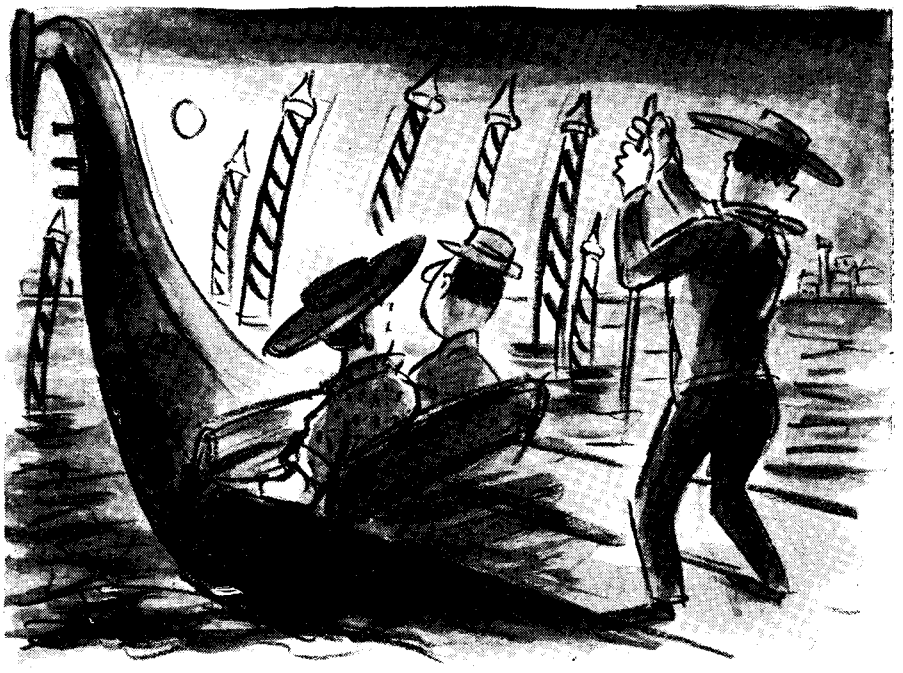
Speaking only for United Press International, I can asssure you that our staff correspondent, Robert Udick, was very much on the scene at that time. He had arrived several days earlier, not to fill a void, but to permit another staff correspondent, Arthur Dommen, a few days' breather over Christmas. Dommen had been in Vientiane for some time.

The reason for the dearth of copy from Vientiane on December 30 was not the absence of correspondents but the censorship imposed by the Laotians. Udick's first dispatch was delayed fifteen hours by censors. A check of our files shows that for several weeks before December 30 we carried at least one story a day on the crisis in Laos, and most of these dispatches were from Vientiane. Dispatches on related events were carried from other points in the area.

JOE W. MORGAN,
Foreign Editor,
United Press International.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *When queried by SR's researcher, UPI reported it had had no one on the scene on December 30, an answer also given by AP, CBS, and NBC.*



"Frank, you need a haircut."

REVERSE ENGLISH

THANKS FOR THE article by Mario Pei, "English in 2061: A Forecast" [*SR*, Jan. 14]. It was worth the price of a year's subscription.

TV and radio may standardize the language a lot, but up to now they have not improved it much. I am afraid announcers in general are very poor etymologists.

CLINTON A. SHEFFIELD.

Story City, Iowa

TWELVE CHEERS

CONCERNING Horace Sutton's article on "The Administration and the Traveler" [*SR*, Jan. 7]: Twelve cheers for twelve excellent suggestions! Let us hope that the new Administration is aware of the need to simplify travel red tape for foreign visitors.

SHIRLEY N. VOGT.

Weston, Mass.

THE NEW CUBA

ACCORDING TO some very important intellectuals from Mexico [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Jan. 21], many "new" advances are being made in Cuba today. Could these same persons tell me about the "new" freedom of speech and freedom of the press found in Cuba? Or would they prefer to tell about the "new" democratic elections that have never been held . . .?

SIDNEY MARKS.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE LETTER by Mexican writers and professors is full of political propaganda but is deficient in facts and logic. They identify the U.S. with its corporations, which appear to be soulless, predatory octopuses. Their function is ignored and misrepresented. It is true that these corporations are entrepreneurs motivated by a profit incentive, but it is also true that this can be a constructive force, particularly in underdeveloped countries as even the Soviets have come to accept. . . . Incidentally, it is a well-known fact that the wages paid by American companies are always higher than the native going rate. Who is exploited by this process? Then a Castro comes along and claims that the riches of the company have been taken from the "poor natives."

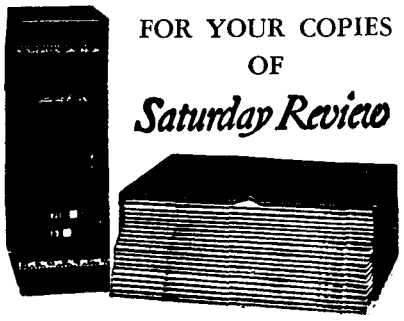
Yes, Castro has built schools and roads, using impounded American money. He has also almost bankrupted the country. It is easy to make a showing on that basis. By what mental myopia can these apparent intellectuals talk of American "witch-hunting crusades" and "intellectual fear" and in the same breath praise Castro with his suppressions of the press, prostitution of justice, and substitution of Batista oppression with a worse one?

M. POPOVIC.

Califon, N. J.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HANDY FILE



FOR YOUR COPIES OF *Saturday Review*

- Keep SATURDAY REVIEW issues neat, clean, in order
- With washable leatherette cover and 16-carat gold leaf lettering designed especially for S.R.
- Holds 26 copies

$2.50 each, postpaid
(3 for $7.00, or 6 for $13.00)

Money back if not completely satisfied
ORDER DIRECT FROM:

JESSE JONES BOX CORP.
DEPT. SR · BOX 5120
PHILADELPHIA 41, PA.

SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45th St., New York 36, N.Y.

Please enter my subscription for the term indicated below:

☐ Three years $16—

☐ Two years $12—

☐ One year $7—

(Above rates apply to U.S., its possessions and Canada; elsewhere, add $2 per year)

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Please bill me

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

Zone_____ State_____

2/11

Allow four weeks for delivery of first copy.

LET SOME CHILD LOVE YOU

You or your group can "adopt" a needy child, through Foster Parents' Plan. You will receive photographs, a history of "your child", monthly letters and the greatest gift of all, a child's love.
For information write to;
Foster Parents' Plan, Inc.
352 Park Avenue South • N.Y.C. 10, N.Y. Dept. 7F

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

On Our Bad Behavior

EDWARD ALBEE, whose first play, "The Zoo Story," won him several awards last season, demonstrates in his new double bill at the York that he is a productive playwright with a stubborn determination to develop and experiment according to his own tastes in the freer atmosphere of Off-Broadway.

The shorter of the two attractions is a musical setting of Herman Melville's short story "**Bartleby.**" Composer William Flanagan has written the music, and James Hinton, Jr., has collaborated with Mr. Albee on the libretto. The stage work paints in necessarily simple strokes the both amusing and tragic dilemma created when a scrivener obsessed with asocialism and immobility uses passive resistance to confound his kindly employer's efforts, first to persuade him to join with the other employees in performing routine office work, then reluctantly to discharge him, and finally to get him to vacate the office.

The musical setting is not very successful. It fails to find strong dramatic undercurrents for a conflict that has a fairly gentle surface, and the lyrics are often awkward to sing. But through these failures shines Roberts Blossom's memorable portrait of the cadaverous Bartleby. Each time he receives a request from the outside world Mr. Blossom reaches deep into the mysterious inner life of the character and just barely summons up enough energy to reply, "I would prefer not to." The haunting picture is one of a man who subconsciously is enslaved to the extreme of passivity and death, and who achieves it by strict adherence to isolation and lack of change. And while the modern psychiatrist may find here a Bartleby syndrome, the motivation is suggested more poetically by Melville in the original story, where he reveals that Bartleby had previously been a subordinate clerk in the Dead Letter Office in Washington, and had suddenly lost his job through a change in the Administration. Says Melville: "Conceive a man by nature and misfortune prone to a pallid hopelessness: can any business seem more fitted to heighten it than that of continually handling these dead letters . . . pardon for those who died despairing; hope for those who died unhoping; good tidings for those who died stiffly by unrelieved calamities."

The evening's second offering, "**The American Dream,**" is pure Albee. It sets out merrily as a satire of the selfishness and self-contradictoriness of that dream. His method seems to fall somewhere between Eugene Ionesco and Gertrude Stein, as he entertains us with an orchestration of the sort of trivial and vulgar conversation one is apt to hear in a prosperous American home. The wife, called Mommy, is a hard-boiled matron who early in life made up her mind that she was going to "set her little rear end right down in a tub o' butter." The rich "Daddy" who married her is now impotent, henpecked, and bored. The only one in the family with any imagination and spirit is Grandma, whose secret is that she "has no sense of proportion."

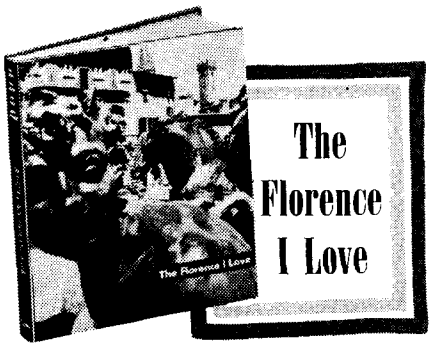
Two-thirds of the way through the play's one scene, the mood changes as we meet a young man who represents the cool generation. His only talents are his body and his face. He is unable to love, or to see events with anything but a cool disinterest. He knows that he cannot relate to others so he lets other people draw sexual pleasure from him. Mr. Albee indicates that the reason for his state of being lies in what most American adults seem subconsciously to want. The women want to castrate the men, the men want to return to the cozy comfort of the womb, and the whole society is preoccupied with money, status, convenience, and conformity.

This is borne out by Grandma's parable about an adopted child whose natural sensitivities are first ignored, and who is then shut off by parents who use the method of simply removing whatever part of his body happens to be expressing those sensitivities. At the end of the play we see Mommy and Daddy about to discover the horrible truth about themselves, but because this is a comedy, and perhaps because the American utopia allows us to steer clear of any such sizable revelations, the curtain is quickly lowered.

The content of "The American Dream" is rich, and the performances of Sudie Bond, who is spry and neatly incisive as Grandma, and Jane Hoffman and John C. Becher, who are completely credible as Mommy and Daddy, are outstanding. Yet one suspects that neither director Alan Schneider nor the playwright has quite found a style in which the action might not seem—as it now too frequently does—capricious and unrelated to the central dramatic event.

—HENRY HEWES.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



1. The Florence I Love
100 Photo-Illustrations, 12 in Full Color, by *Robert Descharnes*. Introduction by *Paul Morand*, text and captions by *Carlo Cocciolo* and *Nino Franck*. Florence, with all its provocative, enchanting magic and opulent beauty . . . caught by the camera in a truly magnificent display of modern photography and pictorial composition. Here are unsurpassed views of the famous squares, churches, towers, palaces, gardens and galleries of art; here great works of art by Michelangelo, Giotto, Donatello and other famous Renaissance geniuses whose sculpture and architecture make Florence one of the most astonishing and memorable cities in the world. Here are modern Florence and its environs: people in the streets and outdoor cafes, the city at night from bridges over the Arno River. This magnificent portrayal will thrill all those who know and love Florence or hope to visit this city. 9½" x 10¾". **$7.95**

2. The Rome I Love
Photographs by *Patrice Molinard*. Introduction by *Jean Giono*. 100 photos, 12 in full color. **$7.95**

3. The Venice I Love
Photographs by *Jean Imbert*. Introduction by *Jean Cocteau*. 100 photos, 12 in full color. **$7.95**

4. The Paris I Love
Photographs by *Patrice Molinard*. Introduction by *Marcel Aymé*. 100 prize photographs, 12 in full color. **$7.95**

5. The Versailles I Love
Photographs by *Robert Descharnes*. Introduction by *Pierre Gaxotte*. 100 photographs, 12 in full color. **$7.95**

At Your Bookseller or from
Tudor Publishing Co.
221 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 3, N. Y.

BUDGET-WISE TOURS OF EUROPE

Our tenth anniversary folder describes a variety of escorted tours for the young at heart:

GRAND—55 days in Europe visiting 19 countries **$1360**
CORONET—36 days in Europe visiting 12 countries **$1160**
OLYMPIAN—50 days in Europe visiting 15 countries with Portugal, Spain and Greece **$1595**
NORTH STAR—33 days in Scandinavia and Britain **$1195**
VIKING VOYAGE—43 days to North Cape and through Europe..... **$1295**

Britain, Scandinavia, Italy in most itineraries
Tourist Class trans-Atlantic steamer, private motorcoaches, excellent hotels, meals; sightseeing and entertainment. Tours expertly conducted.
35 departures from April through September.

Dittmann Travel Organization
P.O. Box 199, NORTHFIELD, MINNESOTA

11,000 PAPERBACKS
NEWEST CATALOG 122 pp
SEND 25c Paperbook Gallery 27 Third Ave., N. Y. 3

Editorial

Continued from page 52

wing totalitarianism. There are many theories to explain it, but the roots of the problem go fairly deep and are primarily historical: the reaction to Fascism, past disunion and misgovernment, anticlericalism, the traditional influence of Marxist concepts, especially the idea of class struggle. If all this seems vaguely irrational or anachronistic in light of present-day realities, let us be broad-minded enough to lament outworn prejudices in our own country which strike Italians in much the same way.

We should remember, too, that throughout the 100 years of modern Italian history, Italians have never known a period of prolonged political stability. It is probable, therefore, that the historical factors and current tensions underlying political extremism in Italy will be softened by time, the continued improvement in living conditions, and the practice of political democracy itself.

The United States can contribute much to political democracy and economic progress in Italy by its firm support of Italy's determination to remain free, and by continuing to merit Italian confidence in our own government and people. By mutual understanding arising from deep historical associations, as well as by formal treaty obligations, we are permanent partners and allies. It is clearly in our interests that a free Italy develop its own path as a member of the European Community and the Atlantic Alliance.

No sober study of the total Italian situation would minimize the problems still to be solved. What is important is that the Italian people, through their own hard work, irrepressible originality, and individuality, have now achieved a forward momentum toward greater social and economic progress that justifies high hopes for the future of their country.

In Italy, with its infinite variety of people and landscape, its ability to renew itself out of a past of incredible richness, its creative genius and humanity, the visitor finds the world in microcosm. The country, as always, draws the stranger from a distant land as though to his own home, which in a larger sense is what Italy represents for millions of non-Italians. With the creative energies of Italy fully utilized in freedom, there are no limits to what the Italian nation and people can accomplish. The United States has joined with Italians and other free peoples to protect their right to have this great opportunity.

—James D. Zellerbach.

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE
OTARD
COGNAC BRANDY
Original Towers of Chateau de Cognac Built in the 11th Century
The King of Cognacs . . . from the Castle of Cognac
Fondé en 1795
OTARD
V.S.O.P.

The Only Cognac Made and Bottled at The Chateau de Cognac. IMPORTED OTARD COGNAC. V. S. O. P., 80 PROOF 3 STAR, 84 PROOF • SCHENLEY IMPORT CO., NEW YORK.

Dublin's Not in Ireland!

"Not yet, anyway," says Mr. Harold Dublin of W. 86th St., Manhattan. "But some day soon I hope to spend a leisurely vacation there." *You* should, too. For outdoor sport and scenic beauty, for entertainment and good fellowship, no place compares with hospitable Ireland. And prices are *low!* You can enjoy a grand week in Ireland for less than the cost of the average week-end practically anywhere else. To find out more, see your Travel Agent or write or phone: **The Irish Tourist Office, 33 E. 50th St., NY 22, PL 3-0158.** (In Chicago, 135 So. La Salle St., AN 3-3773; and in Montreal, 2100 Drummond St., VI 9-5289.) Mention the Gaelic word *Rosscarbery* for a "doodling" map . . . free.

UNIVERSITY OF OSLO
INTERNATIONAL SUMMER SCHOOL
Six weeks: July 1 to August 11, 1961
(All lectures in English)
Write: Admissions Office, Oslo International Summer School, Northfield, Minnesota

AIR TRAVELERS TO FOREIGN DESTINATIONS
SAVE to 40% **TAX-FREE CIGARETTES, CIGARS**
Delivered to plane seat on flights from Idlewild. NOT weighed as baggage. Room 2119. Arrivals Building, or at our Booth in Terminal Building. For details. Write, Call or Visit.
WORLD TOBACCO CO., INC.
New York International Airport
Jamaica 30, N. Y. • OL 6-5273

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The California Cornucopia

By Granville Hicks

DAN JACOBSON, who was born in Johannesburg in 1929, is younger than all but two of the fifteen first novelists I was discussing last week, and yet **"No Further West"** (Macmillan, $3.50) is his sixth book. It has been preceded by a collection of short stories and four novels, one of them the remarkable "Evidence of Love" (*SR*, April 16, 1960). He is a prolific as well as a talented young man.

In 1957 Jacobson went to Leland Stanford University as a fellow in creative writing, and out of that experience came "No Further West," an eloquent record of his impressions of California and his reflections thereon. It is a modest little book but rewarding.

Because he had flown from London to New York and thence to San Francisco, his first contact with America was on the highways between the airport and Palo Alto. Then and there, surrounded by more cars than he had ever imagined, bigger cars and faster cars, on a highway system of a fantastic intricacy, he made up his mind that he would write a book. "And the substance of the book, the single message of the book would be to the world outside California (and curiously enough, to the Californians too): *You don't know what it is like!*"

He looked and he marveled. "What I saw in the days following our arrival seemed to be a single sprawl that stretched all the thirty miles between San Francisco and Palo Alto and for another thirty miles beyond; and what it was anywhere along the length was precisely what it was anywhere else along its length. And what *that* was—I had no word for it. It was a sprawl, a mess, a nightmare of repetition and disjunction and incoherence, all grown permanent and powerful."

He bought a secondhand car, rented a house, and settled in. The car, he discovered, was not merely a blessing but a necessity: "To have a car in California was not to surrender to the mechanization round one, but rather to take the first step towards mastering it." The house was more convenient and more sensible than the one he had occupied in England, and he came to terms with the gadgets with which it was equipped. His Americanization even went so far that he became an admirer of the supermarkets and used to frequent them just for the fun of it.

But he could find nothing good to say for radio commercials. "They were of a wild absurdity and mendacity that passed beyond belief; and at first we could hear nothing but the commercials, think of nothing but the commercials, despair about nothing as we despaired about the commercials." Advertising in all its forms shook him up, as he puts it. "If," he writes, "the Americans were determined to convince a visitor that individually and collectively they are a nation of infinitely manipulable morons and idiots—lost to all reason, without manners or ideas, devoid of even the crudest esthetic senses, victims and users of a totally debased language—a nation whose style is a grossness and whose tone is a loudness—if, as I say, that is the impression the Americans want to make on a visitor, then they really have cause to be grateful to their advertisers."

HE soon found that this was not the whole story. "Even after a week or two the visitor tumbles to the fact that if the advertisements really did speak for and to California, he would be surrounded by nothing but twitching, writhing, disconnected maniacs—which he very plainly isn't." Jacobson discovered that as a rule Americans are as quiet as their advertising is noisy. He also came to the conclusion that most Americans are kind, socially responsible, and full of good works. (He writes well about his seven-year-old son's school, which strove to inculcate these virtues.) Furthermore, he realized that millions of Americans are not wholly at the mercy of the mass media but use their leisure in a rich variety of ways. ("I suppose it is the measure of the way one can be misled by the noises of the media that I should have been positively surprised when I found out, for example, that so many Americans were extremely fond of gardening—that most quiet of pastimes."

There is a paradox here that is as puzzling to many Americans as it is to European visitors. Advertising seems to work, and even its most objectionable forms may be, as the advertising men claim, essential to the maintenance of a high level of productivity. But in so far as advertising works, we must be split personalities, for much of it appeals to qualities quite different from those we usually display. Jacobson presents the problem, but he does not try to solve it.

What he does do is to state emphatically that contemporary American civilization is not all of one piece. He rebukes the intellectuals who surrender to total despair, for he finds ground for hope, both in what he himself has seen and in what he knows about the American past. No historian, he does have a feeling for what is unique in our national experience. This is a country that from its earliest settlement has been consciously shaping itself, and the will to improve, Jacobson concludes, is still powerful.

"NO Further West" though written primarily for Europeans, is a good book for Americans to read. After all, the era of abundance is new, and only the very young can take it for granted. The rest of us scarcely know what to make of this great outpouring of things. Some people are too complacent about our prosperity, and for them Jacobson has provided a salutary shock. Others, who can see only evil, will find a challenge in his discrimination. He does not have any quarrel with prosperity itself, and I do not see how a reasonable person can have, especially one who is old enough to remember the Depression. The question is what we are making of our abundance and what we could and should do with it. Jacobson believes that we can do a great deal and possibly will.

Although it is a small book, "No Further West" covers a good deal of ground. Jacobson talks shrewdly about the Beats. ("The truth is that we are entitled to despair or howl for rebellion only after much harder work than anyone of the Beat Generation has bothered to do.") He touches on education, including the question of courses in creative writing. He comments on violence in our society, marveling that there isn't more of it than there is. He speculates on the new shapes American society is taking as the use of the automobile becomes almost universal.

But what he chiefly does is to describe with great force the impact on him of what is going on in America. He tells his own story. Of course he saw only California, and that isn't the United States, but he suspects that it is the future, and he is probably right. It may be Europe's future too, which is one reason why he wrote the book.

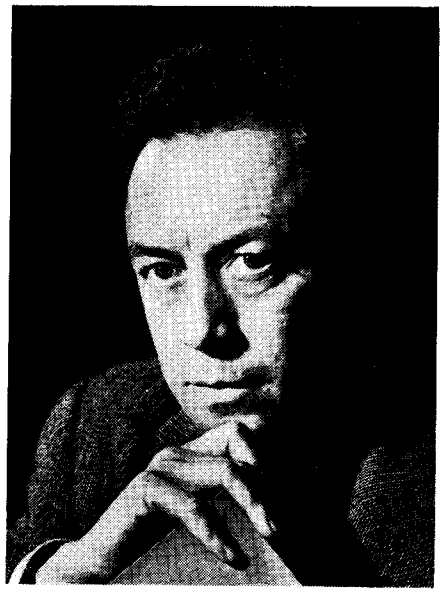
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK OF THE WEEK

Revolt Against Absurdity

"Resistance, Rebellion, and Death," by Albert Camus; *translated by Justin O'Brien (Knopf. 272 pp. $4), a collection of essays on man, the artist, and society. Kimon Friar is the translator of Kazantzakis's "The Odyssey! A Modern Sequel" and "The Saviors of God: Spiritual Exercises."*

By Kimon Friar



—*Karsh, Ottawa.*

Albert Camus — both artist and moralist.

ALBERT CAMUS was both an artist and a moralist, and successful in both when he would not permit the canons of one to override the necessities of the other. Yet his definition of social freedom applies as well to the relationship between art and moral philosophy: "The freedom of each finds its limits in that of others; no one has a right to absolute freedom." Thus, though the best of Camus's novels, plays, and short stories are self-contained works of the imagination, they are all illuminated and given direction by his polemic inquiry into the human condition, as exemplified in such works of moral persuasion as "The Myth of Sisyphus" and "The Rebel." Conversely, his essays succeed when they are most concerned with specific events or causes, yet are unmistakably not the work of a metaphysician but of a man of imagination and passion.

Now in "Resistance, Rebellion, and Death" we are given Camus's own selection of twenty-three essays written between 1943 and 1957, some of them for his underground newspaper *Combat*, and all taken from three volumes of collected articles published in French entitled "Actuelles." Almost all are essential for the further exposition of his thought and for deeper understanding of his more creative work, for they are concerned with his fundamental ideas about man as both artist and social being. They include letters to a German friend who had turned Nazi, distinctions between pessimism and optimism, tyranny and intelligence, points of difference and agreement between unbeliever and Christian, a castigation of Franco's Spain and Kadar's Hungary, an analysis and tentative plan for France's solution of her Algerian dilemma, a definition and defense of liberty, an impassioned arraignment of capital punishment, and, finally, an eloquent definition of the writer's essential commitment in our time. Though Camus's works of the imagination and his polemics are integral in themselves, each casts light on the other, and both are necessary for the fullest intentions of the man and the artist.

For Camus, the absurd was more an emotive reaction to life than a logical deduction, more a feeling than a definition. It occurs when man no longer sees himself as the nonpareil of God, nor as a cog in the mechanical ordering of the universe, but when with his mind and heart (given to him by Nature, and depending for their existence *in* Nature) he creates visions of beauty, justice, and freedom, and raises these as esthetic or moral banners in revolt against the blind powers of the universe. Death itself is the highest of all absurdities, and nihilism or suicide, to the author of "Sisyphus" at least, appeared in that case to be the only honest answer. It seems absurd that the human intellect can postulate nobler forms of justice than those which Nature, the force which created him, is governed by. "If after all, men cannot always make history have a meaning, they can always act so that their own lives have one."

Since the universe cannot be defined by man in terms of human justice, he must think of it as absurd. Unslaked by the axioms of science, unconsoled by the palliative compensations of religion, and resisting with all his passion and love for life itself, Camus defined the world as absurd, and his attitude as one of revolt against that absurdity. Rage, and transformation of that rage into beauty which works of art impose, is all that man can do—unless in the manipulation of his own destiny he proves that death is just another, if more comprehensive, disease for which he may eventually find a cure. It is ironic, of course, that man should conceive historically of such possibility at a time when he has also unleashed the atomic fury by which to annihilate himself.

But Camus turned his back on nihilism and soon saw the very absurdity of the absurd. He turned his lucid and ethical gaze on all forms of death, the many spawned by man himself on the one great fundamental negation, and answered with vigorous resistance and rebellion. Most of the essays in this book affirm, with the clarity of that Mozartian style to which he aspired and often attained, his revolt against these many deaths, and offer moral programs of action. Camus gazed into the eyes of the annihilating abyss, almost died in that vacuum, but emerged to turn his eyes fully on life with all its contradictions and to affirm it, to accept it in its full tragic intensity with heroic valor and pessimism: this was his revolt against Nature and the Church. As a member of the French Resistance and editor of *Combat*, as a responsible artist in society, he turned his scorn and his whips against man's injustice to man: this was his revolt against man. What remains is the vibrant sensation of being alive, the intensity of the resistance, and the ordering of this revolt by man into freedom, justice, and beauty. It is a revolt completely without hope of anything palliative, rejoicing in that forced yoking of opposites of which only man is capable.

This places man's fate primarily into the hands of man himself, the moral and imaginative individual, and not in a State or Church. In "Letters" to a German friend who had turned Nazi because only the law of survival seemed valid in a world without God or purpose, Camus wrote in 1944: "I continue to believe that this world has no ultimate meaning. But I know that something in it has a meaning and that is man, because he is the only creature to insist on having one. This world has at least the truth of man, and our task is to provide its justification against fate itself." Man may be saved by "the justice that man alone can conceive." Camus now turned all his powers of

(*Continued on page* 68)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Climate for Art on an Island

—*Puerto Rico News Service.*

El Puente Dos Hermanos (center) leads to San Juan's Gold Coast.

By SAUL MALOFF, *professor of English and American literature at the University of Puerto Rico, currently on leave of absence.*

NORTH AMERICANS are aware of Puerto Rico, if they are aware of it at all, in one of several ways: as a superbly beautiful tropical island consisting of marvelous beaches, posh hotels, and an interior that they can see in the distance as they look out vaguely over the rim of their highball glasses while sitting beside a cleverly tiled swimming pool; or as the obscure place where Muñoz Marín recently defeated the Church in an election and has been conducting something the handsome advertisements call "Operation Bootstrap"; or, if they live in New York City or Chicago, as the source of our most recent mass immigration. What they do not know—for the reason that they characteristically do not know such things—is that Puerto Rico is a commonwealth, a Free Associated State (*Estado Libre Asociado*) of the U.S., which is to say that it is neither a territory nor an independent nation, neither a colony nor a nation-state, but not a playground, not a resort, not merely a delightful tax situation for American brassiere manufacturers. What they do not know is that apart from the hotels and the giftshops, Puerto Rico is an island inhabited by some two and a half million people who are deeply attached to its towns and shores and hills; who think passionately of themselves as Puerto Ricans, and of the land as theirs; who bear the awful burden of their history and will endure the insecure one of their future.

Because they are located in a culturally and historically ambiguous position, Puerto Ricans are intensely occupied with the great contemporary question of national identity and, therefore, of personal identity; of historical and personal self-definition: Who are we? Who am I? What does it mean to be Puerto Rican? Lamentable a condition as radical uncertainty may be in other respects, it is a fertile atmosphere for the arts. Obsession with the problem of identity, where identity is problematic, is one of the climates of art; and no one who knows the island can doubt that its most self-conscious members—certainly its intellectuals—are obsessed.

When your history is both Spanish and North American colonial; when Spanish is your actual tongue and English your hypothetical one; when you are Hispanic-American and yet a citizen of the U.S. as well as of Puerto Rico; when your father was a peasant and you are a surgeon (or a poet); when half the family is in Harlem or the Bronx and the remainder in Coamo; when you are nominally Roman Catholic and have not set foot in a church since the day your youngest child was baptized; when you respond to Cervantes and Machado but must somehow cope with Hawthorne and Pound; when you have been traditionally agrarian and feudal but are in swift transition toward industrial capitalism; when it is a necessity of the soul to think of yourself as autonomous and integral, but tourism, with its attendant indignities, is your most conspicuous industry; when what remains of an organic community dissolves before your eyes and smears into an anonymous metropolis—when you live at the turbulent center of such clashing confusions, what then are you? When you ask yourself these questions, you may be sure that you are living in the twentieth century, though you may be sure of little else.

Obsession is the climate of much that is best in contemporary literature, and it is notoriously the business of literature to ask precisely these questions. To confront and define the ambiguities of their complex and contradictory condition, to discover its particularities, is the obsession of an entire new generation of Puerto Rican writers.

In the sense, at least, that some of its typifying themes and subjects derive from circumstances which I have suggested, Puerto Rican literature is a "young" literature; and indeed some of its most attractive qualities are those of youth: vigor, an unabashed emotionalism, moral anger, a pastoral-romantic charm. But more often it is a literature uncertain of itself, awkward with a sense of seeking out for itself a tradition that is only in the making; defensive, overassertive, sometimes strident, polemical. Apart from an occasional achievement, what is most heartening, most promising of good things, is the sense one gathers of a real commitment to literature and the arts, a sense of the centrality and relevance of art. What is most damaging to its development is the absence of a first-rate criticism—the absence of a tough, rigorous, demanding criticism that will

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not tolerate the mediocre and the shabby. Why this should be so (there is surely no lack of fine critical intelligence) brings us to certain peculiarities of the cultural and intellectual life of the island, but these, though they tell us a great deal about its literature, are beyond the reach of brief remarks.

Sad to say, Puerto Rican literature is not well represented by Enrique Laguerre's most recent novel, **"The Labyrinth"** (Las Americas Publishing Co., $3.50). The "feel" of it, familiar to anyone who has, say, ever read for a publisher, is that of an unsolicited first novel (which it is far from being); and, even more regrettably, of having been written by one who has not read closely many good novels (which also is far from the case, Laguerre being a professor of literature at the University of Puerto Rico). It has the feel, in fact, of the scenario for a bad movie, an outline, a sketch, nervously overplotted, with reversals and recognitions coming in every paragraph, with scarcely a pause in which to absorb and heighten and enrich: never does it convey the weight and density of experience rendered. And all this in a prose that is alternately leaden and turgid, in a painfully, grotesquely bad translation by William Rose (a New York City cop says, "O, you Latins!" and a New York City Post Office foreman says, "Well, I never!").

There is no point in going on; nor is it possible to do so without cruelty. What is outrageous is that Laguerre has done far better work, which remains, so far as I know, untranslated; worse still, much Puerto Rican literature richly deserving translation is inaccessible to the U.S. public. We know the hotels and the nightclubs of San Juan; but an "interior" awaits discovery, awaits the enterprising of an American publisher with the imagination to care; and first-rate translators, say, Harriet de Onís, who knows Puerto Rican literature intimately, might be persuaded to participate in the enterprise. It matters.

The Amorous Academicians

***"Man's Desiring," by Menna Gallie** (Harper. 192 pp. $3.50), in the Kingsley Amis manner, satirizes English academic life. A British classicist and literary critic, Peter Green is the author of "Sword of Pleasure."*

By Peter Green

THERE are quite a lot of provincial universities in Britain: red-brick, white-tile, stone-faced (civic), or prefabricated (frankly experimental). The one thing they all seem to have in common at the moment is a lecturer or a lecturer's better-half who is convinced that if Kingsley Amis could hit the jackpot with a hilarious burlesque on academic mores, why, so can they. At first sight Mrs. Gallie seems to be rolling along in the same old groove:

> Wrapping his overcoat tightly around himself so that the left buttonholes were under his right armpit and cramming a tweed cap down to his ears, he pretended to be an Apache for a dramatic second and then, humming "Jesus loves me," he set off for the Main Building and the Senior Common Room and a long gin and tonic.

It sounds like Lucky Jim; actually it's Griff Rowlands, assistant lecturer in mathematics, M.Sc. (Swansea), interested in the Plasma Dynamics, Rugby football, Socialism, ballroom dancing, and girls. Particularly girls. At Warbeck Hall (which for my money isn't more than an average stone's-throw from the University College of North Staffordshire, home of the Keele Experiment) he meets one Lydia Kilmartin, a virginal lapsed Catholic who lectures freshmen on the sexual symbolism of Nonconformist hymns. There is an obscene drawing in the Maths Faculty lavatory, everyone drinks gallons of beer, and Mrs. Gallie dabs at her circumscribed canvas with alternating blobs of satire and *schmalz*.

So far, you might say, the mixture as before. But it isn't. The primary difference, I suppose, lies in Griff's character, which is a sight more appetizing than Jim Dixon's: in fact, about the only things the two figures have in common are a staunch affection for the Labour Party and a prickly conscience in matters of sex. Griff is courteous to his elders; he may have private reservations, but he keeps them to himself. He shows a touching loyalty to his working-class Welsh family, gets on famously with his malapropistic bedmaker, and is easily hurt by the bloody-minded Lydia, who with effortless skill drives knives into all his more vulnerable emotional areas. He has an understandable loathing for China tea, gets parcels of slab-cake from home wrapped up in old copies of *The Labour Voice*, and by his own account "can barely read English—only symbols and Welsh."

The background against which the academic Candide conducts his adventures is sketched in with an acidulous pen that suggests much personal experience. (For the record, Mrs. Gallie's husband is professor of philosophy at Keele, and is popped in as a minor but quite recognizable character, just for the hell of it.) The senior lecturer in psychology, Jack Webb, is having a professionally Platonic affair with a girl student, while his wife, Molly, who is "about as sexy as a Royal Academy portrait" and functions as a kind of antiseptic Universal Mum to the entire student body, contemplates suicide. The professor of mathematics ("like a very vulgar old ancient Roman") plays his lectures on a tape-recorder and blackmails external examiners into giving his pupils Firsts. "Conversation," one character remarks, "is much more fundamental than copulation," and as a pointer to bed-ethics among the egg-heads this aphorism stands pretty high. "Man's Desiring" is funny, inconsequential, extremely moral in a quiet, rather fetching way, and refreshingly innocent. Lydia, the would-be novelist, says: "I haven't enough intuitive morbid sensitivity, the truth will out and I'm fundamentally the clean-limbed English girl, alas." So, I fancy, is Mrs. Gallie, but I don't see why there need be any alas about it.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 916

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 916 will be found in the next issue.

NATURE BOLQN

QFQTCGKURE CHXRE

OEOUR QZMQAG BOR.

TUMKGQT.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 915

A chrysanthemum by any other name would be easier to spell.

—ANONYMOUS.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of Cobblers and Kings

"The Novels of Thomas Deloney," edited by Merritt E. Lawlis *(Indiana University Press. 462 pp. $12.50), provide the flavor of a time when good fellowship was the escalator to success. Henry Popkin publishes mainly on modern drama, but is an old Elizabethan hand.*

By Henry Popkin

THOMAS DELONEY was an Elizabethan weaver, pamphleteer, novelist, and champion of the middle classes. In four novels (the two parts of "The Gentle Craft," "Jack of Newbury," and "Thomas of Reading") he celebrated the shoemakers and clothiers of England, but his chief fame rests upon Thomas Dekker's use of the first part of "The Gentle Craft" in "The Shoemakers' Holiday."

Deloney's heroes nobly represent their class. They are good fellows—that is to say, they are always ready to pay for a round of drinks. When Simon Eyre (Deloney's before he was Dekker's) cannot pick up his tab, he promises, "If ever I come to be Lord Mayor of this city, I will give a breakfast unto all the prentices of London." And so he pays his debt later, when he has achieved his manifest destiny.

Rising in the world is made a by-product of good fellowship. Only the good fellows rise because only they deserve to. They marry well, work hard at their trades, and make canny investments, but, apart from the fortunate marriages, the means of getting ahead are more likely to be mentioned than shown. Of even greater interest is the obligation conferred by success—to be an even better fellow, to stand more treats, to dress one's servants in livery, to furnish soldiers to one's king. The two kings in these stories bear the properly royal name of Henry and are numbers I and VIII.

The test of success is hobnobbing with one's social betters. Of course, in moments of particular boldness the shoemakers may insist that they have no betters except the king, that theirs is the gentle—that is, the noble—craft, and Deloney faithfully records their noble associations. As a famous Persian general told the Gauls: "A shoemaker's son is a prince born." But some moments of sanity prevail, and when Mrs. Eyre expresses the same thought, Simon cools her off with: "Tush, wife, those titles do only rest in name." Still, these artisans possess a nobility by association, which can be renewed whenever King Henry and his true patricians mingle with them.

The clothiers are especially chummy with Henry VIII, whose (first) queen, a true democrat, acutely remarks, "I perceive God gives as fair children to the poor as to the rich, and fairer many times." The clothiers return the king's kindness by warning him against that gilded butterfly Cardinal Wolsey, and their witty barbs get the proud prelate's goat. The favors go both ways. Before going off to fight the French, Henry I insures the well-being of his nation by calling the clothiers together and asks what he can do to make them happy. In response to their requests, he invents the yard, provides that "crackt money shall be current," and decrees that stealers of cloth shall be hanged.

WHAT these novels give us, in other words, is a wealth of freshness, of simplicity, the flavor of a time when the deed naturally responded to the act, when the clothiers or the shoemakers might, without fear of contradiction, maintain that what was good for them was good for the country. Sometimes Deloney's naïveté opposes our own civilized, tolerant inclinations. English girls are warned never to marry foreigners: they may have wives at home. In a rage, a lord buries a priest who has demanded a funeral

—From "The Wood Engravings of Joan Hassall."

fee in advance; he does penance by becoming a shoemaker. (How else?) Policemen, we are told, are so universally detested that no true-born Englishman will join the force; a few base Flemings enter the service, but they invariably take to their heels in moments of trial. Over and over, we find that individual stories will turn upon those elaborate tricks that constitute the basic ingredient of Renaissance fiction. An Italian seducer finds a pig in his bed, a would-be adulterer is suspended from the ceiling, the weavers' maidens compel the court jester to feed the hogs.

By and large, the shrewdness outweighs the crudeness. We are fortunate to have these stories at hand again, in this admirably edited text.

Destruction Limited

"The Wrong Horse," by Jean Bassan; *translated by Lowell Bair (Dutton. 333 pp. $4.50), portrays a medieval conflict that has contemporary parallels. Linda Cateura devotes most of her critical attention to European fiction.*

By Linda Cateura

LET THE reader know immediately that this is not an easy or pleasurable novel to read. It is an unsparing look at human beings when they find themselves in danger of war's destruction, a violently realistic portrayal of how such frightened people can come under the influence of a wily military man who claims that he can save them. It is a clear-eyed facing up to the barbaric aspects of man.

The story takes place during that fierce conflict of the Middle Ages, the long-drawn-out wars between the Guelphs, who represent the Papacy, and the Ghibellines, who represent the Holy Roman Empire. The town of Novi in northern Italy is brutally conquered by the Ghibellines, and the neighboring town of Vetto is next in line for attack. Vetto has been living in relative peace; it has a representative form of government: a mayor and a council. When the news of Novi's subjugation reaches Vetto, the council panics, but Crespi, a coolheaded man who is greatly respected by all for his judgment and humanity, restores order. The council votes to put him in charge of their defense.

Fear of attack has its effects and the darker regions of human nature begin to show their depths. The butcher corners all the meat and raises prices; women grab it out of one another's hands; the ambitious mayoress organizes a temporary hospital to show how good and merciful she is; Girolamo, the rich miser, buries his gold and refuses to say where to the wife he despises. But Crespi keeps their panic at low pitch until Major Gagini appears. He and the small band of cutthroat soldiers claim they have been sent by the Holy See to protect Vetto and are accepted with wild joy.

There arises an enormous struggle between the two men for the town's loyalty. Promising that a great army is coming from Rome to assist them, Gagini orates, exhorts, threatens, and finally wins many supporters. He believes in force, rape, theft, treachery,

(*Continued on page* 69)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL DIRECTIONS

Popes and Parliaments

"The Cross and the Fasces: Christian Democracy and Fascism in Italy," by Richard A. Webster *(Stanford University Press. 185 pp. $5),* ***"The Social Philosophy of Giovanni Gentile," by H. S. Harris*** *(University of Illinois Press. 334 pp. $5.75), and* ***"Genesis and Structure of Society," by Giovanni Gentile;*** *translated by H. S. Harris (University of Illinois Press. 223 pp. $4.50), illuminate the political labyrinth in Italy since the Risorgimento. A correspondent there during Mussolini's reign, Fillmore Calhoun is now an associate editor of Newsweek.*

By Fillmore Calhoun

ANYONE attempting to understand Italian politics would do well to remember the outburst last spring of the Senate president, Cesare Merzagora. Appalled at the party leaders' practice of collapsing governments without reference to parliamentary and constitutional procedures, he demanded a return to "the joys of honesty" in political dealings. In fact, he got boiling mad and made quite a speech about it. For this he was roundly applauded and everyone agreed that he was perfectly right. Then the possibility of another behind-the-scenes deal came up and the boys in the backroom got together again.

It is an old story in Italy and one that has become increasingly tiresome in recent years. Since July 25, 1943, the nation has had at least twenty governments, of which eleven were contrived after the new postwar republic was established. Subsequently, through U.S. aid and their own hard work, the Italians have made some spectacular economic advances, and they have also assumed an increasingly important role in the activities of the Western European nations. They hold a key spot in NATO and as members of the European Common Market they look forward to more achievements. Yet the old political deals and makeshift coalitions go on.

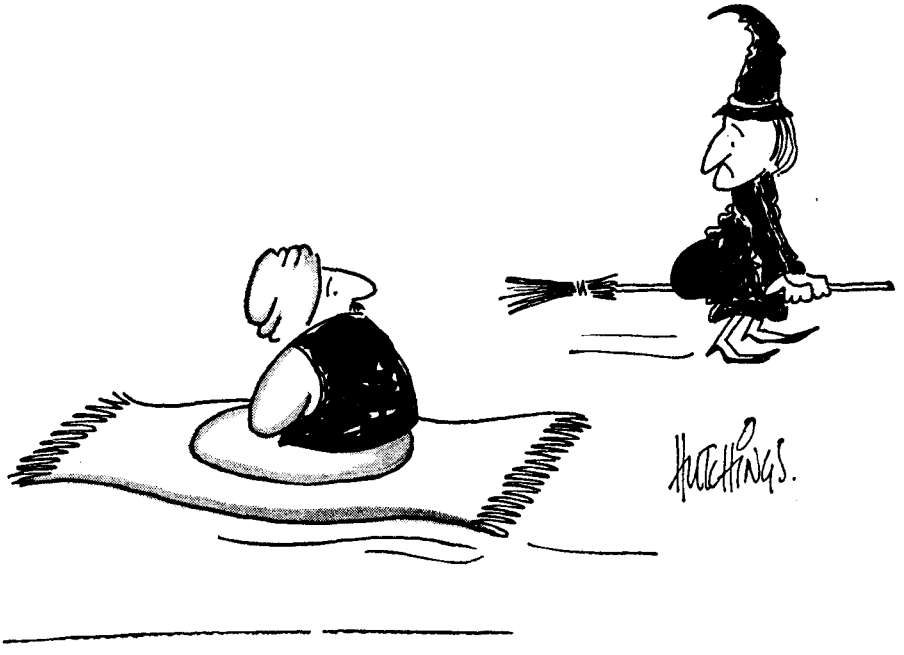
The main trouble, of course, is that in the multiparty system, spawned by proportional representation, there is no one party capable of getting a solid majority of the nearly 600 seats in the Italian Chamber of Deputies. The Christian Democrats, sparked by Catholic Action and supported indirectly by the Church, come the closest, and while Alcides De Gasperi was alive the C.D. ruled with the aid of other center parties. But now it has become necessary for the C.D. to go either to the right or the left to pick up the votes it needs. And when this happens—or threatens to occur—the party starts splitting apart. A move toward the Monarchists, neo-Fascists, and big industrialists in the right brings screams of protest from left-wing Christian Democrats. A move toward conciliation with either Sarragat or Nenni Socialists on the left and the party's right-wing members get a "crisis of conscience" and threaten to resign.

If all this sounds like an impossible situation, it is. Not only are the Christian Democrats split roughly in half, but there are six different inter-party-sections struggling against each other. Queasy coalitions will continue and caretaker governments will more or less keep things going but there must come a time when real political leadership is again possible.

When this happens, the likelihood is that it will head either toward a form of democratic Socialism or a corporate type of Fascism—"a clerical variant of Fascism," the London *Economist* calls it. The latter would seem to be a mistake, not as disastrous now as when Mussolini bully-boyed his way to power, but it would certainly be a move away from democracy. Socialism might not necessarily be all-embracing state Socialism, but it could be sufficiently enlightened to put into effect some of the social legislation that we have in the U.S. Italian capitalists, their critics claim, are still living in the days of Herbert Hoover. And some of the great landholders would consider Hoover a radical.

The pervading problem of Italy, of course, is the poverty of her people. And when this is combined with an inability to govern themselves with reasonable efficiency then troubles are bound to occur. The dominant Christian Democratic Party has reached a crisis point. What will happen is anybody's guess but there are some clues to follow. These can be found in Richard Webster's "The Cross and the Fasces," a scholarly survey of the background of the party and the development of autonomous Catholic social and political movements since the Risorgimento.

In the 1860s and 1870s when Cavour ran things, the Roman Church, furious at the seizure of lands and holdings, ordered devout Catholics to abstain from voting. This did not mean that the church was not using every other means at its command to regain its position and prestige; but it was a losing battle. It was seen as such, finally, by Pope Leo XIII, whose *rerum novarum* set a new course in Vatican policy. "The church's true strength," Webster says, "was seen as lying in the Catholic masses, not in the making



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of concordats and exchanging of envoys."

By 1904, with Catholic labor unions and credit groups well established, the restrictions on voting were quietly dropped. The Popular Party emerged, rallying Catholic support and at the same time attempting to protect the interests of the church. It was finally broken by the Fascists under Mussolini but not until after World War I had given the Italians a new sense of nationalism. These were trying days for the church (after all, Austria was the last great Catholic dynasty). Gabriele D'Annunzio, the poet-patriot-profligate, was also a thorn, trumpeting his demands for blood and glory. And then came the chaos of the immediate postwar years.

In these disturbed times, Mussolini wooed the church with promises of favors and his militancy against the Socialists. He found highly placed support within the church but opposition among the lower clergy, who witnessed at firsthand the beatings and brawlings that his blackshirts administered. Yet, with King Victor Emmanuel quaking in his royal boots, Mussolini was called to power. It was a grim day for Italy.

With Mussolini dead, the Catholics could again emerge as a political unity. They did so, building the Christian Democratic Party from their Catholic Action groups and calling upon the skill and experience of men like De Gasperi and Gronchi, who is now the president. It was a great party, and it ushered in a new technique in church-state relationships. In effect the Catholic lay militants served as intermediaries between the Papacy and the modern state—assuming direct political responsibilities that the hierarchy must shun.

Webster's account of these developments is well researched and ably written. And the same can be said of the books by H. S. Harris, an assistant professor of philosophy at the University of Illinois. In "Genesis and Structure of Society" Harris has translated the basic writings of Giovanni Gentile, the "Fascist philosopher" who became Mussolini's first minister of education. In a companion book, "The Social Philosophy of Giovanni Gentile," Harris reviews Gentile's life and attempts an evaluation of his thoughts and writings.

Neither of these two books is for the general reading public but they undoubtedly serve a useful purpose in academic fields. Gentile developed a doctrine of the unity of thought and action, an "actual idealism," which refused to divorce theory from practice. It was a useful front for the Fascists but its profoundities escape me.

How Many Make a Majority?

"The Semisovereign People: A Realist's View of Democracy in America," by E. E. Schattschneider *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 142 pp. $2.95), asserts that many of our traditional concepts about politics are inadequate and misleading. Alan F. Westin is an associate professor of public law and government at Columbia University. His next book, "The Supreme Court: Views from Inside," will be published this spring.*

By Alan F. Westin

PROFESSOR Schattschneider, an experienced political scientist from Wesleyan University, describes his book as a study of "political organization" and its impact on the theory and practices of American democracy. His thesis is that struggle over "the scope of conflict" is the central theme of democratic politics. The number of people involved in a political dispute determine its outcome; thus, those with power in limited contexts (business, the State of Arkansas, a New England town) seek to prevent disputes from spreading to larger arenas, and the local losers try to enlarge the conflict. The broader the arena, the less likelihood of one-interest control and the greater the possibility that "democratic government" can install solutions in "the larger public interest." Applied to party strategies, this means that success comes to the party which convinces the electorate that conflict of a certain scope (favorable to that party) is the one worth fighting about, while the opposition party seeks to redefine the conflict and thus realign the electoral division.

Building on this analysis, Schattschneider states that much of our traditional discussion of politics ("free enterprise," "federalism," etc.) is inadequate and misleading. For example, he sees American political history between 1896 and 1932 as an "antagonistic collaboration" between "two conservative sectional minorities" to define electoral conflicts in favor of their dominant interests and to isolate the liberal wings of their parties. The solid Democratic South abandoned Presidential politics in return for control within the Southern states and over race relations; the virtually solid Republican North ignored race relations and competition within the South to obtain Presidential and judicial controls with which to insure big business "a free hand to exploit their dominant position in the economy." Since 1932, however, politics has been "nationalized." Two-party voting has spread into formerly one-party areas and diminished sectionalism; the power of local bosses has declined at national conventions; the election agenda has shifted to "national issues" and the South seems to be re-entering Presidential politics, as shown by Lyndon Johnson's serious candidacy in 1960.

Applied to current events, the author's thesis leads him to a shower of provocative judgments. In one chapter he argues that the presence of forty million nonvoters in a nation which (outside the South) erects no barriers against participation represents a "boycott" of politics by the "poorer" and "less established" in society, and that this is a dangerous "sickness of democracy." He declares our present political system to be organized so that the sixty million voters can keep the forty million out. In this age of national crisis, however, Schattschneider says, we must expand our political base to secure true consent, and he assumes that the nonvoters can (and will be) activated by raising issues the forty million care about.

TWO of the book's sharpest attacks are reserved for the author's colleagues in the political science fraternity. In one, he condemns those theorists who define democracy as a system in which public views on specific policy issues (usually as secured by polls) are the test of democratic capacity. Since the masses know little about Quemoy or farm surpluses, these theorists conclude that our democracy does not really govern by majority will. Such techniques, Schattschneider declares, are a "professorial invention" by which "self-appointed censors" assume they are "in a position to flunk the whole human race." The real definition of democracy must be a functional one: "Democracy is a competitive political system in which competing leaders and organizations define the al-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ternatives of public policy in such a way that the public can participate in the decision-making process." In those definitional terms, it works.

The other attack is on "group theorists," who find the explanation for much of political decision in the action and interaction of organized groups. Schattschneider dismisses this as an extension of economic determinism. "Pressure groups," he says, are the tools of the upper-class population; many groups are public-interest and not special-interest; group impact is usually overdrawn (he assumes unions deliver only one million votes to the Democrats which would not otherwise have been Democratic); and groups lack control of our politics because conflicts "are never restricted to the groups most immediately concerned." Voter choices, he concludes, are two-party choices, not choices among groups. The Republican Party is the captor of business and the Democrats of labor because the economic groups cannot afford to be isolated. The group theory, by ignoring parties, "the majority," and institutional influence (*e.g.*, Congress) fails to explain our politics.

As a whole, this is an interesting book, written in nontechnical language and vibrating with challenging ideas. But its 142 pages of impressionistic essays do not add up to the new master theory the author says we need. "Scope of conflict" is as single-minded a tool as economic determinism, and American political history must shriek at the pinching it receives here. In his duels with political science colleagues Schattschneider wounds but does not kill. If group theory does not explain our elective process fully, it does illuminate the daily operations of legislatures, administrative agencies, executives, and courts, where the lack of electorate attention and the sustained pressure of interested groups often make the scope of the conflict one that registers group impact. As for definitions of democratic theory—the work of Gabriel Almond and others, suggesting that group-leaders master the issues, consult with their memberships for positions, and then transmit educated responses to government is a more careful formulation of democratic participation in a mass age than Schattschneider's plebiscitary concept. To mention only one further example, the treatment of "nonvoting" bears so little relation to sociological studies of why people do not vote, and what happens when some of them are coaxed in, that the author's prescription seems like political mysticism.

When Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., and Harold Laski corresponded about books they had been reading, they agreed that theses were less important than the revealing *aperçus* presented by an author. In this sense, "The Semi-sovereign People" is worth the $2.95 of anyone interested in American politics.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

NO MOON-JUMPERS-OVER HERE

The modest, useful cow is infrequently a poetical subject, but Lysander Kemp of Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico, submits eight that made the grade (Grade A, indubitably) and asks you to identify the poets who celebrated them. Answers on page 64.

1. Now the air trembles to the sorrowing Moo
   Of twenty blameless ladies of the mead. ( ) Walt Whitman
2. The cattle are grazing,
   Their heads never raising;
   There are forty feeding like one! ( ) Robert Frost
3. She bellows on a knoll against the sky.
   Her udders shrivel and the milk goes dry. ( ) Arthur Hugh Clough
4. They moo and make brute music with their hoofs. ( ) Allen Tate
5. The cow, the old cow, she is dead;
   It sleeps well, the horned head. ( ) William Wordsworth
6. And the cow crunching with depress'd head surpasses any statue, ( ) John Crowe Ransom
7. And wet shall be the path, and wet shall we.
   Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie. ( ) A. E. Housman
8. One two three the cows bulge on the hill. ( ) James Joyce

You should see what's going on up here now! Canada is getting ready for summer. In Flin Flon, Manitoba, game fish are rehearsing new manoeuvres for the annual Trout Festival; in Vancouver, plans are going ahead for the International Festival of the Arts (this year to include a giant military tattoo); in Nova Scotia, braw Scots are pressing their pleats for the Highland Games. There are preparations for regattas in the Atlantic Provinces, the Stampede in Calgary, the Saskatoon Exhibition in Saskatchewan.

In Stratford, Ontario, the ninth annual Festival will be held from June 19th to September 23rd. This year's Shakespearean plays at the magnificent Festival Theatre will be **Coriolanus, Henry VIII** and **Love's Labour's Lost.** Gilbert and Sullivan's **Pirates of Penzance** heads the music bill of fare from July 7th to August 19th, and weekend concerts from July 16th to August 19th will feature pianist **Glenn Gould,** cellist **Leonard Rose** and violinist **Oscar Shumsky.** There's a film festival, a display of the Arts of French Canada, and the premiere showing of a new comedy of contemporary Canadian life. You can even take a trip on the Avon River by paddle-boat.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL

It's not too early to arrange for tickets. (Write The Stratford Festival, Stratford, Ontario, for the brochure.)

All of Canada's colorful festivals and events are set against a backdrop of spectacular beauty. We'll be happy to put you on the mailing list to receive monthly copies of the "Calendar of Events in Canada: 1961." Just send a postcard to "Events," Canadian Government Travel Bureau, Ottawa, Canada. We'll send you, too, a colorful preview of a Canadian vacation, "Invitation to Canada," and other travel information.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When you
DINE *Italian,*
WINE *Italian with*
RUFFINO

Italy's Prize
CHIANTI
Red or White

Schieffelin® & Co.
New York
Importers
Since 1794

CASSELL'S
ITALIAN DICTIONARY

"... most thorough, accurate, and up-to-date Italian-English dictionary on the market"—
Mario Pei, Columbia University

CASSELL'S the foremost name in foreign-language dictionaries

FRENCH ITALIAN
GERMAN
SPANISH LATIN

French: $5.00; Thumb-indexed $5.75
Others: $7.00; Thumb-indexed $7.75.

at all bookstores
FUNK & WAGNALLS 153 East 24th St., New York 10, N.Y.

HOT DOG, HAMBURGER, AND JAVA: Somehow, along the way, I have never met with Dan Wakefield, but after reading his "**Revolt in the South**" (Grove, 95¢ paperback) I know him to be an honest reporter whose instincts are true, one who is given to few errors of judgment and fact. He properly describes his work as a report, rather than a book. It is a collection, with generous amplification, of articles written for the *Nation* during five journeys into the South following the 1954 decision by the United States Supreme Court outlawing school segregation. In his concluding chapters Mr. Wakefield discusses the sit-ins, a pacific policy of protest that, temporarily at least, has made the school issue a secondary one in the South's conversation. The report is largely anecdotal, which is a part of its value and charm. All relevant, the anecdotes serve to tell the story so that it can be seen and, in a sense, felt.

Too many persons outside the South have watched the struggle for human rights the way that this country looked at the revolt in Hungary—highly significant but distant. But the hopes in the South, as well as its tragedies, are national properties, not regional.

The story of the White Citizens Councils and their contributions to our national sickness, and of the various demagogues who preached and wrought defiance of law and courts, is here. The story of the sit-ins is, I think, more important. They have done what the school decision was not able to do: they have revealed the preposterousness of the anti-integration position. Even the most segregation-minded Southerner now sees that it is not possible seriously to defend a system under which a colored person can be sold everything in a store with the exception of food at the lunch counter. The fact that a hot dog, a hamburger, and a cup of coffee have become symbols of freedom may not be too farfetched. During the Second World War we were repeatedly assured we were fighting for the right to buy a hot dog and root for the Brooklyn Dodgers. The Dodgers are gone, but the hot dog remains.

Mr. Wakefield has told the story well. He is not pious about it. Indeed, he maintains an excellent perspective. It would have been helpful, however, if he had more clearly differentiated between the Deep South and the rest of it. The major issue is in the old Cotton South. But for those who need a primer, this is it. —RALPH MCGILL.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 6, 3, 7, 8, 2, 1, 5, 4. The titles of the poems are: Whitman, "Song of Myself," section 31; Frost, "The Cow in Apple Time"; Clough, "Les Vaches"; Tate, "Idiot"; Wordsworth, "Written in March"; Ransom, "Dog"; Housman, "Terence, this is stupid stuff"; Joyce, "Tilly."

"My feet feel better, and I still don't like it."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POETRY

Polarity and its Counterpart

"Collected Poems 1930-1960," by Richard Eberhart *(Oxford. 240 pp. $6), display the duality of the poet's intellectual character and his method of renovating poetic diction. Poet and teacher at the University of Michigan, Donald Hall is best known for his editing of "New Poets of England and America."*

By Donald Hall

RICHARD EBERHART is a more various poet than anyone credits. I suppose that he is a better poet, too. Though most critics respect him, I do not believe that they respect him enough. Partly he is the victim of anthologists, who represent him as the author of one lament over a dead marmot. Partly he has victimized himself by his uneven prolixity. (I suppose that no good poet since Wordsworth has written so many bad poems.) But a poet must be judged on his successes, if he has any, and not on the poems he might have destroyed. In the "Collected Poems 1930-1960," Eberhart assembles his best work. Because the poems are arranged chronologically, we can see that the later poems are more consistently successful, and that they succeed in a different way.

The reference to Wordsworth is not random. In his earlier poems especially, Eberhart is a romantic poet in the old style. I don't mean that he imitates particular poets or poems, but that his ideas of poetical structure, and of effective combinations of words resemble the ideas of poets in the early years of the last century. Often he tells an anecdote and follows it with an ecstatic moral. But where Wordsworth moved toward speech and away from poetic diction, Eberhart's direction is characteristically the reverse. Wordsworth's capitalized abstractions are involuntary survivals of the old style; but Eberhart's predecessor was T. S. Eliot, and when Eberhart uses grammatical inversion he is in effect renovating poetic diction. His language is a rhetoric which constantly approaches rhapsody.

It is the best of the early poems about which I speak, not only the anthologized "Groundhog," but "In a Hard Intellectual Light," "For a Lamb," "The Soul Longs to Return Whence it Came," and "The Virgin." He is elegiac and erotic. He is continually "Imagining what it would be like to be dead." He is obsessed, and he has the courage of his own obsessions. Usually the poems burst into full effect at the end, and if he is morbid he is not depressed: "My mind beats lively as disease."

Yet this is not the only Eberhart. In his "Triptych" he gives us a dialogue between John the rational man and Percy the irrationalist. Percy's speeches win the contest, but it was rather Johnish of Eberhart to write the poem. In other poems like "Recapitulation" Eberhart demonstrates the duality of his intellectual character. He admires "The serious gambit of wisdom" whether it wears philosophical or bardic clothing. At times he displays a pride of the conscious intellect which is romantic only in its Faustian extremity.

A counterpart to this polarity, though not precisely a parallel, occurs in the language of the poems. Eberhart is able to move from the most artificial and rhapsodic language to the utterly prosaic. Take the last stanza of "I Walked Over the Grave of Henry James," an early poem:

> I crushed a knob of earth between my fingers,
> This is a very ordinary experience.
> A name may be glorious but death is death,
> I thought, and took a street-car back to Harvard Square.

The second line is pure Eberhart! But it is an Eberhart greatly distinct from the vatic:

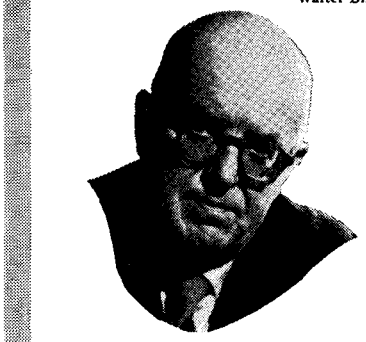
> My bones flew apart. They flew to the sky
> And as great knockers knocked the air.

For that matter, it is greatly distinct from the playful inversion of the lovely "Legend of Viable Women":

> There was Betty the vigorous; her Packard of Philadelphia Spurred she; . . .

where the structure of the sentence is ironic commentary on its prosaic matter.

The Eberhart of "This is a very ordinary experience" takes charge in-


Walter Bird

The famous novel sequence by

C. P. Snow

STRANGERS AND BROTHERS
Time: 1925-33 $4.50

THE CONSCIENCE OF THE RICH
Time: 1927-36 $4.50

TIME OF HOPE
Time: 1914-33 $4.95

THE LIGHT AND THE DARK
Time: 1935-43 $4.95

THE MASTERS
Time: 1937 $4.50

THE NEW MEN
Time: 1939-46 $4.50

HOMECOMING
Time: 1938-51 $4.50

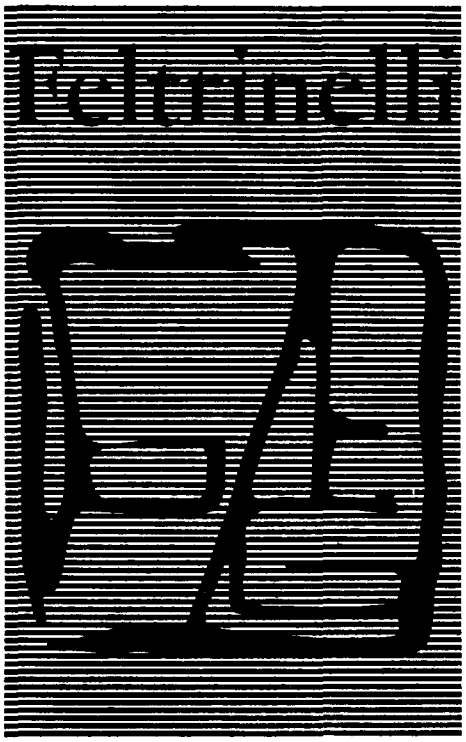
THE AFFAIR
Time: 1953-54 $4.50

At all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

i narratori contemporanei italiani
la poesia
scrittori moderni stranieri
filosofia della scienza
storia e critica dell'arte
psicologia
grandi narratori
di tutto il mondo
biografie
classici italiani
libri per ragazzi
movimento operaio
economia e scienze sociali
storia e filosofia
medicina
matematica
storia della letteratura
archeologia
testi universitari
storia delle religioni
storia dell'Italia moderna
antologie di periodici
sociologia
astronautica
astronomia
psicologia *fisica*
teatro *musica*
cinema



EDA
Editori Distributori Associati S. p. A.

creasingly as we progress through the "Collected Poems." It is responsible for the fine poems of the war:

Of Van Wettering I speak, and Averill,
Names on a list, whose faces I do not
recall
But they are gone to early death, who
late in school
Distinguished the belt feed lever from the
belt holding pawl.

It is as if Eberhart had become more truly Wordsworthian, and chose to write in the speech of his own time. Morbidity lessens; range of subject increases. Transport becomes less; observation and accuracy become greater. The moments of intensity come from contact with the world, not from losing contact with it. Poems like "The Hard Structure of the World" and "Equivalents of Gnats and Mice" make use of intelligence and brilliant language without separating them. There are at least twenty of the fifty-one new poems which enter my private Selected Eberhart. I don't believe that any of the earlier single volumes contribute so many. Perhaps we have grounds for hoping that the best is yet to come.

DRY AND BITTER DUST: Howard Nemerov was a good poet at least two books ago, and he may yet emerge as something rather more impressive. In the meantime, "**New and Selected Poems**" (University of Chicago Press, $3.50), his fifth collection, fills me with both delight and an uneasy sense that Nemerov is too often merely lazy.

As one of many possible examples of what I mean by laziness the poem titled "Going Away" will do well enough. The poet is about to move away from a town in which he has lived for many years. Certainly the emotion of such parting is hardly brought to esthetic life in such lines as:

there is
a moment, after saying all farewells,
when we taste the dry and bitter dust
of everything we have said and done
for many years and our mouths are dumb,
and the easy tears will not do.

All of it is true enough—right down to the sad cliché of "dry and bitter dust"—but a poet must do more than merely link tired truths into usual phrases. Worse yet, Nemerov follows those lines with an even more tired figure:

Soon
the north wind will shake the leaves,
the leaves will fall.

We certainly have a right to expect better invention from a good poet's imagination.

For the obvious fact is that Nemerov can do just about everything. He can spring the exact word into a phrase as he does with "blunting" in describing an icehouse in summer: "among the slowly blunting water walls." He can turn the memorable image as he does in saying of a demoralized man:

for like
A compass in an iron mine, he
Is always arriving where he is.

And he has the ear for a cadence and a true sense of form, though there is not space to illustrate those elements here.

He *can* do it—and bless him when he does—but there can be no blessing on esthetic self-indulgence. A poet has to make *all* of his poem. When Nemerov writes one as well as he knows how, I expect to see a book that will hook lightning out of the sky.

—John Ciardi.

ELEGANT MEASURES: Two passages from "The Floating World" in "**Nags Head and Other Poems**" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $3.95) show Lee Anderson's musical poetic style:

Go Love where the orchards bloom
In new green song and leaf
Where apple petals are thumbnail small
Are paper-thin and linen-soft
The flourish of this blossom fleece
—The dazzle of it seems unreal—
Will leave you Love a little breathless.

• • •

The great choral of early May!
Endless stitching of song-splashed light
The quick song rich song song bird
song
From the first thin pipe at four
To the sunrise fanfaronade
See see how these half seen wings
Set bouncing whirrs in pinwheel hearts
Jigging linsey-woolsey on their April
legs. . . .

Anderson is the only poet I know who writes poetry deliberately from musical principles. In a prose note at the end of this book he says, "I use the tape recorder to test the validity of oral values. That is what the composer does: first the notes and then the sound the notes represent. . . . My own procedure is to 'score' four to eight lines at a time."

Anderson also says, "I chose the form of the symphony in order to avoid the handicap of either narrative or stream of consciousness."

As a result of the poet's delicacy of perception, subtle realizations of richly stored memories, and his tactile grasp on reality the reader is offered the pleasure of a unique poetry. It is a musical poetry, nicely controlled, happily communicated. It is work built slowly, with continuous care, which invites and rewards repeated readings. While sophisticated and charged with nuance, it expresses central and elemental concerns of man.

The book is composed of three long poems, each having four parts, and of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

four shorter poems. The long poems deal with the dilemma of man in the modern world. The new and title poem, "Nags Head," considers the hazards of flight, celebrating the Wright brothers' achievement, but depicting an aviator's plight aloft when his wheels wouldn't go down. Anderson's imagination soars through skies of contemplation on the meaning of life, love, and human values in the long flight of this poem. For all his philosophical questionings and doubts about man in the modern world, in verse that is sensuously alive and buoyant, Lee Anderson ends with his pilot affirming "We are ready/We are returning to earth/We hope to live."

—Richard Eberhart.

A VOICE APART: Because Vassar Miller believes that writing poetry is an act of faith, demanding the dedication and discipline of the strictest devotion, she deliberately confines her orthodox religious lyrics in traditional forms. Yet nothing else is truly derivative in "**Wage War on Silence**" (Wesleyan University Press, $3), for even within the narrow conventions of those sonnets where alliteration and syntax might suggest Hopkins's influence, she has a voice that is hers alone.

Her poems are so intricately constructed that their flashes of verbal brilliance are difficult to isolate. Only full quotation could illustrate the rich texture of her prayers and the wit in both her parody of "How do I love thee?" and her attack on the pantheistic discovery of immortality in nature's rejuvenation. But even without its context, there is no mistaking the original insight and precise expression in her description of a dying woman, insensible to the chatter around her, as "She catches the first syllable of silence."

—Robert D. Spector.

POISED ON A PRECIPICE: It is ten years since John F. Nims's "A Fountain in Kentucky," his second book of verse, appeared. That the decade has been well spent—prolonged residence abroad, chiefly in Italy and Spain; translation from the Greek; the analytical exposition of a number of contemporary Italian and Spanish poets—and that it has left its mark upon Mr. Nims's writing is abundantly obvious in "**Knowledge of the Evening**" (Rutgers University Press, $3). The earlier style, characteristically American and brilliantly urban, has taken on new colors, investigated a wider range of modes. The delicious wit remains, the wry twist of mind that has always set this poet off from his fellows; but one perceives now, in poem after poem, how humanely and lovingly deep the playfulness can strike. Even in the overtly devotional verse—and there is a great deal of Catholic devotion here—the tone is delicately poised, moving along a precipice so narrow and so abrupt that the slightest false step would mean disaster. There are few false steps, though one of them—a speech by Agamemnon in a parody of horse-opera talk—constitutes a collapse of taste as well as of art; and the deviations, such as they are, hardly matter in the face of so much that is moving and wise.

In some respects Mr. Nims is a throwback, a reincarnation of a tradition almost lost in our time. He is a humanist, in the old and now most unpopular sense: he has Greek and Latin, and his verse shows it. He is a cosmopolitan, and his verse shows this too—excessively sometimes, what with the plethora of untranslated tags in Dutch, Polish, Spanish, Italian, Provençal, besides the ancient languages and the neo-Bret-Harte. In these matters he is a scholarly virtuoso, and the children will do well to hold onto their hats. But one feels that however beguiling these accidental toys may be, proceeding as they do from a discriminating but uninhibited love of language itself, there are only accessories to the shaking true force of those of Mr. Nims's poems that seem certain to endure: "Ishtar," for example, and "The Young Ionia"; "The Lover," with its nightmare-sick crescendo; "Etruscan Tomb"; "On the Banks of the Duero," and the utterly lovely "Christmas Ballad" imitated from St. John of the Cross. There should be more such throwbacks, such fortunate reincarnations.

—Dudley Fitts.

I Was in Brooklyn

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

I COULDN'T free my mind that hour,
I saw an elbow in the street;
A hand lay still and held a bird,
I saw the bird begin to eat.

A newsboy raised that wreck aloft,
I was two thousand miles away;
I walked in blood, in blood and snow,
I was in Brooklyn all that day.

Bernard Berenson's Italy:

THE PASSIONATE SIGHTSEER

SELECTIONS FROM HIS DIARIES, 1947-56

ALMOST until the end of his life, Bernard Berenson, the world's supreme authority on the visual arts of the Mediterranean, traveled incessantly through his beloved Italy, "gazing, looking, seeing," communicating the "sheer visual happiness" he found in great art and natural beauty.

His last magnificent book, *The Passionate Sightseer,* contains selections from his incomparable diaries, and is splendidly illustrated with photographs of the paintings, sculpture, and places of which he speaks.

* "It contains the essence of pleasure mixed with wonder and knowledge, which is perhaps unequalled since the death of Goethe. The publishers have made it a ravishing album illustrated by some 170 photographs of the pictures and places described."—*Times, London*

* "Mr. Berenson finds glory everywhere, but even so no work of art or classic ruin he encounters is more astonishing to us than the image of his own presence."
—*The New Yorker*

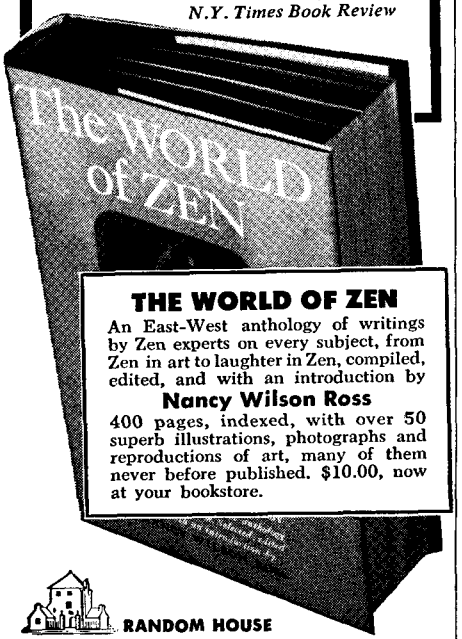
* "Bernard Berenson was himself a masterpiece. This book carries his living voice. Every traveler of every age will appreciate having Berenson as his guide."
—*The New York Times*

$10. Simon and Schuster

Just re-issued in paperback format: Berenson's earlier classic and best-seller: **RUMOR & REFLECTION,** selections from his wartime diaries. (458 pages. $1.95) "One of the few happy results of the war . . . are these reflections of a wise and cultivated man."—*Washington Post*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A splendid introduction to an absorbing subject . . . a handsome book that should delight many enthusiasts."
—DONALD KEENE, *N.Y. Times Book Review*



THE WORLD OF ZEN
An East-West anthology of writings by Zen experts on every subject, from Zen in art to laughter in Zen, compiled, edited, and with an introduction by
Nancy Wilson Ross
400 pages, indexed, with over 50 superb illustrations, photographs and reproductions of art, many of them never before published. $10.00, now at your bookstore.

RANDOM HOUSE

UC SUMMER SESSIONS 1961

You can enjoy a rich, rewarding summer under the California sun. Study for credit with a renowned faculty. Stimulating courses in all fields. 6 and 8 week sessions. Four campuses: Berkeley, Davis, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara. Each area has unique scenic and cultural attractions. Yet all are within easy distance of ocean and mountains. Write today for complete details. Specify the campus in which you are most interested. Address: Desk A, Office of the Coordinator of Summer Sessions, 2441 Bancroft Way, Berkeley 4, California.
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Book of the Week

Continued from page 57

thought and imagination, his *saeva indignatio*, against man's perversion of values he alone had conceived. It became essential for him to discover "whether man alone, without the help either of God or of rationalistic thought, can unaided create his own values."

Since according to Camus the first value of man is freedom, on which all others must be based, he attacks all forms of totalitarianism wherever it may be found. Totalitarianism is defined as that system which imposes one way of life to the exclusion of all others. That which gives life and all its systems value is the constant tension between opposing points of view by which man's evolution is formed. Though in sympathy with certain Socialistic aims of the Communists, Camus opposed their historical "economic fatalities" as even more terrible than the "divine whims" of the Church. Though he affirmed the Christian emphasis on love and brotherhood, he could not accept such dogmas as the immortality of the soul, or the universal resurrection of bodies, or the eternal damnation of unbaptized children. It is the supernatural bias of the Church, he thought, which has permitted it to justify capital punishment. "If Christianity is pessimistic as to man," he writes, "it is optimistic as to human destiny. Well, I can say that, pessimistic as to human destiny, I am optimistic as to man."

Not the individual who often murders without premeditation, but society, whose oppressive laws are premeditated felonies, must bear the burden of guilt. "What is capital punishment," he exclaims in "Reflections on the Guillotine," "but the most premeditated of murders?" And again, "Every society has the criminals it deserves." Against all such murders Camus turns his surgical knife, refusing to be constrained by consideration of country or God, the Left or the Right, the artist or his community. His attack on capital punishment is an attack on war itself, on all murders which have been given the sanctity of legality. He condemns equally the murders in Hungary, Spain, and the Soviet with those perpetrated by his own country against the Algerians. Camus is one of the few artists of stature who, unlike W. H. Auden or Stephen Spender, have in their maturity fulfilled their youthful denunciations during the Thirties of Franco's insurrection against the Loyalist government of Spain. Himself an Algerian by birth and a Frenchman by culture and descent, his essays on Algeria are not chauvinistic toward either of his two allegiances, but lucidly clarify a program of honor and justice for both parties, and remind us, by a curious reversal, of the United States' own dilemma in the South, where the Negroes are the colonists (though by force) and the Southern whites the natives (though not the aboriginies) who are now clamoring for their initial rights.

To all these problems Camus brings the insight of the artist dedicated to no extreme but involved in all, seeking to find between opposites not so much a harmonious balance as an explosive creativity always dangerous, a state of flux and ambiguity where one extreme is not so much blunted as sharpened against the other. "The loftiest work will always be . . . the work that maintans an equilibrium between reality and man's rejection of that reality," he writes in "The Artist and His Time." "After all, perhaps the greatness of art lies in the perpetual tension between beauty and pain, the love of man and the madness of creation, unbearable solitude and the exhausting crowd, rejection and consent." It is this tension that is the very soul of Camus's life either as artist or man of action, and it is this and this alone which gives cohesion to his work. But, alas, it cannot give meaning to the accidental absurdity of his death.

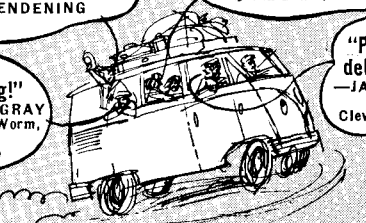
Booksellers are raving about this delightful new family adventure!

"A must for anyone who even thinks of going to Europe." —MRS. HELEN CLENDENING (Striplings, Fort Worth, Texas)

"Most entertaining and enjoyable." —R. L. WEAVER (Daytona Book Store, Daytona Beach, Florida)

"Highly entertaining!" —MRS. RHAE GRAY (Perkins Book Worm, Coronada, California)

"Perfectly delightful." —JANE BROWN (Burrows, Cleveland, Ohio)



BEDLAM IN THE BACK SEAT
THE HILARIOUS EUROPEAN JOURNEYS OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY
BY JANET GILLESPIE Illustrated $3.95
THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY • Established 1834 • New York 16

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction

Continued from page 60

and by his words and deeds he lashes the people into a frenzy. In one horrendous scene he has two prisoners castrated and their throats cut before cheering, sexually-excited townspeople. The general cry is to run to the aid of Novi. Crespi, shocked and shaken, tries to restore sanity. He realizes that their tiny army would be annihilated at Novi, and he is against torture or force. Attacking evil with its own weapons is a way of acknowledging it, he theorizes, and the only solution is nonresistance. Crespi is deposed and Gagini put in charge. In a moment of piercing illumination, the former recognizes the fatal flaw in himself, cowardice. What eventually happens to Crespi, the uncompromising idealist, "the wrong horse," makes an ironic and frightening commentary on the plight of goodness and temperance in an evil world.

Monsieur Bassan demands much of his readers. He depicts the deceits and brutalities of his miniature war in graphic detail, heightening the ef-

fect with his expert, unadorned style. A few moments of relief are provided by charming descriptions of nature, the woods, birds, and flowers, and by a fresh, breathtakingly beautiful scene showing the awakening of physical love between a boy and a girl. But there are not many respites like this. The power of the book lies in its terrifying parallels with our own time.

Coming March 11

SR's Special

Spring Travel Section

Edited by

Horace Sutton

GENESIS AND STRUCTURE OF SOCIETY

by Giovanni Gentile, translated by H. S. Harris

Gentile, self-styled "Philosopher of Fascism," was an "actual idealist" who, together with Croce, played a major part in the great revival of idealistic philosophy in Italy in the first quarter of this century. This is the first English translation of Gentile's culminating work, which offers a social theory of the act of thinking itself. $4.50.

THE SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY OF GIOVANNI GENTILE

by H. S. Harris

Here is the first full-length critical study in any language of Gentile's doctrine of the unity of thought and action. It is also a comprehensive analysis of Gentile's entire philosophy and its practical aspects under Italian Fascism. Gentile's philosophy was intended, far more literally than most speculative theories, as a philosophy of life. $5.75.

ITALIAN COMEDY IN THE RENAISSANCE

by Marvin T. Herrick

The golden age of Italian comedy — its background, birth, and flowering, as well as its playwrights and plays — is revived in this fascinating contribution to drama and theatre history. Shakespeare, Jonson, and other Elizabethan dramatists imitated, if not the letter, the spirit of these Italian comedies in their works. $4.50.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS PRESS · URBANA, ILLINOIS

Runaway Bestseller!

The noblest Roman of them all

WINNIE ILLE PU

A Latin version of Milne's magnum opus WINNIE-THE-POOH

$3.00

DUTTON

NOW! A NEW U. S. COMPACT DELIVERED IN EUROPE AT HUGE SAVINGS

Save hundreds of dollars over car rental or leasing. Ideal for European roads; plenty of leg room and luggage space.

Valiant, Lancer, Falcon, Corvair, Comet, Etc.

Send for Free Details

DRIVE & SAVE INC.
Div. of Goldring International System, SR2-11
N.Y. Terminal & Reservation Center
9601 Kings Highway, Brooklyn 12, N. Y.

Please send me details and prices on Compacts in Europe

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

HOLIDAY in Europe

Deluxe--Superior--Economy

• Our tours are amazingly low priced, •
• yet our famous services are the best. •

EUROPE	35 days, longer via ship from $685 23 days, longer via jet from 765
RUSSIA	Official Agents all Eastern Countries 37-45 day all inclusive BOAC $1035.90
MIDDLE EAST	ISRAEL, 30 days including Plane $1300 Independent & Conducted Trips
ROUND WORLD	Via air 30 days from $1857 Via ship 110 days from 2600

Write or phone for Booklet SR

EMBASSY TOURS

147 W. 42 St., New York 16, OX 5-2121

The 1961 Travel Guide to Europe

OLSON'S

ABOARD AND ABROAD

Get the most complete, up-to-date, handy guide to Europe. Pocket size, 1,006 pp. $5.95 at your bookstore or from J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., 227 S. 6th St., Phila. 5, Pa.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Martha, Martha"—Price, Waechter, Wallenstein

GIVE Victoria de los Angeles, Richard Tucker, Rosalind Elias, and Giorgio Tozzi scales to sing, and they would make an evening at the Metropolitan an agreeable experience. In the current revival of Flotow's "Martha"—the first in the theatre since 1928—they have decidedly more than scales to sing, and the total of fine sound they produce is considerable. But they also have a cheap, illiterate, and vulgar English "libretto" to contend with, a resounding discredit for whoever decided this was the proper way in which to re-introduce Flotow to Metropolitan operagoers.

Basically a French opera by a German composer which is best known in Italian, "Martha" is currently being presented (and misrepresented) in a snickery "looker-cooker," "hurry-scurry" "yack-yacking" kind of doggerel which makes one grateful that the standard of English enunciation from this stage is, on the whole, still indifferent. The authoress of this unvivacious parody decided, shortly before the performance, that not all of her innovations were being respected and decreed the omission of her name from the program. But the printed libretto identifies her as one whose ASCAP credits also include "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" and "Willow Weep for Me," no recommendation whether known as Ann Ronell or Ann Onymous.

Fortunately, however, there is still Flotow's music, and it is being performed cleanly, clearly, often affectionately under the sympathetic and suitably Latin shaping of Nino Verchi. The long absence of this charmingly melodic, honestly sentimental score is the kind of restorative slumber required to give it sap and vitality again, freed from the esthetic guilt-by-association that inclined our fathers to patronize it as "naïve" or "old-fashioned." Today it can be accepted as a period piece and a soundly imagined one, in the fashion of quality (like "Giselle" of the same era) that can never grow old.

Like its balletic counterpart, its French styling puts the test to a performer's production, support, continuity of phrasing, etc., which, together, spell artistry. Together Miss de los Angeles as Harriet-Martha and Miss Elias as Nancy-Julia, the Messrs. Tucker (Lionel) and Tozzi (Plunkett) showed themselves not merely adept but expert in the kind of vocal blending appropriate to the "Spinning" ensemble and the "Good Night" quartet. Individually, Miss de los Angeles put herself on record with some great names of the past with her delightfully simple yet warmly tasteful "Last Rose of Summer" (in which Miss Onymous performed her crassest chore in substituting her own words for those of Tom Moore) as Tucker did in his powerful but controlled delivery of "M'Appari" (which, despite everything, still includes the words "Martha, Martha"). With the qualified collaboration of Elias and Tozzi, they made this "Martha" memorable in the way those of the past have been celebrated.

Too many of the other elements, however, were discordant and jarring to make the sum an integrated whole. Designer Oliver Smith and Director Carl Ebert are both professionals of high standing ("My Fair Lady" is testimonial to the former's art, as Glyndebourne is to the latter's). But the Smith designs ranged from a colorfully gay treatment of the opening scene at Lady Harriet's country house to a rather gloomy Richmond Fair (with green sky!), as Ebert's direction did from a valid realization of the sentimental moments to heavy, stilted action in the comic ones. Tozzi had the most of the latter to contend with as the bumpkin Plunkett, and he scored high for his try. Unfortunately, much of it was more trying. Lorenzo Alvary made a droll little sketch of his Tristram.

What is basically distressing about this kind of penny-wise, pound-foolish "up-dating" is the penalty it imposes on the matter of real worth—Flotow's music and the way it is sung. Let's accept the reasonable view that W. Friedrich's original libretto about the high-born ladies who find their masquerade as servants easier to put on than take off was a contrivance of its time; but it remains a better contrivance for Flotow than the one which either Ann provided for our time. Go to "Martha" by all means: but go to listen selectively.

Leontyne Price made an auspicious entry on the Metropolitan scene in a "Trovatore" that found her understandably tentative at the beginning, increasingly secure in the middle, and finally triumphant in a treatment that was all finesse, glistening sound, and warm artistry. There were qualities of musical distinction throughout, even when she was short of breath at the beginning, but the range and power of her voice, the poise and purpose of her action were positive factors all the way. A large contingent of well-wishers might have made her task more than normally difficult with their tumult of greeting; but she gave them, finally, an opportunity rightfully to roar. In dress and bearing, Miss Price conducted herself as every inch the lady Leonora is supposed to be.

There was a good deal of roaring also for the new tenor, Franco Corelli. So good-looking a man need hardly be able to sing to make an appealing troubador: thus the voluminous sound (of rather bland color) he pumped out early in the evening made an imposing effect. However, Verdi's requirements took the wind from his self-esteem if not from his tones in an "Ah si, ben mio" that was crude and sobby, and a "Di quella pira" that touched every base Italian instinct. He did some real singing later on, but which inclination will prevail in the future can only be a speculation. Conductor Fausto Cleva did nothing to curb his excesses, also going whichever way Robert Merrill, as di Luna, decreed. Irene Dalis knows the values a good Azucena must provide, but her voice was not equal to producing them this time. As Ferrando, William Wildermann continued his solid, satisfying service to whatever composer he is assigned.

ANOTHER "Tannhäuser" brought another Elisabeth in Birgit Nilsson and still another Wolfram, Eberhard Waechter, in his local debut. Nilsson's is the womanly rather than girlish kind of Elisabeth, whose vocal problem is to reduce her output to the intimate requirements of the role rather than build it up to the dramatic ones. While awaiting the time when she brings all these elements into focus one can admire her meticulous musical workmanship, her sure sense of word and phrase, which are always a pleasure. Waechter's attributes include valuable components of poise and style, bearing and action. The vocal quality was less vibrant, rather slighter than could have been anticipated. Wildermann's Landgrave was decidely good, Margaret Harshaw's Venus more dramatic than seductive. Ignace Strasfogel preserved the basic values of the performance established by conductor Georg Solti, about as much as can be done in such circumstances.

The week's artistic experience was substantially supplemented by Alfred Wallenstein's first appearance as conductor of the New York Philharmonic and his choice of Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" symphony, which has not been heard in Carnegie Hall for much too long. This was an act of honor to Berlioz, of charity to his listeners, and of prime benefit to the Philharmonic's

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seasonal self-respect, which has been somewhat drooping of late.

In projecting on the wide screen of orchestra, soloists, and chorus the images of Berlioz's fevered imagination, Wallenstein made his listeners aware of the scope and magnitude of this composer's thinking as well as of the powerful influence it exerted on some of his contemporaries. Direct as "Tristan" seems to have descended from the remote reaches of Wagner's creative highlands, it derived some impulse on the way, orchestrally, from this score, as it did, harmonically, from Mozart and Beethoven.

Without such secondary considerations, "Romeo and Juliet" has the primary importance of a masterful realization in tone of the Shakespearian symbols of fully committed love. The striking power and fervent imagery of the music found a powerful response in the authenticity and eloquence of Nan Merriman's singing of the mezzo solo in Part I. Her subtly colored treatment of the word was aptly complementary to Wallenstein's feeling, throughout, for the note. Such refined musical purpose found its equivalent in the singing of the tenor's music by Leopold Simoneau, though without equivalent richness of sound. The Juilliard Chorus (of whom but a few are vocal students) responded valiantly to Wallenstein's leadership.

Altogether, this conductor has not previously worked so well at so sizable a problem in New York. To respect for his musical qualifications may be added admiration for the artistry required to impose his concept of such a work on the orchestra in the available rehearsal time. Donald Gramm did well as an emergency replacement for Chester Watson in the baritone solo of Part III. Having accepted Wallenstein as master, the Philharmonic responded like willing servants.

En route to England, the Royal Ballet paused for a pair of Sunday performances in the Metropolitan which had one emphatic outcome—a conviction that Svetlana Beriosova may be the next great Giselle. In her first New York performance of the role, Miss Beriosova showed that she is already a very good Giselle, with an amount of technical assurance rarely seen in one who also has the youth to be believable in Act I. She also has a valuable range of dramatic resource to complement her fine-featured face: indeed, she could well relax a bit and let her youth show through more. Donald MacLeary was her partner. At the evening performance, it was *place aux dames* as Dame Margot Fonteyn danced farewell to Giselle's earthly existence and the sixth visit from our favorite noncolonials.

—Irving Kolodin.

Stereo: OSA1313 Mono: A4345

Stereo: OSA1208 Mono: A4236

Stereo: OSA1210 Mono: A4235

Stereo: OSA1314 Mono: A4337

Tebaldi
Del Monaco
Siepi
Accademia di Santa Cecilia Orch.
Bastianini
Bergonzi
Simionato

Stereo: OSA1405 Mono: A4408

Stereo: OSA1307 Mono: A4339

Gamba
Gavazzeni
Previtali
Molinari-Pradelli
Maggio Musicale Fiorentino Orch.
Serafin
Di Stefano

Stereo: OSA1303 Mono: A4332

Stereo: OSA1304 Mono: A4326

Stereo: OSA1311 Mono: A4321

Stereo: OSA1212 Mono: A4237

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

A Treasury of Tenors

By JEAN BOWEN

IF, as popular fable has it, the tenor achieves greatness only by virtue of an empty head in which sound is free to resonate, then the greater the tenor, the worse the musician. That this is pure myth is amply proved by the accomplishments of the three tenors considered here. Each was endowed with a memorable voice, from the *tenore di grazia* of Schipa to the resplendent *Heldentenor* of Melchior. Each, too, as these records clearly show, was capable of a degree of artistry beyond the reach of anyone not generously endowed with both brains and heart.

Tito Schipa is a case in point. Although this is by no means the first long-playing record devoted to his art, it takes him, in a variety of roles for which he was famous, farther along in his career than some of the others have done. Nature provided him with an instrument of endearing quality but forgot to give him the vocal equipment to do fortissimo singing. His approach to this particular problem is a revelation of what discipline and intelligence can do to remedy a natural defect. First of all, he perfected a fine technique, described with great lucidity by Rodolfo Celletti in the brilliant essay that accompanies this recording.

—*Culver Service.*

Schipa — "this voice could do what its owner wanted."

Schipa himself has said that when he first began to study with Alceste Gerunda, he sang only exercises for the first three years and was not allowed to sing in public for three more years. Even if this report is slightly exaggerated, it is an object lesson. For this voice could do what its owner wanted, and it retained its freshness for many years. To his secure technique Schipa applied a proficient musical mind. He started his career, in fact, as a composer and continued to write even when he was most active as a singer. He could hear acutely, and it is this ability, joined to his acquired ease in making his throat do what he wished, that led to his astonishing ability to simulate a forte. He did this by so grading the dynamics of whatever he sang that his loudest sounds, which were really not loud, but rather placed very far forward, sounded like the forte of many another singer. As an example of his skill in this sort of deception, one has only to listen to "Ah! dispar, vision," whose climax rings in the memory as it never would in a machine that counts decibels. And once the problem of fortissimo singing was solved, Schipa had few others. Exquisite pianissimi, flexibility (unfortunately not demonstrated at any length on this record), and good taste were his by nature. In the classical Italian arias and the Gluck, he does little of the *portamento* that he might conceivably indulge in. And while it is difficult to accept the excessive *accelerando* at the end of "Che farò," one must admire the rest of this notable artist's work.

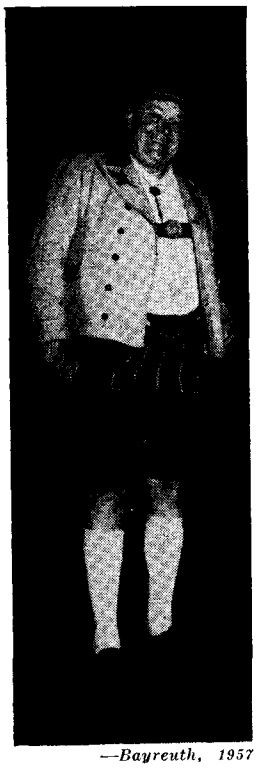
Jussi Bjoerling was another tenor with the ability to achieve musical insights of a rare order. Although sentiment has prevailed over sense in the title, "The Beloved Bjoerling," so compelling is the singing on this record, made up of arias recorded from 1936 through 1948 and not previously available on microgroove in this country, that one can forgive the title for the contents. The high level of artistry that Bjoerling consistently maintained is amply documented here. So even is the voice, and so blended the timbres of the various registers upon which the singer has to draw, that one hears a sound uniform in quality and color from top to bottom. How flexible his voice was this record does not reveal, and although he did some florid singing in the course of his career, it was not upon this that his fame rested.

But more striking than the voice itself is that rarest of all gifts among musicians, the ability to sense form and to define in performance the architectural elements of a piece of music. This gift conveys to the listener the realization of a basic shape; he hears at once what is essential and what is ornamental. Bjoerling's ability to clarify structure for his audience comes, at least in part, from a sense of rhythm that not only produces correct note values but also propels a phrase forward. To hear, for example, the first phrase of "Questa o quella" on this record is to hear it whole. Its joints are clear, but its total outline is left printed on the mind. This is the kind of phrasing that one is apt to call instrumental, for instrumentalists have long claimed a monopoly on musicianship. Here their claims are challenged, and the listener is reminded that, after all, the roots of musical expression lie within the compass of the human voice.

Lauritz Melchior is the third and most abundantly voiced of this trio of tenors. A magnificent Wagnerian artist, whose retirement left a gap that has not yet been filled, he brought to his singing an energy and masculinity all his own. The full span of his career is covered in the two records of this set, from his first recording session for Odéon in 1913 to his most recent one in May, 1960. He is heard first as a baritone, in works recorded in January or February, 1913, October, 1913, and March, 1915. It is perfectly clear that he had, even at this early date, all the earmarks of a tenor. Indeed, he sounds, as Mme. Charles Cahier noted, "like a tenor with a lid on." What took place during his year of intensive re-

Bjoerling — "rarest of all gifts among musicians."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Melchior — "a fresh and vibrant voice that arrests the ear."

—Bayreuth, 1957

study was not a miraculous transformation but rather a realization of what was already there. For the vibrant ring, the zest, and the physical energy were his from the beginning. As a baritone he sings primarily Danish songs, and his treatment of the more interesting ones, namely those of Heise and Kjerulf, shows an active musical intelligence at work.

It is to Melchior the tenor, however, that most of this album is devoted. The earliest examples of his venture into a new repertory were recorded for Polyphon in 1920-21, two years after he made his second debut. This is the same voice, made notable by its acquisition of a ringing top and, to the possible surprise of those who heard him only at the end of his career, a genuine command over pianissimo. This, too, is an artist. So convincing is the "Clown's Song," the only work on these records sung with piano, that it becomes apparent that Melchior could deal with songs more capably than we generally recognize. Communicative artistry whets the appetite for more, and it is unfortunate that Melchior's recorded lieder repertory is not further investigated here. There are, however, generous samplings of his achivements in Italian opera, whose challenges he met most successfully. "O Paradiso" (Polydor, 1924), for example, demonstrates some notable mezza voce singing and has, in addition, a climax that rings with golden and focused sound. The most exciting Italian offering is the "Aïda" duet, with Marguerite Ober as a searing Amneris.

The excerpts that follow document Melchior's growing command of the Wagnerian idiom. The "Siegfried" scene, made from two 1924 Polydor records, is a masterpiece. This energetic and youthful hero sings with a fresh and vibrant voice that arrests the ear. A treasure, too, and Melchior's first electrical recording, is the 1926 "Lohengrin" duet, which is blessed with the singing of Emmy Bettendorf, a charming and impetuous Elsa. Such a command of style demands a sequel; more of his best recorded Wagner should be present. It is not, of course, because it is the property of other companies and cannot be pirated at will. But it must be credited to Melchior, *in absentia*.

THE final side is largely concerned with Melchior's Otello, heard at various points in his career. The two arias, recorded in London in 1927, are successful vocally, but they are neither Verdian in style nor Shakespearian in concept. One misses an Italian vocal line (the German consonants have something to do with this), and one also misses Otello's despairing realization of the hollowness of his past victories and the destruction of his dearest hopes. The excerpts from the Forties are even less convincing. For the Melchior of this period did not sing as well as he had. He depended upon force rather than skill, with a resulting tone that sometimes sounded, as Olin Downes said, like "blotting paper." He allowed himself dreadful musical lapses and was guilty of such lamentable errors in artistic judgment as his excursions into the field of popular song. Small wonder, then, that his Otello of 1941-42 (not 1943 and 1946 as the notes say) is the work of a tired singer and a perfunctory musician. As for the "Esultate" of 1960, it is inexcusable. Not only does the orchestra sound dubbed in, and reliable information says that it is, but the voice, frayed and straining, reminds the listener all too existentially that time, the bitter thief, steals even from the great.

Tenors on Record

Scarlatti: "Sento nel core," "Le violette," "Son tutta duolo"; *Bellini:* "Prendi, l'anel ti dono" (with Toti dal Monte, soprano) ("La Sonnambula"); *Donizetti:* "Una furtiva lagrima" ("L'Elisir d'amore"), "Com è gentil," "Tornami a dir che m'ami" (with Toti dal Monte, soprano) ("Don Pasquale"); *Gluck:* "Che farò senza Euridice" ("Orfeo"); *Massenet:* "Ah! non mi ridestar" (in Italian) ("Werther"), "Ah! dispar, vision" (in Italian) ("Manon"); *Donaudy:* "O del mio amato ben"; *Mascagni:* "Suzel, buon dì . . . Tutto tace" (with Mafalda Favero, soprano) ("L'Amico Fritz"). Tito Schipa. Angel COLH 117, $5.98.

Bizet: "La fleur que tu m'avais jetée" ("Carmen"); *Donizetti:* "Una furtiva lagrima" ("L'Elisir d'amore"); *Meyerbeer:* "Mi batte il cor . . . O Paradiso" ("L'Africana"); *Massenet:* "Instant charmant . . . En fermant les yeux," "Je suis seul . . . Ah, fuyez, douce image" ("Manon"); *Puccini:* "Donna non vidi mai!" ("Manon Lescaut"); *Mascagni:* "O Lola, bianca come fior" ("Cavalleria Rusticana"); *Puccini:* "Che gelida manina" ("La Bohème"); *Cilea:* "E la solita storia" ("L'Arlesiana"); *Ponchielli:* "Cielo e mar" ("La Gioconda"); *Verdi:* "Questa o quella" ("Rigoletto"); *Leoncavallo:* "Vesti la giubba" ("I Pagliacci"); *Puccini:* "Nessun dorma" ("Turandot"). Jussi Bjoerling with the Stockholm Concert Association Orchestra, conducted by Nils Grevillius. Capitol G 7239, $4.98.

Verdi: "Di provenza il mar" (in Danish) ("Traviata"); *Nessler:* "Behüt dich Gott" (in Danish) ("Trumpeter von Säkkingen"); *Kjerulf:* "Mit hjerte og min Lyre"; *Heise:* "Ørnen lofter," "Om strommch mod dig bruser"; *Weyse:* "Den sginede dag med fryd vi er"; *Traditional:* "Lovet vaere den herre Christ"; *Weyse:* "Altid frejdig nar du gar"; *Mortensen:* "Nattens daemrende tager"; *Heise:* "Clown's song"; *Wagner:* "Winterstürme" (in Danish) ("Walküre"); *Puccini:* "Recondita armonia," "E lucevan le stelle" (in Danish) ("Tosca"); *Wagner:* "In fernem Land" (in Danish), ("Lohengrin"); *Hartmann:* "Sverkel's Romance" (in Danish) ("Liden Kirsten"); *Meyerbeer:* "O Paradiso" (in German) ("L'Africana"); *Verdi:* "Già i sacerdoti" (in German, with Marguerite Ober) ("Aïda"); *Wagner:* "Preislied" ("Meistersinger"), "Nothung! Nothung! Schmiede mein Hammer!" ("Siegfried"), Bridal chamber scene (with Emmy Bettendorf) ("Lohengrin"); *Verdi:* "Esultate," "Ora e per sempre addio," "Si, pel ciel" (with Herbert Janssen), "Dio! mi potevi scagliar'" (in German), "Niun mi tema" (in German) ("Otello"); *Leoncavallo:* "Vesti la giubba" (in German) ("Pagliacci"); *Børresten:* "Ujaraks unfart" (In Danish) ("Kaddara"). Lauritz Melchior. American Stereophonic Corporation LP 121, $7.98.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cross-Seeding in Southern Songs

ALAN LOMAX finds excitement in the search for songs and has a talent for locating not merely the old songs mellowed in tradition, but the little known and unusual. This was true of his work as archivist for the Library of Congress and is true of these records resulting from a 1959 field trip through the South, sponsored by Atlantic Records.

The seven sets in this series—one of which, "American Folk Songs for Children" (1350), was not available at the time this was written—comprise a broad survey of the most alive, most meaningful body of folk music in the United States. This panoramic scope distinguishes the series from such carefully organized regional studies as those by Courlander and Ramsey (Folkways), which have done so much to enrich our knowledge of Negro folk music, notably Alabama's.

"Sounds of the South" introduces the series in a superb sampling that varies from bad man ballads to an extraordinary baptismal scene—the latter, a young girl's "coming through," carries with it an emotional charge that is unforgettable. Of much interest are three rarely heard folk instruments—the mouth-bow on "The Banks of the Arkansas," the fresh, ingenuous sound of cane fife on "Hen Duck" and the quills (home-made panpipes) on "Come On, Boys, Let's Go to the Ball." In addition to bad man ballads, there's an amusing English ballad, "The Farmer's Curst Wife," sung by Estil Ball. Vera Hall's lovely voice provides both a delightful example of Negro American ballad-making, "Boll Weevil Holler," and a moving interpretation of the spiritual, "Trouble So Hard." The Alabama State Sacred Harp Singers do themselves proud with a tune, "Windham," out of an eighteenth-century hymn book.

"Blue Ridge Mountain Music" introduces Hobart Smith's great fiddle talent ("John Brown") and Wade Ward's mellow-noted five-string banjo ("Chilly Winds"). There are a murder ballad, an amusing bit of hokum called "Jimmy Sutton"—there's even a hillbillyish sob song—but the tune bound to be the most popular is an Anglo-American courting song, "Jennie Jenkins," charmingly, deftly sung by Estil and Orna Ball.

Concerning "White Spirituals," where but in the South would you expect rhythmic religious singing, with guitars, such as that by Estil Ball and Blair Reedy on "When I Get Home"? An old hymn, "Antioch," is magnificently sung by the Alabama State Sacred Harp Singers, out of a shape-note song book. "Father, Jesus Loves You" has the tender, familiar character of early congregational hymns and Neil Morris, in "Little Moses," gives charm and character to a religious ballad. Of the Revivalist-type crowd-rousers, The Mountain Ramblers' "The Old Country Church" shakes the rafters but "The Cabin on the Hill," by the Estil Ball Singers, not only moves with the rhythm of mountain music but, like the best Southern folk singing, adds a dimension to tonality.

THOUGH the contemporary urban singing (Pentecostal groups) in "Negro Church Music" is somewhat strident, that of the Independence Baptist Church (Tyro, Mississippi) sounds closer to a rhythmic type of pre-jazz singing called "Rock Church." The latter's cultural kinship to the congregation singing of the Mount Olivet Regular Baptist Church of Blackey, Kentucky (in "White Spirituals") is inescapable. Singing without instruments was traditional in many Negro as well as white churches. Vera Hall ("Death, Have Mercy") offers a superior example of one singing style employed. Congregation singing of a moving modern spiritual, "This Little Light of Mine," is led by James Shorty and Viola James.

Manipulation of tempo is often a feature of the "shoutin'" spiritual of which "Blow Gabriel," by the St. Simon's Island Singers (a Sea Islands group) is a stirring example. This, and their version of "I'm Gonna Sail Like a Ship on the Ocean," suggest the noble melodies, harmonic freshness, and strong-muscled rhythms of an older type of spiritual singing.

The Southern Folk Heritage Series, recorded in the field by Alan Lomax for Atlantic Records: "Sounds of the South," 1346; "Blue Ridge Mountain Music," 1347; "Roots of the Blues," 1348; "White Spirituals," 1349; "American Folk Songs for Children," 1350; "Negro Church Music," 1351; "The Blues Roll On," 1352.

So much Southern music relates to blues and blues singing that it hasn't yet been sorted out. "Roots of the Blues" opens, appropriately, with some loosely organized singing with cane fife and drums, reminiscent of music for old-time picnics and other country entertainments. Johnny Lee Moore sings a "Levee Camp Holler." Vera Hall is not a blues singer, yet it seems probable that the simple strength of the style in which she sings may have inspired women blues singers of the past. Her exquisite tonality on "Wild Ox Moan" suggests the relationship of hollers to such street cries as those Gershwin used in "Porgy and Bess."

Fred McDowell's "Been Drinkin' Water Out of a Hollow Log" features his "open chord," "bottle neck," country-style guitar. Two guitars, a comb, and a voice make for some stomping Mississippi polyphony on "Shake 'Em On Down." "Levee Camp Reminiscence" presents the unique talent of Forest City Joe (Joe Pugh). His harmonica is heard at its wild and ardent best in his own train piece, "Train Time."

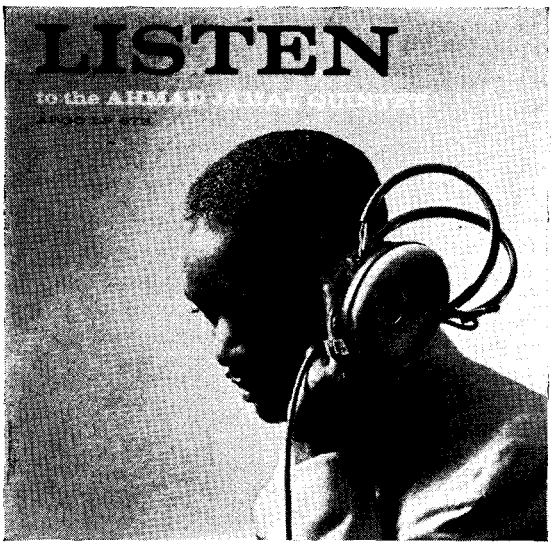
Though "The Blues Roll On" does not have as much interest, track for track, as the above set, it has superlative high points—such as the fascinating interplay of tonality and rhythm in Boy Blue's "Boogie Children," and the clang of Joe Lee's percussion—like no cymbal you ever heard—on this and on "Joe Lee's Rock." Also of interest are Fred McDowell's voice and guitar (e.g., "When You Get Home, Write Me a Few Lines,") Forest City Joe's "She Lived Her Life Too Fast" and the simple, effective singing and guitar playing of Rosalie Hill on "Bullyin' Well." There's a poignant thrill for the listener as John Dudley, who provides his own guitar accompaniment on "Cool Water Blues," sings in the most exciting "falsetto" blues style since Robert Johnson. Poignant, because John Dudley is sixty years old and his address is Parchman Farm. That's the state pen.

With regard to the notes—there is a booklet for each set—the use of such modifiers as "primitive" and "African" with respect to Afro-American music does not seem accurate. It is surprising, also, that Mr. Lomax should permit himself to use stereotype descriptions such as that conjuring up "the splendid force of cooperative labor"—on a prison farm!

With these reservations—which are, of course, solely the judgments of the writer—one may say that the booklets admirably supplement the music. Mr. Lomax writes with warmth and authority of Southern folk music, making real for us the backgrounds, even to generations past, of the singers and their songs.

—CHARLES EDWARD SMITH.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

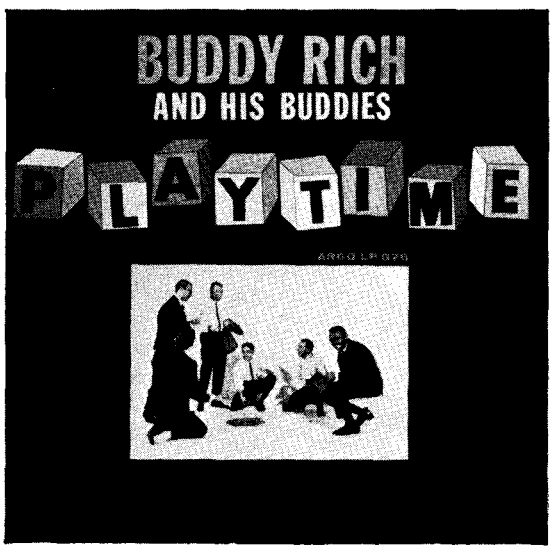


AHMAD JAMAL

■ A delightful listening experience. Violinist Joe Kennedy and guitarist Ray Crawford augment the Jamal trio to make up a stirring quintet. **ARGO LP 673**

ART FARMER

■ Nat Hentoff best describes this remarkable Farmer outing. "This album is the fullest and most complete evocation yet of Art Farmer as a soloist."
ARGO LP 678



BUDDY RICH

■ The brilliant drummer is heard here in a context that co-features vibist Mike Mainieri and flutist Sam Most. Rich has never been heard to greater advantage.
ARGO LP 676

AL GREY

■ Romping, striding jazz from trombonist Grey and an eight-man contingent from the Basie band. Billy Mitchell and Joe Newman are among the soloists. **ARGO LP 677**

THE WINNERS ARE ON ARGO!

■ AVAILABLE IN STEREO, OF COURSE, AT NO EXTRA CHARGE

ARGO RECORDS • 2120 S. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO 16, ILL.

PRODUCED 2009 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Folk Art of Bolivia

"Gods and Demons of Bolivia." *"The Morning Stars": Pepa Cadona (Khosinaira) and Tito Yupanqui, with the assistance of Eduardo Flores.* Vanguard VRS 9054, $4.98.

By Walter Starkie

AN EXTENDED tour through the South American continent in quest of original music is a baffling experience at first, especially for a European. In Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Santiago de Chile, Lima, or Caracas, the music he hears, if it is not North American jazz, is the same as he heard in Paris, London, or Madrid, and even when he listens to the folk songs or dance rhythms of the various states, he is all the time haunted by the original melodies of Tarantellas, Jotas, or Fandangos he has heard in Naples, Saragossa, or Seville, of which the South American Zamacuecas, Vidalitas, and Chacras, etc., seem a remote echo. Many of the ancient Andalusian dances migrated to South America, where the Spaniards came into contact with the exotic dances of the indigenous populations, and became transformed in style without losing the original melody.

For this reason it is an exciting experience to visit the more remote regions of the South American continent, such as the North of Chile, the mountains of Peru, and especially Bolivia, where the influence of the Spanish conquerors even today is not too much felt. In Bolivia, the highest land inhabited by man in the Western Hemisphere, 70 per cent of the people are pure Indians of the Quechua and Aymará race, and along with Peru it is the seat of the most highly developed pre-Hispanic Indian cultures of South America.

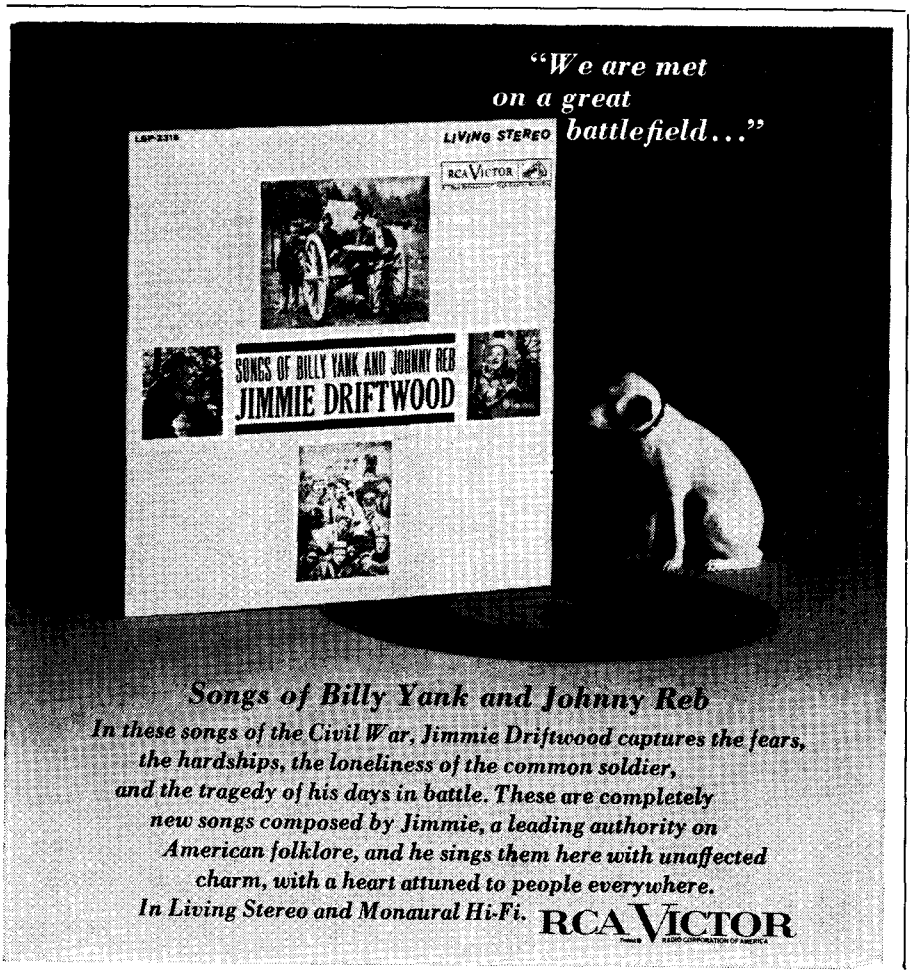
There is a fascinating tang in the melody and rhythm in the performance of "The Morning Stars," Pepa Cadona (Khosinaira), the Bolivian singer, and Tito Yupanqui, her partner, which captivates us from the first moment. Khosinaira, a native of Bolivia's tropical region at Vallegrande, has devoted her life to the study of her country's folk music. She has a sensitive, finely modulated voice, and sings with great verve and brio. Her success owes a great deal to the perfect ensemble she has achieved with Tito Yupanqui, a native of the capital, La Paz, who is of pure Aymará blood and speaks that language fluently, as well as Quechua.

The program makes a brilliant and evocative start with the characteristic satirical *coplas* sung by both artists in a gay contrapuntal dialogue between husband and wife. Both make mutual complaints of each other's marital conduct before the village judge, who gives them a wigging and some paternal advice. The scene is traditionally Spanish and reminds us of the sparkling little dramatic sketch of Cervantes entitled "El Juez de Divorcios." There is, however, no Spanish flavor in the following number, a gay dance inspired by the *vicuña*, the mountain sheep with the fabulously warm, soft wool that grazes on the *altiplano*, the roof of the world, in sub-arctic temperature. This dance is played on the *charango*, a tiny armadillo-shell guitar, the large indigenous drum called *huankara*, and a plaintive flute, the *kena*, made of a corn stalk.

The most strikingly original song in the program is the Indian lament or *Thaya*, which is a miniature music drama of the Indians. Tito Yupanqui's *kena* is heard in the distance—a ghostly rhythmic call heard in the deserted tundras when the Aymarás through their magic rituals evoke the presence of the gods and demons. In reply to the weird cry on the *kena* we hear the *charango* reply in tense rhythm, and thus the emotional song of lament begins in Aymará, begging the gods to send rains to renew the vegetation on the *altiplano*, which is followed by a distant spectral laugh.

At Italaca, a town famous for its exotic feathered costumes, there is an Indian magic dance called the *Sicureada*, played on the pipes of Pan, or *zampoñas*, which are often more than fifty inches long. In this dance Tito Yupanqui and Edmundo Flores, a Peruvian, play the pan pipes and produce a weird ensemble recalling a dance of Kobolds which we once heard in the mountains of Norway. So weird and ghostly is that music and so chilly and misty that we descend with relief to the tropical region of Khosinaira, who sings with gusto "Luna Llena," a carnival song of Santa Cruz with its ripe, tempting fruits and its sun-drenched paradise.

In these songs we hear the high-pitched cries similar to those of the Basques and Gallegos, though more like the *aturuxos* of the latter than the fierce *irrintzi* of the former.


"We are met on a great battlefield..."
LIVING STEREO
RCA VICTOR
SONGS OF BILLY YANK AND JOHNNY REB
JIMMIE DRIFTWOOD
Songs of Billy Yank and Johnny Reb
In these songs of the Civil War, Jimmie Driftwood captures the fears, the hardships, the loneliness of the common soldier, and the tragedy of his days in battle. These are completely new songs composed by Jimmie, a leading authority on American folklore, and he sings them here with unaffected charm, with a heart attuned to people everywhere.
In Living Stereo and Monaural Hi-Fi.
RCA VICTOR

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Maria White, Maria Black

"My Daughter, Maria Callas," by Evangelia Callas, *in collaboration with Lawrence G. Blochman (Fleet, 186 pp. $4.50), and* ***"Callas, Portrait of a Prima Donna," by George Jellinek*** *(Ziff-Davis. 354 pp. $5), present two views of a controversial artist. John Briggs is the author of "The Collector's Tchaikovsky" and a biography of Leonard Bernstein to be published in June.*

By John Briggs

ELSA MAXWELL, who is perhaps better qualified than anyone else to be the biographer of Maria Callas, said of her in a recent column: "She will be written about in history."

Historians are at it already, the first two starting from diametrically opposed points of view. Mr. Jellinek, an opera buff and a prolific annotator of Golden Age recordings, proceeds from the initial premise that everything about the diva, including her singing, is pretty wonderful. Mme. Callas records more in sorrow than in anger that the daughter to whom she gave birth at Flower-Fifth Avenue Hospital during a December snowstorm in 1923 no longer is speaking to her.

The break came shortly after Callas made her debut in Mexico City in the summer of 1950. What happened? Mme. Callas's theory is that it goes back to a traumatic experience of the singer's childhood. Letting go her mother's hand to cross the street to her sister "Jackie" (Cynthia), little Maria was struck by a car, sustaining near-fatal injuries. This, Mme. Callas hypothesizes, subconsciously created painful associations with her mother and older sister which Maria finally was unable to suppress.

Mr. Jellinek's explanation is simpler. At the time of her Mexico City debut, Maria Callas was married to the wealthy Giovanni Battista Meneghini and was earning large fees on her own. Her mother, separated from her husband and living in Greece, chose this moment to ask her daughter to make her an allowance of $100 a month. This is corroborated by Mme. Callas: "To Maria, who spent many times that amount on a single gown, it could mean no more than a wave of her hand."

The tone of this passage makes credible Mr. Jellinek's assertion that the mother's letters "grew more and more reproachful and demanding, with unmistakable and unkind references to the 'millionaire' Meneghini."

The bickering between mother and daughter became public knowledge with a *Time* magazine "cover story" for Callas's Metropolitan Opera debut in 1956. It asserted that when Mme. Callas asked her daughter for money she was told that she was still young enough to work for a living; otherwise she could jump out a window. It was hard to avoid the suspicion that a *Time* researcher had been to Athens to interview Mme. Callas.

"Since 1956, Evangelia Callas has released for publication several versions of that letter," Mr. Jellinek notes disapprovingly. Mme. Callas explains that there were two letters, the second to Sister Jackie, who also had vocal aspirations and had asked her famous sister to help finance her career. Maria, her mother says, told Jackie she had better jump in the river and drown.

Maria Callas "has steadfastly refused to discuss the letter for publication," says Mr. Jellinek with the air of a man who has tried and failed. Privately, he adds, she has categorically denied writing it.

Mr. Jellinek at some points supplies details missing from Mme. Callas's book. The latter writes: "When Maria flew to Athens" to appear in the 1957 Athens Music Festival, "I was in New York." Mr. Jellinek fills in the background: "The widely publicized break between Maria and her mother had been commented upon more extravagantly in Athens than in any other part of the world. . . . To make matters more complicated, Maria's return to Greece was seized upon by the opposition party to create a political issue. . . According to information circulated by the opposition, Callas's fee for the series of two concerts amounted to $9,000. Hoping to avoid further deterioration of sentiment, Evangelia and Jackie were persuaded by a government agency to take a trip to New York."

Nor was this the only Callas performance which her mother missed. She was not present when Callas made her debuts at La Scala, Covent Garden, the Chicago Lyric Opera or the Metropolitan. Since 1950 she has followed the later stages of her daughter's career by hearsay and phonograph records, and her account of this period is not nearly as complete as Mr. Jellinek's.

On the other hand, few are in a better position to write about the diva's early years, which contrary to widespread belief were spent neither in Brooklyn nor Hell's Kitchen. The latter seems to have originated in a tabloid Sunday feature in which the writer, learned that Maria's father had worked as a pharmacist in the Hell's Kitchen neighborhood. Actually their Washington Heights apartment was far from squalid, Mme. Callas says; "I was a good cook and housekeeper."

That Maria Callas made her debut at fifteen as Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana" has been widely reported; less widely, the fact supplied by her mother, that this was a student performance at the Athens Conservatory. Her actual professional debut came later, Mme. Callas says; she is not sure in what. Apparently she is not the doting sort of stage mother who saves every scrap of printed matter relating to her child's activity. She does recall that it did not create much of a splash. Callas's reputation was established gradually, after hard, painstaking work under the exacting guidance of Tullio Serafin.

It is at just this point that one feels Mr. Jellinek's interest rises and that of Mme. Callas begins to fade. The latter gives the impression of not being as much concerned with Maria Callas as an artist as with Maria Callas the unfilial daughter. Her aesthetic judgments are less striking than her recollections of Maria and her occasional flashes of self-revelation.

Mme. Callas's comments about her husband are often waspish. So, for that matter, can she be about Maria: "A sense of humor would not permit her to picture herself in press interviews as a 'typical Milanese signora.' Surely Maria must know that few 'typical' Milanese signoras live, as she did for ten years with Meneghini, in a palace furnished in 17th century Venetian style. . . ."

Clearly, for Mama, this is unpardonably nouveau-riche—perhaps the paternal side of her daughter coming to the fore.

Mme. Callas speaks with open envy of the close ties of affection which bound Renata Tebaldi and her mother until the latter's death.

"If Maria and I could enjoy such a warm relationship," Mme. Callas says, "I should be the happiest woman on earth."

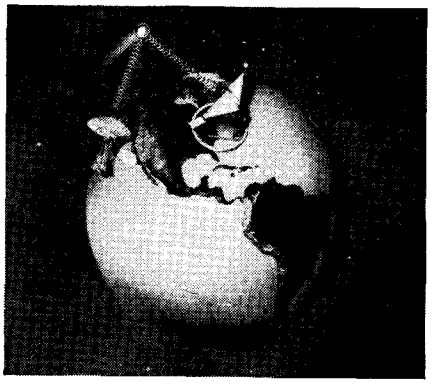
Whether, in publishing her book, she has furthered this object remains to be seen.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

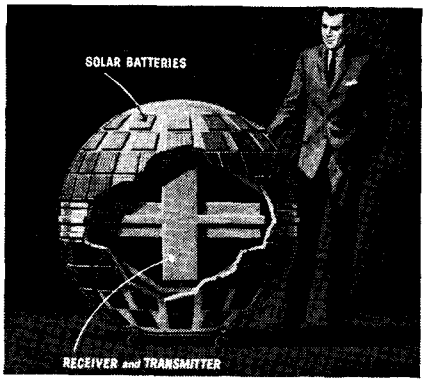
Where was the Bell Telephone System

ON FRIDAY, AUGUST 12, 1960?

It was handling some 210,000,000 local and long distance conversations, plus about 5000 overseas calls.

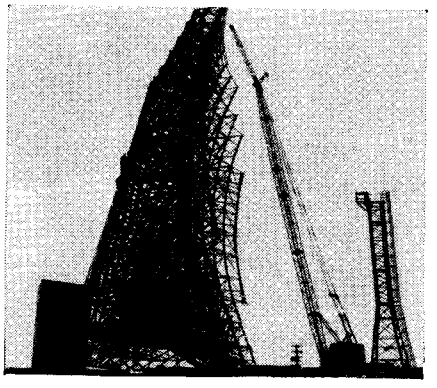


It was guiding Echo I into near-perfect orbit so Bell System scientists could make the world's first telephone call via satellite.

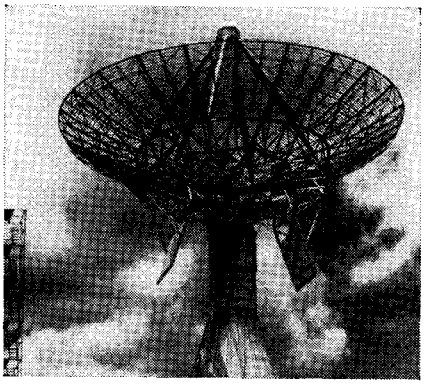


It was developing a world-wide communications system using satellites powered by the Solar Battery, a Bell System invention.

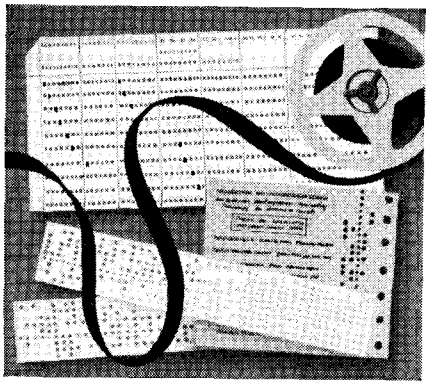
It was offering Bellboy personal signaling to more and more people. Device uses tiny Transistors, another Bell System invention.



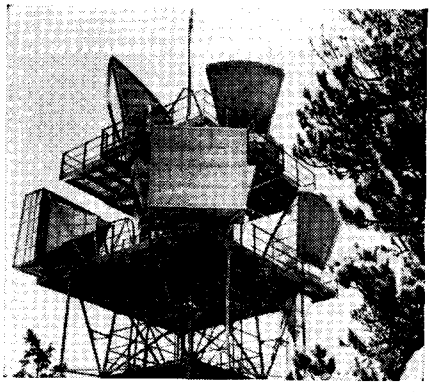
It was building fast, reliable communications for BMEWS—the nation's Ballistic Missile Early Warning System.



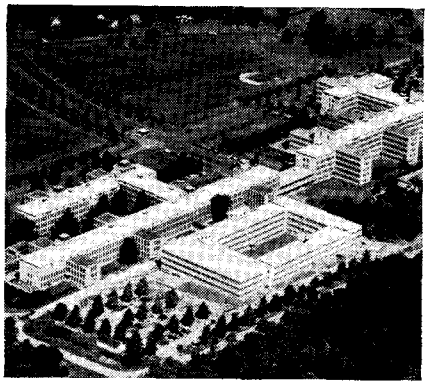
It was constructing a 'round-the-world communications system for America's first man (or woman) into orbit.



It was providing circuits for the speedy transmission of mountains of data for business and government.



It was providing thousands of miles of high-quality circuits for the country's local and network television programs.



And it was delving into innumerable fields of scientific inquiry at the largest industrial laboratories in the world.

It was at the scene of every major communications activity that day, as it is every day.

And for them all—communications on the ground, under the oceans, through the air, around the world—Bell Telephone people "wrote the book that everybody else uses."

How come? Because it's our job to be expert in universal communications.

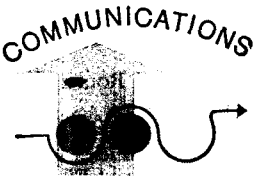
You have a right to the best service in the world. *And you get it!*

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM *Pioneering in outer space to improve communications on earth*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



SR/COMMUNICATIONS

FEBRUARY 11, 1961

EDITORIAL
By Richard L. Tobin 79

LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR 80

MR. KENNEDY'S CALCULATED RISK
By Roscoe Drummond 82

DO WE NEED A COLLEGE OF PROPAGANDA?
By James Webb Young 85

PICTURE-MAN ON 57TH STREET
By John Tebbel 86

COMMUNICATIONS BOOK REVIEWS
By James F. Fixx 88

ADVERTISING'S AGE OF QUALITY
By Robert Lewis Shayon 89

Let's Get Rid of "Bogus"–Now!

FEATHERBEDDING clauses in labor contracts are nothing new. Such made work as the extra man on the tiny switch engine, the stand-by musicians at a recorded program, or the plethora of TV scene shifters required to move a small lamp from one studio table to another, is simply a carom off one of the most aged and annoying habits of American union organization. Not only is made work highly irritating to the public (not to mention the employer) but it is also the most difficult to defend by those who support and advocate the inalienable and patriotic right of the workingman to organize in his own behalf.

The word "featherbedding" goes back to the 1850s and the American frontier army in which a soldier with a soft, inside job could sleep in a featherbed most nights and was quickly termed a "featherbed soldier." When railroad laborers were forced in the 1880s by indecent management practices to organize the rail brotherhoods it was the most natural thing in the world for them to try to insure employment in any way they could. The guaranteed job situation was one method: soon, no train could leave its yard without a substantial minimum union crew, regardless of length of trip or size of cargo. When hard times came, railroads tried to cut out useless featherbed jobs–with little or no success. Indeed, they are still trying. No topic is hotter than featherbedding on many a 1961 state legislature agenda and bills against featherbedding appear to have their best chance of success in years with the new Kennedy Congress.

Silliest of all featherbedding procedures, however, occurs in what should be one of the most logical of trades–the setting and printing of type. Featherbedding takes many forms in the publishing field, but its worst offense is known in the trade as "bogus." To show how illogical and absurd "bogus" can be we'd better define it.

Though "bogus" has been universally practiced in American print shops since 1871, few, indeed, are the editorial men and women who have any idea how wasteful it has become. The outside world, the average reader of the newspaper beset by wasteful "bogus" practices, probably has no knowledge of it at all.

"Bogus" involves the resetting in the home shop of advertising material received from another printing shop. This includes advertising material already cast or plated in electrotype form, as well as matted type or even unmatted, loose type. The International Typographical Union, otherwise one of our sanest craft organizations, likes to call "bogus" by its less distasteful and official name, "reproduction."

Any reader can imagine the amount of duplicated effort in resetting locally all advertising material already set in another printing shop and perfectly reproduceable from the original type.

To make the situation more ridiculous, it is the practice of newspaper print shops to take every line of "bogus" laboriously and redundantly reset in the course of the day and dump the entire output into the hell box at nightfall, using the original ads that had been artificially duplicated. How many thousands of newspaper printers do nothing else each working day in the United States than reset "bogus," only to dump it in the hell

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

box at night, the ITU alone knows.

At the last ITU convention, discussion of "bogus" or "reproduction" provided what *Editor & Publisher*, trade weekly of the newspaper business, called "another interesting insight into the uselessness and wastefulness of this union requirement." Officers of the ITU told their convention that, though they had won a "bogus" case in the Supreme Court in 1952, they feared a reversal of that court ruling if a new case against reproduction were brought up again.

The ITU itself furnished these succulent morsels of economic nonsense: that the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* sets more than 3,000,000 lines of "bogus" each year; that one newspaper plant in Salt Lake City employs three printers who do nothing else year in, year out, but reset "bogus," then happily dump it into the hell box each night and go home to supper; that Toronto ITU delegates report that as many as eighty situations could be eliminated in Toronto alone if "bogus" were eliminated.

The statistics are endless. They boil down to a solid and undeniable fact: that in an age of skyrocketing publishing costs, this union featherbedding requirement is totally anachronistic. In the long run, it can hurt only those who work on the newspapers where "bogus" is a daily composing room assignment.

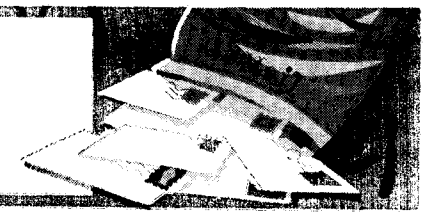
The ancient union argument that "bogus" keeps printers off the bread lines is equal nonsense. This is simply not the case. There is a shortage of qualified printers in many areas—the Southern Institute of Graphic Arts, for example, is looking for students to train because it cannot meet the demand from regional newspapers.

Nor is it a viable argument that publishers welcome the "bogus" rule because it keeps a large supply of printers on hand for emergencies. With strictly limited editorial holes to fill because of pressing economy factors, few, indeed, are the newspapers in this country able or willing to go up suddenly four or eight or sixteen pages to handle dramatic news. If printing costs were less, they might consider reinstituting this once customary service to the American public.

It seems to us, then, high time that the American Newspaper Publishers Association immediately set about bringing a new case against "bogus" before the U. S. Supreme Court and to the hoppers of Congress and all fifty legislatures. In the atomic age, when communication is a public duty carrying high professional responsibility, publisher and printer must quickly outlaw "bogus" as wasteful, outmoded, unfair, and just plain wrong.

—Richard L. Tobin.

Letters to the Communications Editor



SPELLING BEEHIVE

Although I agree with most of what Rudolf Flesch says about spelling in his "How To Be a Perfect Speller" [*SR*, Jan. 14], I object to one statement: "The usual advice is to memorize spelling lists until your weaknesses are overcome. But experience shows that this is no good at all."

When such lists are carefully prepared with a regard for principles of selection, emphasis, and repetition, and taught with regard for the same principles, such lists have a value in teaching spelling. Incidentally, the two words he cited to illustrate his criticism of the value of lists, *harass* and *embarrass*, rank with words such as *supersede* and *benefited*, plus a dozen or so other words, as "demons," and the misspelling of them proves nothing at all about the value of spelling lists.

Spelling lists, when combined with other spelling procedures, are a valid way of teaching spelling. I do not agree that memorizing spelling lists "is no good at all."

Charles R. Morris,
English Department,
Milton Academy.

Milton, Mass.

Regarding Rule 2 of Rudolf Flesch's "How to be a Perfect Speller" I am unhappy to find myself one step behind the game instead of, as I had thought, one step ahead. Before reading this piece I thought the exceptions to the jingle

I before E
Except after C
Or when sounded like A
As in neighbor or weigh

were neatly bound up in the sentence "Neither financier seized either form of weird leisure."

Now he furnishes an additional list, implying that there are yet more for the finding. It remains that the additional exceptions be bound into a mnemonic device. (As my wife one said, defining a mnemonic device, "Something to help you remember —you know, like, 'Sixty days hath September . . . .'")

Here is my contribution to Dr. Flesch and other spellers: "The foreign shick made a science of counterfeiting weirs, kaleidoscopes, and seismographs, which was the height of sleight. Forfeit doesn't fit."

Please do not question my qualifications on this matter. In 1936 I was awarded the Meadowview (Virginia) School Seventh Grade Spelling Prize—five dollars, cash money. The donor happened to be my own father, but it was an annual award, even when none of his own children were in transit through this grade, and I won it fair and square. I bought a tennis racket.

Rolfe Hillman.

Fort Benning, Ga.

"Perfect Speller" Flesch says he does not think the "I before E" rule that he quotes very helpful. I agree the old jingle that he quotes is not satisfactory. Much better in eliminating exceptions is:

I before E
When sounded EE
Except after C

Either, neither, leisure, seizure are exceptions, if you please. To say nothing of *financier, species, weird* and a few other exceptions.

Forrest W. Frease,
Professor of English,
Colorado State College.

Greeley, Colo.

I agree with Dr. Flesch that the "I before E" jingle is not a very helpful spelling rule. For years it prevented me from even learning to spell my own name properly.

Neil Bernstein,
School of Law,
Washington University.

St. Louis, Mo.

"COMMUNICATION," PLEASE

I laud your efforts at giving us more for our money, but in the case of your recently added section, the plural (Communications) is rather less than more.

Both dictionaries I have at hand give the plural as being used specifically in a military sense: "the means of sending military messages, orders, etc., as by telephone, telegraph, radio, couriers," or "a system for moving troops and material." The singular form is used for "the imparting or interchange of thoughts, opinions, or information by speech, writing, or signs."

When dealing with the mass media (radio, TV, the press, films, etc.) the term "mass communication" is normally used.

Entre nous, I favor keeping the military out of this; they are entirely too omnipresent as it is.

Josephine Paterek,
Instructor in Communication.
University of Minnesota.

Minneapolis, Minn.

LONG TIME COMING

John Tebbel's comments, in his "How to Review a Best Seller" [*SR*, Jan 14], on the reviewing habits of news magazines in cases of controversial books, have been

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a long time coming. A more recent example is Jere Peacock's novel "Valhalla," which, by the early reports of leading booksellers, will be 1961's first new fiction bestseller and which, in its portrait of the U. S. Marine Corps, is surely a controversial book. Since the novel was prominently and, in most cases, favorably reviewed by the major American newspapers in the first week after publication (January 9), one can only wonder why there has been a curtain of silence from such topical magazines as *Time* and *Newsweek*, to say nothing of an important book review medium, *Saturday Review*.

PETER ISRAEL, Editor,
G. P. Putnam's Sons.
London, England

LET ME CONGRATULATE *SR* for speaking out on fair play in editorial matters.

The article by John Tebbel, "How to Review a Best Seller," is the best analysis I have ever seen of the problem involved in a book that hits the vested interests right in the middle of their breadbasket.

Vance Packard is far out in front, and anyone who has the intestinal fortitude to write such excellent material on a problem that faces writers who want to tell the truth as they see it has the full gratitude of all writers who basically are not playing to the galleries.

We have so much to say, *now*, to help save America that I am truly concerned as to how it can best be said and still get by this awful form of censorship. *SR* is surely stepping out. . . . Keep it up.

EDMUND NORTHRUP MOOT.
Schenectady, N. Y.

SATISFYING AND LIVELY

AS AN OFFICER of the Industrial Editors Association of Detroit, as a member of the International Council of Industrial Editors, and, above all, as an editor of one of the publications favored with specific mention in the article, my sincere thanks for Wilbur Cross's comprehensive and very much needed article, "New Horizons for Business Journalism" [*SR*, Jan. 14].

There seems to be a general impression among journalists that the field of industrial editing is a good, gray, quiet one. Having taken notes while riding a horse in rather remote ranch country of Texas, bulled my way through a blizzard in New England, climbed El Morro National Monument in a legendary Southwestern downpour and flown through (not over) the canyons of Mesa Verde in the pursuit of my duties, I know it to be not only a richly satisfying field but a lively one as well.

DARWIN D. MARTIN, JR.,
Editorial Director,
Buick Magazine.
Detroit, Mich.

SIGNAL SERVICE

CONGRATULATIONS on the very fine section on communications. This is a signal service to the entire country. I hope it will increase your readership and become an indispensable source of information for all who are concerned with the place of communications in our society.

Knowing of your continuing interest in the moral and ethical implications of current events, I am sure that you will find a place in your Communications Supplement for examination of both the general ethical questions involved and more specifically the current religious use of mass media in our culture. This is an area of considerable interest and concern to me. Having recently received an opportunity to express some opinion on this matter ("Growing Up in Radio Video Land," *The Christian Century*, May 11, 1960), I am always looking for other opportunities to raise the issue for consideration.

STANLEY F. KNOCK, JR., Chairman
Television Radio
and Film Commission.
Washington, D. C.

WHAT'S AHEAD, MR. YOUNG?

RE: "What's Behind the 15% Ad Fee?" An accurate, informative and interesting historical account of the conventional 15% commission and markup system of advertising agency compensation. But many of us in the business (both advertisers and agencies) believe it is outmoded and in the process of being replaced.

How about having Mr. Young do a sequel exploring "What's *Ahead* for the 15% Ad Fee?"

CHARLES BOWES, President,
Charles Bowes Advertising, Inc.
Los Angeles, Calif.

AUCTION BUFF

MAY I COMMENT on Richard L. Tobin's remarks concerning the TV program "The Price Is Right"?

My I.Q. is considered above average, yet the program is one of the few I like to watch—for the same reason that millions of others watch it—we are inveterate attenders of auctions. The cost of the objects put up for bidding is of slight importance—the main interest lies (for me) in pitting my knowledge, experience, and common sense against that of the other bidders. It is a vicarious pleasure, of course, but requires more mental participation than is demanded from viewers who squirm in sadistic pleasure as they watch villains and heroes wallow in the usual half-hour bloodbaths.

Of course, if you have never attended auctions and have never enjoyed the surge of excitement which passes through a crowd when the bidding becomes spirited, you wouldn't understand.

L. KESPER.
Lorain, O.

MANY THANKS for "The Price is Wrong" in *SR* for January 1.

I suppose there is no law to stop people from making utter fools of themselves in public, but it does seem a pity that there are those who will stoop to exploit such exhibitionism.

Again, thank you!

DARWIN A. LEAVITT.
Verona, Wisc.

FROM LAWYER TO LAWYER

IN YOUR January 14 Communications Supplement you published an article on copyright entitled "From Lawyer to Writer—With Sympathy."

As counsel to the American Book Publishers Council, I consider it important that the following phases of the article be clarified:

1. It is stated to be "window dressing" to set forth in books "All rights reserved including the right to reproduce." "All rights reserved" is not window dressing, for its inclusion is necessary to obtain protection under the Buenos Aires Convention of 1910.

2. The author indicates that the *ad interim* copyright provision enables writers living in other countries which have adopted the Universal Copyright Convention to distribute in the U.S. for a five-year period a limited number of copies of works printed abroad. The fact is (except as to writers who are either citizens or domiciled in the U.S.) that if the writer is a citizen or subject of a country signatory to the University Copyright Convention, or if the country in which such writer's work is first published is a signatory to that Convention, the writer is entitled to full U.S. copyright protection.

3. The author indicates that by the adoption of the Universal Copyright Convention, protection to U.S. writers may be accomplished world-wide. Actually, this protection is limited to those countries which ratify the Convention.

4. It is stated that in the event of a writer's death before the twenty-eighth year of his original copyright term, a grant by him of renewal rights is invalid as against his wife and children. What is also important, however, is that even if the writer leaves no wife or children, such grant is also invalid as against the writer's executor, or his next of kin, if any, in the absence of a will.

5. It is stated in the article that our law does not recognize protection of moral rights, as, for example, in France. The fact is that in the U.S. this right is protected to a considerable extent, albeit not by virtue of copyright protection, but by the law of unfair competition, and in certain instances by the law of libel. Furthermore, the writer can protect himself by contract against distortion of his work or injury to his reputation.

Incidentally, in dealing with the requirement promptly to deposit copies in the Copyright Office, the article states that in a "famous case involving Walter Winchell" the court granted a rather healthy concept of the "reasonable" time within which to act. Actually, the "famous case" involved Drew Pearson (*Washingtonian Publishing Company, Inc. vs. Drew Pearson*, 306 U. S. 30.)

HORACE S. MANGES,
Weil, Gotshal & Manges.
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR is pleased to open its columns to another view on the highly complex matter of copyright.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Kennedy's Calculated Risk

The Presidential Press Conference Takes a Giant Step

—*Wide World.*

President John F. Kennedy at his first press conference.

By ROSCOE DRUMMOND

JOHN F. KENNEDY knows exactly what he is doing in taking the calculated risk of putting his weekly press conference on live television and radio.

He is making the Presidential Press Conference a potentially much more powerful instrument of Presidential leadership. He intends to use it to the full.

By making the Presidential press conference a White House window which opens into the drawing rooms of millions of American voters, he is acting to widen the sense of public participation in government. He is creating a new intimacy between the President and the people.

It is riskful. Mr. Kennedy knows it. He is ready to take the risks in order to gain the advantage of giving the whole nation a feeling of instant communication with the President without any partition between him and those who can hear and see him being questioned by reporters.

He can call nothing back—neither a gauche word or a diplomatic imprudence. He is willing to have it that way in order to give millions of viewers a feeling of immediate contact with what he is saying and doing.

Mr. Kennedy is convinced that in this way he can do most to generate a greater public understanding and support for the measures he knows he cannot take without that understanding and support.

He sees this expanded projection of the Presidency as an indispensable means of Presidential leadership.

Newspapers and newspaper correspondents should, I believe, welcome the live television of the White House Press Conference as it was begun for the first time soon after Inauguration.

From a professional newspaper standpoint I am convinced that this wider reporting of the Presidential Press Conference by television will mean wider reading of newspaper reporting of the Presidential Press Conference—its significance, its controversies, its conflicts, its consequences.

This has been true of music, sports and the theatre. The more people see and hear good orchestras on television, the more they go to the concerts. The more people who see and hear the Presidential Press Conferences, the more they will go to their newspapers to read about it. The printed word will not suffer. It will benefit. Reading will not be neglected. It will be increased.

If Mr. Kennedy handles his press conferences well—as he did his first one—he will be benefited by his heightened voice. If he handles them badly, he will be doubly hurt.

I saw nothing in the first live-television press conference which caused me to feel that it was being turned into a "show," a "performance" or that its underlying purpose of searching question-and-answer was impaired. There were no show-off correspondents and no show-off questions. I thought that the reporters were, if anything, more business-like, more alert by being on camera.

Anyway, live television and radio coverage of the press conference is here—and here to stay. It adds a new, welcome and valuable dimension to the reporting of the American Presidency and puts a new tool into the hands of the President to employ well or poorly.

I am convinced that a number of improvements can be made to enable the Presidential Press Conference to serve its purpose more effectively from the standpoint of both the press and the President. But before advancing these suggestions, it will be useful, I think, to look at the evolution of the Press Conference from Coolidge to Kennedy, and to identify how it serves the public and the President.

President Kennedy's meeting with press, radio and television correspondents in the big auditorium of the new State Department Annex is a long way from the too stiff, severely restricted, nearly-all-holds-barred institution which prevailed under Presidents Coolidge and Hoover in the late twenties and early thirties. In those days the questions of the press were kept at a safe distance and firmly regulated.

Every change in the Presidential Press Conference rules has liberalized the relations between reporters and President. The President is more accessible, more visible to the public, more subject to thorough questioning and more quotable by the press.

Presidents Roosevelt, Truman and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eisenhower all took significant steps in this direction.

Under Coolidge the rules of the Press Conference were so stringent that the reporters could quote the President neither directly or indirectly. They were not allowed to say in their dispatches that there had even been a press conference with the President. It was Mr. Coolidge who invented the mythical character, the "White House Spokesman," to whom everything the President said had to be indirectly attributed and who could be easily repudiated. The "White House Spokesman" couldn't talk back because he didn't exist.

UNDER President Hoover the "White House Spokesman" was abolished. But other restrictions were added. All questions had to be submitted in advance in writing. Mr. Hoover then chose the questions to which he wished to reply. He read them off at the press conference and gave his answers. There could be no follow up questions based on the answers. The rules prevented newsmen from even citing their own questions which Mr. Hoover had passed over.

It was Franklin D. Roosevelt who really opened up the White House press conference. He opened it up in every direction. He abolished all the inhibiting restrictions. Questions did not have to be submitted in advance; they did not have to be written; they could be asked orally and spontaneously and thus reporters could quickly follow up points which Mr. Roosevelt had himself made. All statements could be attributed to the President but not quoted without specific approval, which was rare.

President Truman followed the same rules. But there was one development during the Truman Administration which may have led to the Eisenhower decision to permit the text of the press conference to be released as soon as it could be transcribed. At that time a few Washington Bureaus accredited their secretaries to the press conference and by working together they were able to produce an approximate transcript which began to be printed verbatim in question-and-answer form.

Technically this was not a violation of the press conference rules. In substance it was. It was not technically a violation because quotation marks were not put around the President's words. Each answer from the President began by saying "The President said that . . ." etc, after which his exact reply was printed but not quoted. The effect was to attribute the whole proceedings to President Truman. The White House never protested, obviously concluding that the verbatim publication of the transcript was welcome and useful to the White House.

At the initiative of Press Secretary James C. Hagerty, President Eisenhower made three substantial changes in the press conference, all in the direction of openness:

1—By agreement with the press, he arranged for a professional reporting service to produce a transcript of every press conference. Copies were available about an hour and a half after the termination of the press conference and could be purchased by correspondents (as well as by embassies, lobbyists and assorted publicists).

2—The transcript could be published by newspapers in full, verbatim "as coming from the President." While not an "official" transcript, it was authoritative, replacing the informal, press-prepared transcripts of the Truman period. We had now come to the point where everything the President said at the press conference was promptly and completely on the record.

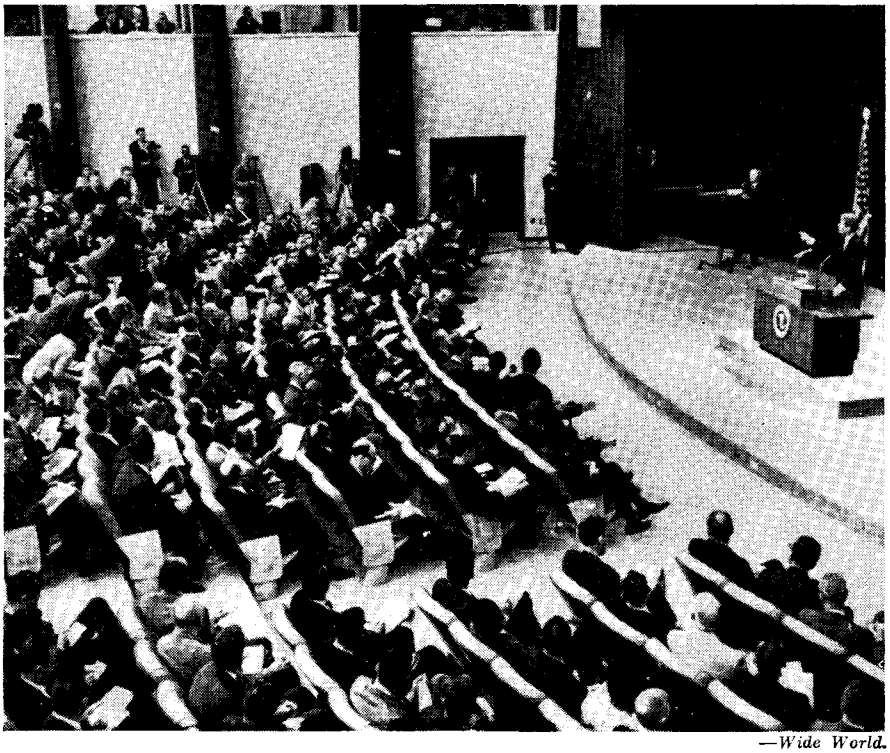
3—Radio and television correspondents were permitted to tape and film the press conferences for use just as soon as Mr. Hagerty cleared the transcript. There was little delay. There was no censorship and no significant editing of the transcript.

And now Mr. Kennedy has removed the last partition between his meetings with the press and instant communication to the nation through the live television and radio (assuming the networks keep up their coverage). There will be no opportunity for the President to call back a single syllable or repair a split infinitive.

Why has the press conference over a period of thirty years and a span of four Presidents evolved from a feeble, pallid, massively restricted institution into a powerful, instantly audible and visible Presidential sounding-board? As reporters we have urged it, even clamored for it. Obviously the press, television and radio have a vested self-interest in the maximum openness of the White House Press Conference. It helps make our media of maximum interest and value to our audiences. But the controlling reason why the Press Conference has developed in this fashion is because the best interests of the President as well as the best interests of the press are well served.

THE White House Press Conference is valuable to the President as an instrument of influence and leadership. When resourcefully used by the President, he can inform the country vividly and cumulatively, develop a public opinion which can be brought to bear on Congress and develop a public understanding and support for actions which a President can take only when he has assured himself of such support.

A President can do this through the Press Conference. His voice can be heard above all others. He can command public attention without the painful process of preparing formal speeches and can deepen popular interest in his



—*Wide World.*

New State Department Auditorium makes a natural theatre for the new President's press experiment.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*
Drummond

ROSCOE DRUMMOND, one of America's most thoughtful journalists, writes a Washington column for the *New York Herald Tribune,* which syndicates Mr. Drummond to 175 other newspapers. On special assignment for *Saturday Review*'s Communications Supplement, Mr. Drummond covered John F. Kennedy's first press conference as President of the United States with a view to reporting here the long-range implications, problems and achievements to be expected from a weekly Presidential news conference on live TV and radio. This is Mr. Drummond's report, written immediately after the first performance of what Mr. Drummond calls "the President's calculated risk." The author feels that communication between the President and the people has taken a giant step. The article also reviews recent Presidential press techniques and the evolution of the news conference from the "White House spokesman" of Calvin Coolidge to John F. Kennedy's live TV press experiment.

action program. The question-and-answer format is easy to read, easy to listen to and easy to grasp.

Through the White House Press Conference a President can hold the headlines for several days or longer when he uses it for important statements, others, including both his supporters and critics, will be discussing what he has said for some time. Thus a President can flexibly seize the initiative to shape public discussion on the matters on which he is seeking to focus debate or action. He can either take the play from his critics or center attention where he wishes.

An example of a President's effective use of the press conference was President Roosevelt's development of public support for the Lend-Lease Act before our entry into World War II.

An example of Presidential neglect of the press conference was Mr. Hoover's virtual abandonment of his meetings with reporters in the latter two years of his Administration. This left such a vacuum that the late Charles Michelson, then Democratic publicity chief, had an easy time taking the headlines away from the White House.

The White House Press Conference is also a valuable tool in the hands of the press. It is immensely valuable to the public. It helps to hold any Administration accountable to the people. In the Parliamentary Governments—as in Britain—it is the members of Parliament who, in the weekly question period in the House of Commons, question the Prime Ministers. In our government of divided powers, where the President does not sit with Congress, it is the Washington correspondents who question the President.

Remember that a President does not have to answer every question but the press must retain the right to ask. Unanswered questions are themselves revealing. The better, the more pointed, the more searching the questions, the better the public service.

There are, I think, several ways the press conference can be made more fruitful. From the standpoint of the press, I would suggest the following:

BETTER QUESTIONS—My observation is that we reporters do not devote one third the time to preparing ourselves for the press conference questioning that the White House press secretary and staff devote to preparing the President for answering. We don't canvass the whole field for questioning thoroughly or deeply enough.

BETTER FOLLOW-UP—Many of us frequently go to the press conference so intent upon asking our own favorite question that we fail by not being quick and flexible enough, to follow up an opportunity—or a hole in what the President has said in answer to another question—with a prompt and pertinent supplementary question. In the British Parliament it is the "supplementaries," not the original questions, which search the Prime Minister—and so it should be at the White House press conference. More often than not, we flunk the follow-up questioning.

REGULARITY OF PRESS CONFERENCES—From the viewpoint of the press, the greatest deficiencies of President Eisenhower's conferences were their brevity and infrequency. They had a virtually arbitrary half-hour limit. President Roosevelt's used to run from forty minutes to an hour, occasionally longer. There was no arbitrary time limit on Mr. Truman's. Mr. Roosevelt used to hold two press conferences a week; Mr. Truman, one a week. Under Mr. Eisenhower there wasn't even one every two weeks. Thus the combination of brevity of time plus their infrequency meant that so many questions stored up and needed to be asked that there was rarely time to develop any one line of questions.

President Kennedy will probably hold his press conferences more regularly and, from his 1961 beginnings, the assurance is that they will not be arbitrarily cut short.

But if the shape of the press conference is left largely to accident or to the initiative of the reporters, it will not serve the President well. Neither President Truman nor President Eisenhower used the press conference resourcefully or creatively—at least only rarely. President Roosevelt did. It has seemed to me that from the standpoint of its value to the President the central weakness of the press conference in recent years has been that there was little sustained, concerted or deliberate effort to plan its content and direction. The need is to decide on the priority matters of U.S. policy which, from the viewpoint of both national and international objectives, most need accent and public discussion. I venture these suggestions:

1—If the President is to give greater direction to public thinking and to fill the gaps in public knowledge, he must be aware of what the gaps are. Here some use of professional polling would be useful to provide the President with this information.

2—Regular attention should be given to determining in advance what the President wants each press conference to accomplish in order that he may use it to focus attention on vital information and shape political debate and private discussion.

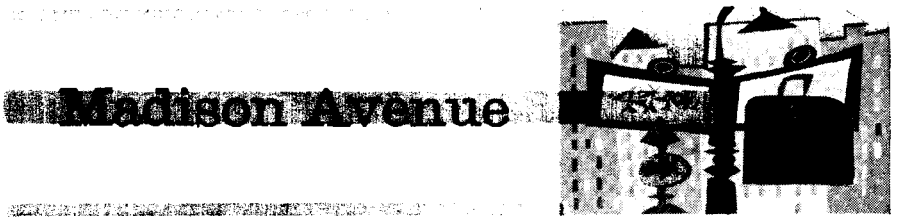
3—Every opportunity to use the press conference so that the President can project the true image of the United States abroad should be explored. In most foreign countries the only American voice which will command attention is the voice of the President. For this reason, among others, the press conference can be vital and should not be neglected or used casually.

4—To serve all of these purposes there needs to be long-range and short-range planning under the direction of the President's trusted aids—in this instance Press Secretary Pierre Salinger and Presidential Assistant Theodore Sorenson.

5—Members of the Cabinet could well be encouraged to make suggestions on the timing and choice of Presidential pronouncements.

The press conference is a two-way tool of great value to the American people and the American Government. The initiative in using it should not rest entirely with either the President or the press. It should rest with both. It will then be doubly useful.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Do We Need a College of Propaganda?

By JAMES WEBB YOUNG

IT HAS been said for years by competent and informed students of the subject that our foreign propaganda program is anemic for lack of financial proteins. And in contrast to that of Communism, this is certainly true. One figure alone signals it: 3,000 hours weekly of Communist broadcasting, in fifty-five languages, *vs.* 565 hours weekly of our government's broadcasting, in thirty-six languages. In this field, as in advertising, smart dimes will seldom lick even dumb dollars.

Our Information Agency has other handicaps. One important one is confusion about our basic doctrines, as compared to the highly specific doctrines of the Marxist-Leninist forces. If you have any doubt of the importance of this, read Gibbon's list of the specific promises with which Christianity swept the Western world.

A lesser handicap is the degree to which the Department of State still has authority to negate policies and programs in any given country, through our diplomatic representatives.

Substantially offsetting these handicaps is the power added to our propaganda effort, especially in the satellite countries, of Radio Free Europe. This "voice of the American people," being free from some of the restrictions that surround our official acts, has been worth every dollar contributed to it by its voluntary supporters—and should have more.

But unless the personnel problems of our Information Agency are also understood and faced up to, policies can be right, messages sharp and clear, and money abundant, without generating the power we need country by country.

True, money will help substantially to solve the personnel problems, not only in quantity but quality. Salaries of $5,000 to $6,000 yearly for USIA field officers impose a real limitation on the enlistment of able and devoted men.

But the heart of our personnel problem, I submit, is in our shyness about the word *propaganda.* We have lost sight of its true meaning: "the propagation of the faith," as represented by the College of Propaganda established by Pope Gregory XV in 1622—a college for the training of priests in this specialized task, which still thrives.

Bemused with the term *information,* and lacking both the propaganda viewpoint and such a college for training in its techniques (both of which the Russians have), we have tended to rely on two types of men from the two major fields of mass communication. These are newspaper and newscasting men, and advertising men—primarily the former.

Though there are notable examples of men from both these fields who have served their country well in our "information" work, I submit that neither type, alone, is wholly adequate for foreign propaganda.

The typical newspaperman of today, as Roy Larsen of *Time* recently pointed out, is trained in and committed to objective reporting. He is of an entirely different breed from the old crusading editors such as Horace Greeley, Henry Watterson, and Fremont Older.

Furthermore, his focus is on news—fresh today and stale tomorrow—while reiteration, preferably in ever fresh ways but always reiteration, is of the essence in propaganda.

In contrast, the advertising man is an advocate. It has been said, with some truth, that he differs from the missionary only in his sense of direction. Be that as it may, his training is in selecting a promise that will offer people something they already want, telling them how to get it, and then reiterating and reiterating this theme and promise.

On the other hand, the newsman often has one quality essential for foreign propaganda which the advertising-trained man is likely to lack. This is a perceptiveness for, and a sensitivity to, the political and social forces and traditions of any given country.

Both types, it seems to me, have more of the basic skills needed for this work than we are likely to find in any other occupational group. But both are likely to be lacking in some other important ways, as most Americans are lacking when they go abroad.

ONE of these is in languages—not only in the vernacular, but in what has been called "the silent language." That is, in the completely unconscious assumptions that every people have as the basis for understanding relationships. These are to be learned only in the meaning of gestures, in the forms of politeness, in what is funny and not funny, in what is sacred and not sacred, and in all the practices of a people.

The techniques of propaganda as they differ from the techniques of information can be taught. The spoken languages can be taught. And even the basis for learning the silent language of a country or a people can be taught. Does not all this suggest that we, too, need a College of Propaganda?

"And just *where* do you think *you're* going?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Picture-Man on 57th Street

By JOHN TEBBEL

A STROLLER on Fifty-seventh Street in New York City walks down a magnificent art gallery from Sixth Avenue to Third and beyond. Pictures to satisfy every taste and all but the leanest purses fill the windows on both sides. But the man who owns more pictures than any other art dealer on Fifty-seventh Street is Otto Bettmann, whose million treasures lie in row upon row of filing cabinets, where they are subdivided into 2,000 categories. This is the Bettmann Archive, perhaps the finest collection of prints and photographs in the world.

It represents, of course, a different kind of art from the galleries' display, yet here are reproduced in prints and pictures every conceivable kind of visual expression man has achieved from primitive cave scratching to the artists of the First World War. It is a unique collection. If Otto Bettmann had not created and built it, publishers, authors, and the art directors of advertising agencies would have had to invent it, because it is quite literally indispensable.

For a dozen years the Archive steadily outgrew the two large subbasement rooms at 215 East Fifty-seventh Street. Finally Dr. Bettmann and his staff of five could scarcely find space to file any more. About the time these words appear, therefore, the whole collection will be picked up carefully and transported along the street westward to 136, where new, modern, functional quarters will replace the packed and musty rooms of the old basement. "Because they are old pictures does not mean they must be kept in a place to match," Dr. Bettmann observes, contemplating the migration.

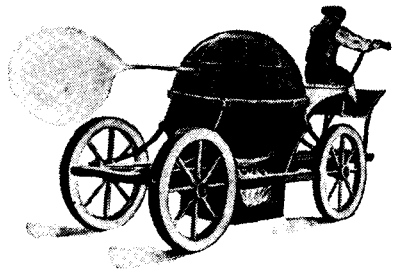
While it is true that anyone with persistence can accumulate a vast collection of pictures, only a man of intellect and taste could have fashioned the Archive and, even more important, made it into a successful business as well as a scholarly landmark. Such a man is Otto Bettmann, a slight, amiable gentleman whose closely clipped Vandyke gives him something of a resemblance to Sigmund Freud in his latter days.

Like Freud, in a less exalted sense, Dr. Bettmann and his work are often misunderstood. Some visitors believe the word "archive" means that the collection was established in the era of the Roman Empire, if not before. They ask the proprietor solicitously whether "old Mr. Bettmann" is still alive, and plainly they expect to see a display of museum pieces.

The Archive, however, is only twenty-five years old in this country. Dr. Bettmann brought the collection from Berlin in 1935, carried in three large steamer trunks. There were only 25,000 pictures then, the result of several years of collecting undertaken while Bettmann was assistant at the State Art Library in Berlin. There, as an archivist experienced in classifying pictures by subject, he began to compile his own collection, more or less as an avocation, and specializing in his own interests: art, medicine, and music.

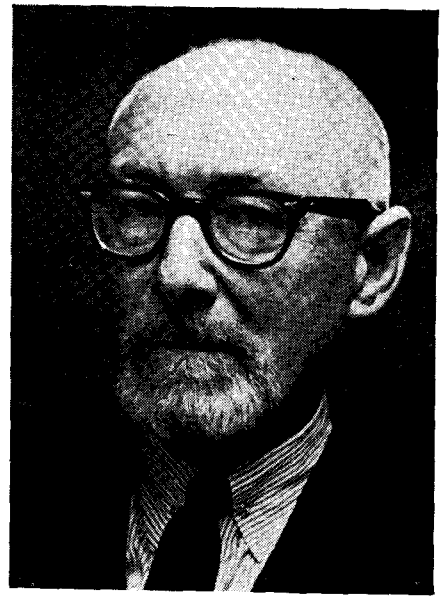
Hitler ended his work, and Bettmann arrived here in the deeps of the Depression with five dollars in his pocket. A helpful friend offered an unused back office, and Bettmann there unpacked his files for the benefit of patrons who at first seemed unlikely to appear. He hoped to be of immediate use to publishers, but only two appeared in those first days. They were an energetic and knowledgeable pair of entrepreneurs named M. Lincoln Schuster and Leon Shimkin, who examined the Archive carefully, with an eager interest that ignored no part of it. Bettmann recalls that whenever Mr. Schuster saw something of special interest, he would remark in an aside, "Shimkin, make a note of that."

Unfortunately, says Bettmann, these two rising publishers, now among the most distinguished in the business,



—*Bettmann Archive.*

Newton's proposed jet-propelled steam automobile."



Dr. Otto Bettmann—"brought the collection from Berlin in 1935."

never came again. But others did, as word of the collection spread around New York. The archivist could not have introduced his service at a more propitious time. *Life* magazine appeared in November 1936, *Look* followed it, and then the deluge. It was the beginning of the picture era.

Nevertheless, Bettmann had to scramble at first for the substance to hold archive and archivist together. When a subscription publisher with more ambition than production knowledge asked him to provide 300 pictures for a world history, to be delivered in three weeks, Bettmann winced but he did not hesitate. The pictures were to illustrate man's progress from prehistoric times to the advent of Hitler, and Bettmann was able to fill the order as far as World War I—on time. The collection did not then, and does not now, go farther than 1920s.

THAT order was enough to put Bettmann in business. When the publisher asked him how much he wanted for the job, he asked hesitantly for $750. "Why not make it a thousand?" the publisher answered. "I like round figures."

Bettmann's first commercial sale—that is, outside of publications—was to the Columbia Broadcasting System. It was a picture to be used in a CBS advertisement running in *Fortune*. The drawing showed a primitive intercom system suggested by Father Athanasius Kircher in 1650. This was a fantastic device connecting the courtyard of a castle with an upper apartment, where the master was seen supervising the operations of his entourage. The trans-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mission tube was modeled after the human ear.

Bettmann had come by this picture through his father's interest in Kircher, whose master work, "Phonurgia Nova" ("The New Science of Sound"), still reposes in the library of Bettmann *fils*. The Archive searches out such rare prints in libraries, or acquires them through other collections that Bettmann absorbs. Often he prospects in libraries himself for new items, setting off on excursions wherever instinct or a good tip leads him. He also employs a picture researcher in Europe.

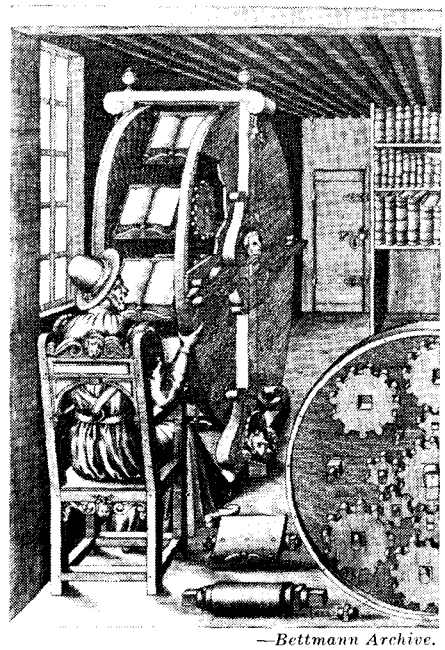
To the selection of what will go in the Archive, Bettmann applies the standards customarily used in the judging of good photography. Above all, the pictures must reproduce well. Often Bettmann has to pass up a picture of undeniable historic value because it cannot be adequately reproduced. A full-time photographer snaps the pictures chosen. While the prints are all carefully captioned, Bettmann believes that the best pictures need no captions.

The Archive is particularly strong in medicine, a field in which the archivist has done a great deal of his finest work. By the Archive's standards, its medical collection is probably the finest extant. Bettmann placed the best of these pictures in his own book, "A Pictorial History of Medicine."

Bettmann believes that the best use of his archive as book material is achieved by working from the inside out—that is, converting a category into a picture book. Such picture books can also be made by translating existing prose volumes into the picture-and-text format, as Bettmann did last year in "A Pictorial History of Music," done with the critic Paul Henry Lang, and derived from Lang's book, "Music in Western Civilization." Another Bettmann literary accomplishment was "Our Literary Heritage," with Van Wyck Brooks, drawn from Brooks's monumental "Makers and Finders."

Although his career and his livelihood are concentrated in the picture business, Bettmann deplores the present preoccupation with visual media. "It is sad," he says, "that so many children growing up today never sample our literary heritage. I console myself with the fact that pictures are often a stimulant to reading, and a concomitant to reading." He observes today a decided shift in his clientele to television and advertising people, rather than publishers. These outlets constitute about 75 per cent of his business.

ON a typical day, during which the Archive may get from the entire country more than a score of requests, the demands will test the resources of the collection from *aardvark* to *zymometer*. *Vogue* wants a picture of a totem pole. A printer wants a sunburst. The *New York Times* requests a portrait of Sir Francis Bacon. The Book-of-the-Month Club is looking for a musical subject to illustrate a brochure for its record society. Channel Five is doing a documentary on the Russian Revolution and needs sixty-five pictures in that category. The Union Bag Co. wants a picture showing early packaging methods, for its annual report. And everybody these days wants Civil War pictures.



—*Bettmann Archive.*

Reading machine for lazy book lovers, invented by Ramelli in 1588, kept books at proper reading levels and did away with the necessity of fetching them from shelves.

Bettmann seldom finds himself unable to fill an order, but there is one category in which he admits defeat, although there have been hundreds of requests. The picture these people want is of a slot machine, a "one-armed bandit." Why so many customers ask for this picture Bettmann cannot imagine. He only knows it is one request he finds impossible to fill, because only news pictures of the machine are available and he doesn't handle news photos.

Other unfulfilled requests concern pictures which the customer thinks must exist, but in fact do not—Cyrus McCormick sitting in his office inventing the reaper would be a good example. Some people simply have no sense of history. One zealous but uninformed customer asked for a picture of Thomas Jefferson eating spaghetti.

Otto Bettmann is patient with these requests. He is a patient man who has built slowly and carefully over the years, with love and devotion, a service capable of supplying a group of captioned glossies on nearly any subject within twenty-four hours.

It has been the work of a lifetime, but someday—"One does not live forever"—he expects to sell the Archive. When he does, and the archivist hopes that day will be long in coming, the collection will probably go to a publisher. Somehow, notwithstanding that ad agencies provide the largest part of his business, Bettmann remains a bookman.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Sunrise Semester: How to get a degree by TV, a prediction made in 1882 by Albert Robida, French lithographer and cartoonist.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Choice Morsels from the Times

THE *New York Times* is one of a rare journalistic breed—a Jack-of-all-trades and master of most. While many of the nation's newspapers have to fatten themselves on a diet of syndicated fun and games, the *Times*, day in and day out, relies largely on the news-gathering talents of its own staff—and sweet talents there are. The quality of its achievement, which is roughly comparable to batting .400 for the Pirates, winning the Davis Cup from Australia, and on spare afternoons playing quarterback for the Eagles, is nowhere more apparent than in its Sunday edition, a wondrous cargo of newsprint so vast only a grown man can carry it home.

The person responsible for much of that edition is Lester Markel, the *Times*'s Sunday editor since 1923, who each week shepherds to the press the drama and book review sections, the "News of the Week in Review," and the *New York Times Magazine*. From the latter, a compendium that has consistently tapped the best of *Times* staffers and others, Mr. Markel has culled an anthology of seventy-odd articles, published under the title **"Background and Foreground"** (Channel Press, $5). Covering some thirty years, it offers a swiftly paced panoramic view of the news, ideas, amusements, and personalities that have engaged the attention of Americans during that time [*see box*]. Here, for example, are Rebecca West writing on the atom spy Klaus Fuchs (1951); Meyer Berger on the war-wounded at Valley Forge General Hospital (1946); James MacGregor Burns on the qualifications needed in a President (1960); Albert Einstein on religion and science (1930); William O. Douglas on McCarthyism (1952); Adlai Stevenson on the Soviet challenge to the West (1959); Cornelia Otis Skinner on stage fright (1958); Ashley Montagu on the question "Should Strong Men Cry?" (1957); and Hanson Baldwin on D-Day (1959), a poignant and memorable recollection fifteen years after the event. While an occasional piece strikes me as somewhat ephemeral for inclusion in an anthology, one can be grateful for the absence of articles on the Abominable Snowman and the Loch Ness Monster, subjects apparently dear to the *Magazine*'s heart.

As pertinent as any part of the book for the working journalist is Mr. Markel's introduction, a mixed hymn of joy and lamentation. While he writes, "The editor believes that, in the course of his directorship, many highly esteemed contributors have supplied . . . much gleaming currency," he also says:

> The search for good writing is becoming a more and more jungled safari. On the one hand there are the Purple Prose Boys who overwhelm you with lush adverbs and lusher adjectives. . . . On the other there are the Simple Simon Fellows, who insist that you should write as you talk (most of them shouldn't even talk as they talk). . . . Save us, please, from both. Good writing, I hold, is not a matter of mathematics or mechanics; you cannot legislate or decree or prescribe any rules for it. It is a rare, a most uncommon process, marked by individuality, by sensitivity, by perception. It arises, as T. S. Eliot said, out of the "agonizing ecstasy" of creation. Good writing, in brief, cannot be instilled into an aspirant: it can only be distilled out of those who have the initial talent.

To which every editor will no doubt utter a weary and heartfelt amen.

—JAMES F. FIXX.

WHY WE BUY: **"The Spenders,"** by Steuart Henderson Britt (McGraw-Hill, $4.95), is dedicated to the proposition that in the American economy the consumer is king. In an attempt to rebut arguments like those found in Vance Packard's "The Waste Makers," the author, a professor of marketing

The New York Times Magazine: A Sampler

". . . The biologist denies emphatically that there are human war instincts, either for the waging of war in a particular way, or to make war in general. But there does exist a human drive or impulse of pugnacity, which can be used as the foundation of a war sentiment; and this will continue to express itself in war as long as external conditions encourage or permit this expression of human nature. It is up to us to alter the conditions so as to prevent human pugnacity from expressing itself in war. . . ." —*Julian Huxley (1946).*

"Our world has grandeur and life has hope. In spite of the despair of the beats and the wailers, the harp in the air still sings the melody of hope, and hope in action will sing on everlastingly till, maybe, a thousand million years from now time gives its last sigh, and all things go." —*Sean O'Casey (1959).*

"If a strange dog accosts you on the street and asks you what time it is, there is no reason to quit drinking or consult a psychiatrist. Just tell him what time it is and go on about your business." —*James Thurber (1948).*

"My expectation is that the challenges presented to Western civilization in our time are going to arouse us to repent, to reform, and to lead a new life." —*Arnold J. Toynbee (1955).*

". . . Our Russian competitors are much tougher than most of us have yet realized—and . . . this time we might get licked, unless we are willing to change our habits, our political behavior, and our complacent outlook on the world." —*Adlai Stevenson (1959).*

"[A] watchword which the New America exports to poor Europe is the great word 'Success.' . . . Success is the aim and thought of life! It is really astounding how this watchword begins to demoralize Europe." —*Karel Capek (1926).*

". . . Public personalities must accustom themselves to a kind of indecent exposure. Contemporaries knew nothing about George Washington's false teeth or Catherine the Great's wig. Today's famous statesmen inhabit an aquarium." —*C. L. Sulzberger (1960).*

". . . The cosmic religious experience is the strongest and the noblest driving force behind scientific research." —*Albert Einstein (1930).*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and advertising at Northwestern University, has put together a case for the defense. But about the most he can hope for is a hung jury.

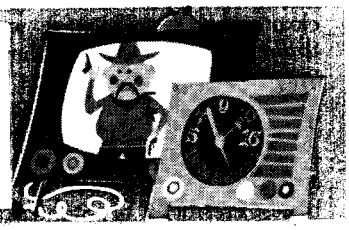
Few readers will be inclined to quarrel with Mr. Britt's assertions that the American consumer has a wider range to choose from than ever before, that there is more money to be spent, and that these trends will probably accelerate sharply in the next few years. All this is carefully documented. But he seems to me on less secure ground when he tries to build his case for the consumer's power in determining the products that will be made available to him, for the beneficent educational function of advertising, and for the values of motivation and market research. In discussing research in packaging design, for example, Mr. Britt writes: "These kinds of research do not represent a conspiracy against us consumers. They are not attempts to invade our privacy or pry open our minds. . . . They are sincere attempts by manufacturers to produce better goods . . . to please both *us* and *them*." One may perhaps be forgiven for wondering exactly what bearing the design printed on a package has on better goods.

Though parts of "The Spenders"—notably those in which the author reports on who buys what and why—are fresh and eye-opening, the book as a whole is no match for the hardy band of advertising's critics. —J.F.F.

FACT AND FANCY: The mass media, it would appear, have less influence on opinion and action than has generally been supposed. This is the major conclusion of **"The Effects of Mass Communication,"** by Joseph T. Klapper (Free Press, $5), a thorough study that bears careful reading by the professional communicator who wonders about the strength of his trade's influence, as well as by anyone else who wonders what radio, television, comic books, and movies are doing to himself and his children. Based on meticulous research, the book first explores the persuasive powers of the mass media in general, then narrows its scope to examine the effects of adult TV programs on children, and the impact of crime, violence, and escapist material.

Despite an occasional tremor of alarm, the findings are reassuring. "Mass communication," writes the author, "*ordinarily* does not serve as a necessary and sufficient cause of audience effects, but rather functions among and through a nexus of mediating factors and influences." It may be quite a mouthful, but the point here, as elsewhere in the book, is worth digging for. —J.F.F.

Audio/Video



Advertising's Age of Quality

By Robert Lewis Shayon

SHAKESPEARE, end to end, has always been one of the great untested hypotheses of broadcasting. "Put all of the Bard's plays on television weekly," runs the ancient saw, "and what have you got—thirty-six weeks" (actually thirty-eight, if you include "John" and "Two Noble Kinsmen"). Broadcasters make the point to underscore the difficulty of presenting a regular flow of quality drama on television, which swiftly devours all the material it can get its hands on. The possibility of continuous Shakespeare on sponsored television seemed destined to be forever pure fancy, but miracles proceed apace in our time. The far side of the moon has been seen, and now, amazingly, Shakespeare is being displayed on television in a qualitatively superb cycle. A fifteen-week series of Shakespeare's histories, "An Age of Kings," is being shown in Washington and New York under the sponsorship of the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey). The outlets are the Metropolitan Broadcasting Corporation's WNEW-TV and WTTG-TV. The Richards (I and II) and the Henrys (IV, V, VI) are being presented in their entirety in hour-or-more segments grandly produced by the British Broadcasting Corporation.

What an exciting concept this is! To take the chronicle plays with their interlocking plots and royal dynasties and to present them in sequence; to cast the same actors as the same characters in successive plays; and to produce the whole spectacle in pure television idiom, without film, and in a style perfected by almost five centuries of English Shakespearian acting tradition—this is an offering of the television art that could have come into being only at the BBC. No other television organization of public or private enterprise anywhere in the world could have aspired to such an undertaking, or, having the aspiration, would also have enjoyed the economic and cultural milieu in which to bring it off successfully. I watched the first two programs, "The Hollow Crown," and "The Deposing of a King" (all of Richard II) on Channel 5 in New York. Shakespeare's histories, read and seen intermittently, have never quite come into single focus for me. I have never been able to capture the Henrys, Edwards, Yorks, Gloucesters, and Lancasters in any organic pattern of event and significance. The moment I scanned the press releases announcing "An Age of Kings" I knew I would not miss a single episode if I could help it. Standard Oil, fortunately, gave me two chances: in Washington and New York each episode is being presented on two separate days.

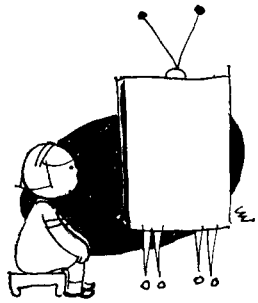
From the opening confrontation between Bolingbroke and Norfolk before the vain, posturing Richard II, I appreciated the unprecedented privilege available to viewers in the two city areas. They could look forward to experiencing the cumulative impact of Shakespeare's imagination as it ranged over the English court (the poet's symbol of the world) at the time of the War of the Roses. They could see the pageant staged simply for the television cameras with a respectable minimum of stage movement and the accent on the unspent torrent of Shakespeare's verbal images spoken with intimate, immaculate diction by the British players. They could savor in a concentrated mass, as no other American audience had ever done, the theatrical wizardry this man drew from the wars, conspiracies, and murders that marked the reigns of seven ambitious English monarchs. The opportunity was extraordinary. I asked Diana, my eleven-year old daughter, to watch with me. I was seeking for her, in Pat Weaver's former, estimable NBC-TV phrase, "enlightenment through exposure."

The opposition on the networks in the three-program time period was formidable: a staple diet of Westerns, family comedies, and thrillers. The lure of "Dobie Gillis" and Hitchcock for Diana was great. The language of Shakespeare came to her across 400 years. It was strange, metered, difficult for unaccustomed ears to follow and understand. I could not tell whether any

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clear tone of relevance was coming through the static of an alien time and tongue and the trappings of an archaic institution—absolute monarchy. Then came a familiar landmark—the middle commercial. Jim Fleming, the announcer, interviewed M. J. Rathbone, President of Standard Oil, the sponsor, who explained why his company was paying for "An Age of Kings." Mr. Rathbone said he knew he could reach a greater audience with horse operas; he had nothing against horses but he preferred to reach what he thought was a sizable audience with quality entertainment. He reiterated Standard Oil's policy ("Play of the Week") of noninterference with productions. It was an agreeable institutional with only a brief pitch for Esso.

I asked Diana how she liked it. "Well, at least," she said, "it's better than watching two little pills go down a glass stomach." At that moment a private age of quality was born. If a hardened addict of "77 Sunset Strip" could discern and prefer the muted to the marbled sell, there was hope for a bigger revolution in one young lady's taste for programs. If the BBC can help it, this promising cultural subversion, as exemplified in "An Age of Kings," is merely the beginning. "Hollow Crown" drew a 7 per cent rating in



New York (Arbitron overnight), against the three networks in the same time periods (NBC, 22 per cent; ABC, 15 per cent, CBS, 13 per cent). The BBC had sold its two-station, full-series package to the Metropolitan Broadcasting Company for a very modest sum —but it didn't mind. "Age of Kings" represents the BBC's first major breakthrough in the American market, and the future prospects are excellent. The British have long endured the American invasion of their territory by assorted film productions. Now they have launched a counterinvasion. The BBC needs money. Its revenue comes primarily from the annual tax that British viewers pay on their television receivers. TV set sales in Britain will reach a peak in 1962 and the BBC income will level off.

Costs keep rising, however, in Britain as elsewhere; and the BBC hopes to meet the rise by selling more of its product abroad—in Canada, Australia, Japan, as well as in the U.S. Documentaries, variety, and a French detective series are for sale. "Age of Kings" is also being shown on the National Educational Television network. Inquiries have come from two other commercial stations, from an advertising agency, and from a regional group of stations. The BBC has dreams of being the fourth American network. Its New York Television Promotions people have been on the job only six months. In the years ahead, with space satellites relaying international television transmissions, the BBC sees no reason why it cannot, in reasonable measure, bring its special brand of quality to American viewers.

AN interesting footnote to the BBC story is its claim that the British home audience is swinging back from Independent (commercial) television. The novelty of commercial TV in Britain is fading, said a BBC New York representative. Last Christmas, he asserted, the BBC drew 60 per cent of the home audience to the commercial network's 40 per cent. Perhaps quality is making a comeback—or emerging. Networks and some agencies in the U.S. have discovered to their surprise that there can be black ink in public affairs programs. There has been a heavier accent on television journalism in recent months. Entertainment generally shows little change, but some sponsors have found image luster in the concept of balance. Mr. Rathbone, of Standard Oil, is "sure that an awful lot of people are looking for something different in television entertainment. I like a good Western myself, but too much of anything gets boring. We've had a wonderful response to 'An Age of Kings'; not one negative reaction. One lady in Westchester, New York, sent me a long telegram. After a long television darkness she could now see a ray of light for her two children, ages nine and thirteen. She was switching to Esso gas, she said. I'm frank to tell you, though, that the main thing we're interested in is a better picture of our company among adult, discerning people."

Standard Oil television program shoppers have been instructed to look for other entertainment packages that fit Mr. Rathbone's specifications, after "An Age of Kings" runs out. Add together BBC, the Metropolitan Broadcasting Company, Standard Oil (New Jersey), and Diana's new slant on the two little pills going down . . . and maybe the sum *is* an omen of an age of quality.

Drama in Diversity

Continued from page 31

Viganò strain grotesquely for effect. For no one is more intrigued with his virtuosity than the Italian architect himself. Hailed as an innovator, he now pursues innovation relentlessly. Acclaimed for his experiments, he resorts to new and dubious tricks. On a treadmill of "originality," he appears to be adroitly running his contributions into the ground. "Milanese architecture is in trouble," wrote John Burchard, Dean of Social Studies and Humanities at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in a perceptive report for *The Architectural Record* last year. Aiding the débacle is the traditional Italian love of polemics—that special brand of higher intellectual acrobatics by which wrong can be enthusiastically rationalized into right.

There is, however, no diminution of vitality. Nor is it clear, yet, where the current aberrations will lead. Neither are these attitudes limited to Italy.

Already *la mode* in England, they are recognizable as an unsettling new trend in the latest American work. In Italy, in the Sixties, production continues to be spectacular, provocative, enigmatic, uneven, and open to debate. Its final score must be calculated on its high points, rather than on mathematical averages.

Far more important than the occasional flashly failure is the twentieth-century Italian architect's genuine, and often successful, search for *poetica,* a quality that is peculiar to his philosophy and his finest achievement. Borromini defined it superbly in the lyrical exuberance of Sant'Ivo in the seventeenth century; Nervi achieved it in the structural poetry of his small Sports Palace in Rome last year. And it is ever present in the Italian belief that passion is a necessary requisite for the creation of a work of art.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1403

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Meteorology's word for an upward-moving wind.	96 133 106 65 108 139 163 192
B. Certain inflammation in the stomach wall.	1 42 131 110 162 100 76
C. Person who contrives something new, esp. of scientific or mechanical kind.	185 20 55 98 68 138 189 169
D. Famous cathedral of West Sussex in S England begun in 1090.	142 102 39 188 201 60 43 130 141 11
E. Courtesy title of a Turkish gentleman.	115 35 148 197 91 57 170
F. Bear down with arrogant speech.	135 64 198 179 104 49 19 14
G. Mine tunnel entrances. (Var.)	159 21 206 193 173 94
H. Familiar approximate measure of the relative heights of persons, esp. of growing children (3 wds.; not in WNI as a phrase, but in general meaning).	74 83 203 199 22 129 175 111 118
I. Any plant of the very common *Ambrosia*, beautiful but held in abhorrence.	144 13 52 121 27 202 93
J. Ovoid.	56 109 124 149 37 18 61
K. Famous gate of ancient Jerusalem, too low-arched for a camel to enter without bowing his head and neck (2 wds.).	84 63 152 160 126 183 176 145 6 12
L. Device by which some police can determine the degree of intoxication from the breath of a motorist (not in WNI, though in daily papers).	59 53 70 205 117 136 99 92 200 154 107

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Person, event, or sentiment incongruous in point of time, as the striking clock in Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar".	125 73 157 87 41 66 178 3 132 166 24
N. Followed by Word X, nickname for Jean Dunois, who aided Joan of Arc in her campaigns.	44 9 161 113 168 119 69
O. Privileges to which one is entitled by natural claim.	153 89 10 48 81 191
P. Equipped with electric conductors.	7 33 151 17 103 86 45 167 80
Q. Switzerland.	140 156 165 97 4 32 75 204
R. Capable of springing back.	54 79 34 196 5 58 51 88 122 31
S. Parlor table game wildly popular in the Roaring Twenties (comp.).	77 116 82 26 46 195 128 187
T. Loose folds of a garment or headdress.	95 181 62 71 16 29 158
U. Enjoying the original, normal, or fit condition (2 wds.).	127 186 28 174 120 114 194
V. One of the categories of foods allowed to the overweight.	40 146 112 36 85 47
W. Greatly immature and unsophisticated.	38 67 164 177 2 180
X. See Word N (2 wds.).	90 147 72 50 155 105 150 123 23
Y. Business of felling and cutting up trees and transporting them to market.	137 143 134 172 30 184 101
Z. Serviettes.	190 25 15 182 78 171 8

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 B	2 W	3 M	4 Q	5 R	6 K		7 P	8 J		9 N		10 O	11 D	12 K	13 I	14 F
	15 Z	16 T	17 P	18 J		19 F	20 C	21 G		22 H	23 X		24 M	25 Z	26 S	27 I	28 U
29 T	30 Y	31 R		32 Q	33 P	34 R	35 E	36 V	37 J	38 W		39 D	40 V		41 M	42 B	43 D
	44 N	45 P	46 S	47 V	48 O	49 F	50 X	51 R		52 I	53 L	54 R	55 C	56 J	57 E		58 R
	59 L	60 D	61 J	62 T	63 K	64 F		65 A	66 M	67 W	68 C	69 N		70 L	71 T	72 X	73 M
	74 H	75 Q	76 B		77 S	78 Z	79 R	80 P		81 O	82 S	83 H	84 K		85 V	86 P	87 M
88 R	89 O	90 X	91 E	92 L	93 I		94 G	95 T	96 A	97 Q	98 C		99 L	100 B	101 Y	102 D	103 P
	104 F	105 X	106 A	107 L		108 A		109 J	110 B	111 H	112 V	113 N		114 U	115 E	116 S	117 L
	118 H	119 N	120 U	121 I	122 R	123 X	124 J		125 M		126 K	127 U	128 S	129 H	130 D	131 B	132 M
133 A	134 Y		135 F	136 L	137 Y	138 C		139 A	140 Q	141 D		142 D	143 Y	144 I	145 K		146 V
147 X		148 E	149 J	150 X	151 P	152 K		153 O	154 L	155 X	156 Q	157 M	158 T	159 G	160 K		161 N
162 B	163 A	164 W	165 Q		166 M	167 P	168 N	169 C	170 E	171 Z	172 Y		173 G	174 U	175 H		176 K
177 W	178 M	179 F		180 W	181 T	182 Z	183 K	184 Y	185 C	186 U	187 S		188 D	189 C	190 Z	191 O	192 A
193 G	194 U	195 S	196 R	197 E		198 F	199 H		200 L	201 D	202 I		203 H	204 Q	205 L	206 G	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates per insertion 50¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 42¢ per word; 26 times 44¢ per word; 13 times 46¢ per word; 6 times 48¢ per word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48th Street, NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

TOPS IN TYPING—LEAHEYS, Seven Park Avenue, NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED. Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1394 Third Avenue (at 79th Street), NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177.

MAIL-AWAY DUPLICATING SERVICE for novels, plays, theses, lectures, scripts. Quality printing, any quantity. Lowest rates. Example: 100 copies only $2.38. Typing and other services. Free Price Schedule. Box 139, North Hollywood, California.

MEMO TO WRITERS: Get time-tested, honest advice from authors and editors, plus market lists showing where to sell manuscripts, monthly in THE WRITER magazine. Send $1 for 4-month trial subscription. THE WRITER, Dept. S, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts.

BOOKS

SEND FOR free remainder book catalogue. All subjects. National Book Company, 565 Fifth, NYC. MUrray Hill 2-3908.

BOOKS ABOUT ASIA—ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12th Street, New York 3, New York. Free Catalogue S.

THE PAPERBACK BOOKSELLER—"If it's bound in paper—we're bound to have it." 147 Front Street, Hempstead, N. Y. We pay postage.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, North Wantagh, New York.

AMERICANA. Literature, History, Fiction. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Avenue, Pelham, New York.

LIBRARIAN EUROPE-BOUND—Will research any bibliographic problem. Books located, supplied, photocopies arranged. Box R-493.

BOOKS ON MUSIC—New, old, out-of-print, rare. Free catalogue. BEL CANTO BOOKSHOP, Dept. C, Box 1237, Union, New Jersey.

"PEARS CYCLOPAEDIA," 1960-61 just arrived! Latest developments in science, world affairs, varied subjects. New section on education and careers. British Book Centre, 122 East 55th Street, NYC 22.

"ABC of Driftwood for Flower Arrangers," "Driftwood in the Home." Each $4.00 prepaid. Florence M. Shaffer, Kingsburg, California.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue. New York's French bookshop, where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 50¢.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE — many beautiful designs. Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

ITALIAN PERIODICALS. Italian Publishers, Times Tower, New York 36.

FRENCH AND POLISH PERIODICALS. European Publishers, 1002 Times Tower, New York 36.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS—Stock of 1,200,000 back issues. "BACK NUMBER" Wilkins, Danvers, Mass.

OUT-OF-PRINT

LOCATE ANY BOOK. No obligation. Aardvarks Booksearchers, Box 668, San Diego 12, California.

PERSISTENT SEARCHING gets results. Satisfaction guaranteed. Trading Post, Room 4, Lisbon, New Hampshire.

CAN'T GET IT? We'll find it and fast. BEACON HILL BOOKSELLERS, 15 Lindall Place, Boston, Massachusetts.

BOOKS LOCATED—any subject. Put our vigorous search service to work! You'll like our prices and fast, no-obligation service. BOOKMARK, 51K Walnut, Mt. Clemens, Michigan.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it. CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Illinois.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Michigan.

BAER'S BOOK SEARCH, 2856 Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis 7, Tennessee. We will find the book you want.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT! Prices surprisingly low! INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

BIBLIOPHILES: World Wide Research—Immediate Quotations. Try me first! John Friend, Bookfinder, Box 2570, Long Beach 1, California.

ART

FRIENDLY Little Art School in quaint TAXCO. Individual instruction. Inexpensive living and tuition. Bilingual teachers. TAXCO SCHOOL OF ART, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico. Brochure.

PICASSO as a master of graphic art. Over 200 original etchings and lithographs. Through February 11th. FAR Gallery, 746 Madison, NYC 21 (64th-65th Street).

THE DRAWING SHOP. Original drawings and sketches from the 16th to the 19th century. 45 Christopher Street, New York 14, New York. WAtkins 9-7265.

WOODCARVING—Heraldic, marine, ecclesiastic. Fine traditional craftsmanship. L. H. Sellers, Radnor, Pennsylvania.

YALE-PARIS trained artist. Individual, group painting instruction. MOnument 3-9226 NYC.

TWENTIETH CENTURY PAINTING—lectures, slides, discussion. 10 sessions—$10.00, February 14th. Phone LF 3-5094 NYC.

JAPANESE HANDMADE PAPER. Descriptive catalogue with samples, $1.00. IIS, CPO Box 1539, Tokyo, Japan.

SUNDAY, MONDAY, one-day painters—Studio Classes, NYC, afternoons/evenings. G. Price. (Director, Aspen School of Art), GRamercy 7-2579.

RECORD MART

78 R.P.M. RECORDINGS, 1902—'50, sold. Free list. Collections bought. E. Hirshmann, P.O.B. 155(A), Verona, New Jersey.

BAERENREITER, BACHSTUDIO, CANTATE RECORDS. Single, subscriptions. Request brochure. Box R-183.

SELF HYPNOSIS, personality, vocabulary improvement on LP. Over 200 really unusual records. Catalogue free. Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-RE, Olympia, Washington.

DIXIE RECORD CLUB Auctions. Rare Vocals, 19th Season. Free Lists. 2322 Biscayne, Miami 37, Florida.

COLOR SLIDES

SENT ON APPROVAL! Travelers, complete your collection—order the scenes you missed—as good as your own most beautiful originals. Order from 7,300 Wolfe Hi-Fi 35 mm Slides in Living Color. Make your selection, return the others. Agra to Zurich, we have the slide, including 42 exclusive slides of Oberammergau Passion Play, also title and map slides. Send 25c today for the big, new 7th edition Wolfe 72-page color catalogue. You'll be delighted with its 300 slide reproductions of important scenes—28 in full color! Wolfe Worldwide Films, Dept. 721, Los Angeles 24, California.

LANGUAGES

FREE TRIAL—European Spanish, American Spanish, French, German, Russian, Italian, Modern Greek, any of 34 languages. Outstanding native linguists give you authentic pronunciation, fluency in 20 minutes a day. Speak, read, write, with Linguaphone, The World's Standard Conversational Method. Try complete course FREE, no obligation. For details, write, call: Linguaphone Institute, South Mezzanine, 54 RCA Building, New York 20. CIrcle 7-0830.

PIANO INSTRUCTION

POTENTIAL PIANISTS—An internationally famous concert artist has retained us to screen candidates for audition as possible students. NYC studio. Required is sufficient devotion to music to study consistently. Applicants at every age and level of development will be considered. Your written replies should give a thumbnail biography listing pianistic background, experience and musical aspirations. AT YOUR SERVICE, INC., Box P-845.

SCHOOLS

COMMUNICATIONS PROFESSIONS. Senior College and Graduate Programs. Boston University School of Public Relations and Communications, Boston, Massachusetts.

FOR THE GOURMET

MAINE VICTUALS! Voluptuous! Like Maine Fancy Crab Meat. Ask your favorite gourmet department. Look Canning, Cutler, Maine.

HOBBIES

STAMP JUNGLE including Zebu, Kookaburra, Koalabear, Kangaroo, Rhinoceros, 10¢. Approvals. Crown Stamp Company, Virgil 313, Ontario.

SELLING STAMPS, mounted by countries, some complete. Apt. 2, 2242 North Western Avenue, Chicago.

PERSONALS

SAMARKAND, Tashkent, Alma Ata, Bukhara, Stalinabad, Tbilisi, Sukhumi, Kiev, Leningrad, Moscow, Black Sea, the Caucasus, Irkutsk in Siberia, East and West Berlin, Warsaw and Vienna are yours to explore on Cities of Central Asia Air Tour. This and 20 other imaginative off-the-beaten-trail adventures to seldom-seen lands are illustrated in new, 56-page Maupintour travel book. Ask your Travel Agent for your free copy or write Maupintour, 400 Madison Avenue, New York City. No obligation.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free Catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut.

CRABTREE MOVERS, LTD. Prompt, efficient, courteous. Moving, packing, storage. GRamercy 5-2421 NYC.

JOBS ABROAD for teachers, scientists, librarians, stenographers, engineers and executives. Comprehensive all new directory covers American and foreign companies, governmental and international organizations in over 80 countries. How, when and where to apply, $1.00. Money-back guarantee. Included free, "Student Opportunities Abroad." Covington Distributors, Box 704-E, Camden 1, New Jersey.

"GO!"—ANCIENT JAPANESE STRATEGIC GAME. Challenges professors; intrigues children. $5.50. Classic Games, 2481 Davidson Avenue, NYC 68.

EXPERIMENT WITH "SLEEP-LEARNING!" Use your phonograph, recorder. Fascinating, educational. Catalogue, details free. Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-JJ, Olympia, Washington.

PUTTING OFF learning to speak a second language? Why not decide now to investigate our audio-visual programs in French and Russian for beginners, mutes and brusher-uppers? TAVOR LANGUAGE CENTER, 262 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, MUrray Hill 3-3352.

FINE CLASSIC GUITARS AND LUTES: The "HOFNER" from West Germany and the "CORDOBA" from Spain. Shipped on approval. Also older individual works of world famous Spanish masters. Write for particulars. Locker's—Importers, 21 South 18th Street, Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES, Spanish Toros, etc. List for stamp. Temple, Box S-549, Mason City, Iowa.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

FRENCH, ITALIAN—SPEAK FLUENTLY. Efficient, interesting method. PLaza 3-7092 NYC.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc.. Lamps mounted. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33rd St., NYC. 16.

CATS FOR ADOPTION. All sizes, all colors. Free. WAtkins 4-8493 NYC.

MOVE-RITE moves you at lowest insured cost (as little as $6.50 per hour for full van and professional driver). "Anything, anytime, anywhere." Call ORegon 5-0340 NYC.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail prices! $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer free travel, high salaries. Comprehensive new "Guide to Employment Abroad" describes all possibilities Europe, Africa, Asia, Latin America—administrative, teaching, secretarial, professional, aviation, technical, newspaper, etc. Full details on conditions, requirements. Includes "Directory of American Companies Abroad"—Original, most complete booklet also covers employment agencies, government careers overseas, international organizations. Money-back guarantee. $1.00. Hill International Publications, PO Box 26-X, Massapequa Park, New York.

HISTORICAL MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—For free catalogue write Wayne J. Anderson, 545 West 111th Street, NYC 25.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, statesmen, scientists, military leaders, musicians, etc. Correspondence or single items bought and sold. Established 1887. Catalogue on request. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77th Street, NYC 21. REgent 4-3902.

SWEDISH MASSAGE AND EXERCISES: Feel rejuvenated and strong! SIGWARD STUDIOS (Lic. #291987), 139 West 54th Street, CIrcle 5-9886 NYC after 11 A.M.

ALL EUROPEAN MUSIC into your home from Europe. European prices. Box R-200.

FIRST CHOICE for successful retirement living, with assured health care. Let yourself live with independence and security in the new Crestview apartments. A rare value with many benefits. Write today —Crestview, Harroun Road, Sylvania—Toledo, Ohio.

GOT A GOOD mail order item? Promote it profitably through Jack P. Felton Advertising Agency, 55 West 42nd Street, New York 36. WIsconsin 7-1978.

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS—and economically. Insured household moving, packing, and storage. Vans and station wagons—local, long distance. THE PADDED WAGON, INC., ALgonquin 5-8343 NYC.

DOUBLE DEERSKIN, SHEEPSKIN MOCCASINS, 20 other models. Catalogue free. Cottage Crafts Shop, Rutland, Vermont.

YOUR GLOBAL ADVENTURE. Largest monthly journal of authentic permanent and summer positions sent directly to us for teachers, students, librarians, scientists, administrators, etc. Used by hundreds of colleges since 1952. NOT just a list—includes specific jobs open NOW. Send $1.00 for current issue. Guide, "How to Write an Effective Resume," 50¢ or FREE with a yearly subscription $5 (10 issues). ADVANCEMENT INSTITUTE, 171 North 9th Street, Brooklyn 11, New York. Money-back guarantee.

SEEKING PEACE OF MIND? Free homestudy course in the Catholic Religion. PAULIST FATHERS INSTRUCTION CENTER, Dept. S, 18 East 76 St., NYC 21.

BETWEEN ENGAGEMENTS? Temporary office jobs—stenographers, typists, clerks. If you can work three to five days a week in midtown Manhattan, come in and make your plans with us. Accredited Office Service, Room 3018, 60 East 42nd Street, NYC.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import. Dolmetsch, Purcell. $5, $7.50 up! Student Special, Corelli $3.95. Recorder Music, Methods, Guitar Music. Free catalogue, 2-1-B, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC.

AUTHENTIC SPANISH BULLFIGHT POSTERS 1¾ x 3½ ft. Two for $3. Research Publications, Box 305-A, Wall Street Station, NYC 5.

PERSONALS

BRIDGE, SUBURBIA UNREWARDING! Why not try TV commercial selling? CHARLES KEBBE has the best TV announcing school in New York. Businessmen, improve your public personality. PLaza 3-2164.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues Issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 22, ELdorado 5-3464-5-6.

POODLE PUPPIES. Beautiful, black/brown miniatures. International champion bloodlines—French, English, German. Intelligent, lovable, carefully bred at home. YUkon 8-0547 NYC.

TWEEDS FOR UPHOLSTERY: have you seen how handsome they are? And for clothes . . . handwoven Irish, big selection, send for samples. Carol Brown, Putney 10, Vermont.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Insured, professional household moving. Packing, crating, storage. 24-hour service. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

28th WRITERS' CONFERENCE in the Rocky Mountains, July 24th-August 11th. Outstanding staff: Edward Weeks, Robie Macauley, William Peden, Franklin Folsom, Mary Elting, David Lavender, Jean Garrigue, Herbert Blau. Write John Wrenn, Associate Director, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado.

WOULD LIKE TO PURCHASE motion picture film shot on New York and New York personalities in 1920's. 16 mm or 35 mm. Box R-406.

MUSIC for guitar and recorder. Send for catalogue of unusually fine selection to Music Box, P.O. Box 107, Mendocino, California.

LINCOLN ELECTED! Fort Sumter bombarded! Battle at Bull Run! Etc., etc. A newspaper history of the Civil War—Original issues of The New York Times, New York Herald, New York Tribune covering all the major events of 1860-'65 reproduced in entirety, same size (16" x 21"). First set covering 1860-'61 available. Write for descriptive list: NEWSPAPER AMERICANA, 97 Montgomery Avenue, Oceanside, New York.

"POEMS OF PEOPLE," Stillman, $1. 311 Atkins, Brooklyn 8, New York.

SUMMER JOBS—Over 12,000 authentic jobs in the U.S. and abroad for Students, Teachers, Librarians, Writers, etc. Includes earning FREE trips to Europe. NOT just a list—includes specific job data, salaries. Summer jobs are filled early—don't miss out. Regular price $3, rush only $2 for the 1961 SUMMER JOB DIRECTORY. Used in over 1,500 colleges since 1952. FREE resumes given with first 100 orders. SUMMER DIRECTORY, 169 North 9th Street, Brooklyn 11, New York. (Add 25¢ Regular Mail, add 50¢ First Class). Also for Teen-Agers—"99 WAYS TO EARN MONEY DURING THE SUMMER," 50¢. Money-back guarantee.

KARATE JUDO: Authentic Black Belt instructor. Develop your hidden power. SIGWARD ACADEMY, 139 West 54th Street, NYC after 11 A.M.

GOING ABROAD? Male or female, learn what to take before taking off! Profit from the hundreds of travel tips in "EUROPE IN A SUITCASE." This fact-packed book saves time, money, energy; keeps you from making costly mistakes. Sixth Revised Edition, $1.00 prepaid. Muriel W Scudder, 235 Abbey Road, Manhasset, New York.

SAVE TYPING TIME with Flick A Line, the complete copy holder with high speed line indicator. $7.95 prepaid. Free folder. Franklin, 116 North 4th Street, Louisville, Kentucky.

YOUNG WOMAN feature writer, 8 years newspaper experience, seeks responsible, unusual job here or abroad. Box R-489.

YOUNG CREATIVE LADY will share her attractive home, beautiful surroundings, Illinois, with couple or singles. Writers, artists preferred. Reasonable. Box R-468.

FEMALE COLLEGE JUNIOR wishes to work way to Europe and back this summer. Box R-484.

HUMANISM—The Unifying Movement For Free Minds! Ethical, humanitarian; nonpolitical, nonsupernatural. Interested? American Humanist Association welcomes you; local chapters, publications. Send $1 for 3 month trial membership, or $5 for year, to: American Humanist Association, Dept. SR1, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

PERSONALS

BE AMONG the musically well informed. A World of MUSIC in every issue. 1 year subscription $5.00. For free sample copy of the world's leading music publication write to MUSICAL AMERICA, Dept. SR, 111 West 57th Street, New York 19.

PR JOB WANTED with dynamic agency. I have a heavy PR background in consumer, industrial and financial areas at management level. Because I am innately an idea woman—original, flexible, periscopic, I am seeking a new spot to fill a bursting, creative need for more diversified, dynamic activity. If yours is a persnickety non-pedestrian PR or AD agency with heterogenous accounts; if you have room for a truly talented PRO who can restore the majesty of neglected corporate images and make interesting news or ads out of editorially-stale staples, I am your Machiavelli. Midtown New York City. Box R-495.

WANDERLUSTING, ADVENTURESOME young man, University of Michigan sophomore, musical, literary background, dishwashing, selling experience, seeks summer job anywhere. Box R-471.

HAVE YOUR family coat of arms expertly painted, framed. $35. 106 South Greer, Memphis 11, Tennessee.

IT'S SPRING CLOTHES TIME . . . we have some interesting cottons for you to be working on. Like samples? Carol Brown, Putney 10, Vermont.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS! Conversation—accent specialist—minimum grammar. Private—small classes. BUtterfield 8-0881 NYC.

DUKE STUDENT. Intelligent, energetic, desires challenging summer work. Box R-483.

WRITER-RESEARCHER available for assignments, Saint Louis area. Phi Beta Kappa, M.A. political science, Columbia University, experienced. Box R-499.

YOUNG GERMAN WOMAN, Heidelberg graduate, desires position with American family, NYC preferred; fluent English, language tutoring experience. Box R-474.

MEDICAL LEXICOGRAPHER and simplifier available later this year. Box R-481.

YOUNG MAN available full/part time interesting position NYC. Box R-494.

RECENT GRADUATE of Smith College, intelligent and interested, desires employment. Will travel. Box R-476.

FOR SALE: Ten issues TRANSITION. May, June, December 1927. Others. Make offer. Betty Smith, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

THREE PLAYWRITING AWARDS: Dramatists' Alliance, Box 200 Z, Stanford University, California.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

LIVE IN a stimulating community! Modern Community Developers offers homes in well planned, intelligently integrated communities in Philadelphia area; Princeton, New Jersey; Waterbury and Stamford, Connecticut; Wilmington, Delaware. Co-op apartments available in Riverdale, Brooklyn and Bronx, NYC. Write M.C.D., 84 Nassau, Princeon, New Jersey, or phone Stuart Wallace, Princeton, WAlnut 4-0701.

SMALL, OLDER HOME in lovely Larchmont Manor, New York. Completely modernized and charming. Top condition. 3 bedrooms, 2½ baths. Beach privileges. Only $26,500. Principals write for circular. Box R-462.

WIDOW must reluctantly sell newly built 3 bedroom, 2 bath home in American Colony overlooking lovely Lake Chapala, the retirement paradise of Guadalajara-Chapala area, Mexico. $12,000. Box R-470.

CHARMING Colonial town house, ½ acre, 8 rooms, bath, trees, barn. Rheinstrom, Hillsdale, New York.

For Rent—Furnished

SMALL HOUSE—30 acres—Dutchess County, New York. $900 yearly. Write Goldwasser, 3568 Roswell Road, N.W., Atlanta, Georgia.

CHARMING LARGE STUDIO, fireplace, kitchen overlooking bayou on beautiful private estate, Siesta Key, Sarasota, Florida. Season or year, $1,000. Box R-486.

NEW, 10 ROOM HOUSE. Superb view. Adjacent golf course. Fishing, boating. Maine coast. Box R-465.

(Continued on page 94)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOUSES AVAILABLE

(Continued from page 93)

For Summer Rental

NEW HAMPSHIRE COTTAGE for rent for season only—June 1st through September 15th. Every artist or writer dreams of escaping the noisy world and finding some remote corner where he can lose himself in his work—A delightful home, nestling amidst a wealth of pines and foliage—all conveniences, fireplace, telephone, screened porch facing live lake, private sandy beach and boat, delicious mineral water. Convenient to town. Children welcome! $2,000 for season. Box R-132.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

NORTH OF BRAZILIA at 4,000 feet lies our Shangri-La, and perhaps yours. A new creative center is being established here by a non-profit organization. Remote but quite accessible. Minimum investment $6,000. Write Mr. McCarthy, Centrum, 674 Crenshaw, Los Angeles 5.

ROOMS AVAILABLE

LOVELY ROOM and bath in private home in choice location in Brooklyn, New York. Excellent transportation. Ideal for out-of-town student. Call ULster 9-5482, write Box R-197.

CAMPS

TENNIS CAMP. CHASE TENNIS CENTER, Westtown, Pennsylvania. Coeducational boarding and day camp. On Westtown School's beautiful 600 acre campus. Professional tennis instruction. 4 hours supervised tennis daily. Limited to 60 boarding students. Tournament participation. July or August session available.

BROWN LEDGE—Mallet's Bay, Vermont. "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, trail riding, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Mrs. H. E. Brown, 81 Tilden Road, Box C, Scituate, Massachusetts.

TEEPEE. Coed, 7-14 years. Relaxed, fun-loving camp with lots of music and folklore of different nations. We swim and hike, ride our own horses; farm chores, planting; and of course baseball! 35 children on 150 beautiful Vermont acres. Julian and Erna Otten, 547 Riverside Drive, NYC 27, MOnument 2-3944.

ENGLISH, READING, MATH Summer School, 28 boys, 9-15, 7 week session, 4 hours tutoring daily. Instruction in sailing, swimming, tennis. 6 experienced teachers. 5 staff. Location: 60 acre island, Cape Cod. Allen Chase, 9 Harrison Avenue, New Canaan, Connecticut.

COOKING SCHOOLS

BLUEBERRY HILL! Cooking school in May! Write and ask THE MASTERTONS, Brandon, Vermont.

VACATIONS

BLUEBERRY HILL! Pussywillows! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Brandon, Vermont.

OUR CARIBBEAN COTTAGE, Water Isle, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. Furnished, modern electrical conveniences. Sandy beaches, fishing, sailing, perfect climate. $150 weekly for two; $25 each additional person. March 12th on. Box R-189.

PELICAN COVE—Florida Keys. See picturesque slab where our house was 1960 A.D. (ante Donna). Ocean-side apartments, beach, fishing, shelling, skindiving, bird-watching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on again balmy tropical isle. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada.

INCIDENTALLY, MARY MERLE, in responding to our SR ad, failed to give us her address. We'll be glad to send her information when we learn where to mail it. Tom Brown.

OFF-THE-BEATEN-TRACK nearby resorts. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

VACATIONS

IN FT. LAUDERDALE, take FRENCH LEAVE. Efficiencies, bedroom apartments. TV. Pool. Public beach. Free Color Brochure. Write: FRENCH LEAVE, 4228 Ocean Drive, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

BAJA CALIFORNIA—Unspoiled beaches, scenery, fishing, relaxation with fine people at select resorts. All details and package trips. Mexico Unlimited, 463 Flood Building, San Francisco, California.

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write 813 Inwood Court, Grants, New Mexico.

TENNIS: For the devotee, on sun-drenched FLORIDA KEYS. Oceanfront living facilities nearby. ISLAMORADA: Telephone MAtecumbe 4914. Hawthorne Bissell.

AMERICAN LADY takes paying guests in her villa in Florence, Italy. Box R-438.

HERITAGE HILL—Holland (RFD Southbridge), Massachusetts. Open fires, snug beds, food aplenty. Brochure.

FOR THOSE WHO want every facility and service, plus the tranquillity of casual beach life, write THE FIELDS for literature about their COLONY BEACH RESORT, Longboat Key, Sarasota, Florida. Arts and crafts studio.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Excellent international cuisine, best in Mexico. $15.60 double occupancy, American Plan. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME, Connecticut. Open all year.

THE CIVILIZED PLACE in Miami Beach is the Venetian Isle Resort Motel, 20 Venetian Way, Miami Beach 39, Florida. JEfferson 8-7261.

PRIVATE BEACH in secluded National Park area. We're full this winter, but summer is even better. Low summer rates, May 1st. Small, informal. Rooms, cottages, American Plan. LILLE MAHO, St. John, U.S. Virgin Islands.

TRAVEL

STAY IN THE HEART OF SMART NEW YORK . . . at the famous Beekman Tower Hotel. It's near everything—United Nations, midtown shops, just a short bus ride for the theatres. Rates are moderate, accommodations delightful. Enjoy cocktails in the Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge—26 stories high in the sky—and delicious food in the Turtle Bay Dining Room. Rates for single rooms with semi-private bath from $6.50. Group rates available. If you're driving to New York, write BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49th Street and First Avenue (3 Mitchell Place), New York 17, New York for the SR map showing how to avoid city traffic.

COLLEGIAN TOUR, third annual for students, postgraduates, and the young adult to the lands of the seldom-seen: West and East Germany, Poland, U.S.S.R. from Leningrad to Black Sea and Ukraine heartland, Roumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Austria, Salzburg and Bayreuth Music Festivals. This and 20 other imaginative off-the-beaten-trail adventures to seldom-seen lands are illustrated in new, 56-page Maupintour travel book. Ask your Travel Agent for your free copy or write Maupintour, 400 Madison Avenue, New York City. No obligation.

CROW'S NEST TOUR 1961—46 days in Europe by private automobile. $1,438 all expense July 15th to August 31st via Sabena Airlines Jet Service. Unusual itinerary features off the beaten track travel—Holland, Belgium, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Yugoslavia, Italy, Switzerland, France, England. Contact Donald Hart, Jr., Davis-Jacobs Travel Service, 242 Trumbull Street, Hartford, Connecticut. Phone CHapel 6-7221.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M.L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

TRAVEL

CAMERA HOLIDAY in Europe with photo-journalist, Homer Page. London, Vienna, Rome, Berne and Paris —28 days by plane and chartered motor coach. Write TOURING, 202 East 44th Street, NYC.

OSTRICHES ARE COMIC as you'll discover when you visit a South African ostrich farm—one of numberless highlights of your tour of the Union by splendid rail, highway and air facilities. Costs are remarkably low and accommodations range from splendid resort hotels to comfortable rondavels in the great game reserves. Start planning with exciting literature from SATOUR, Dept. S, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20.

AMAZING!!! EUROPE—$195. That's all it costs for unusual delightful summer program at Universities of Madrid, Florence, Salzburg or Cannes. Full month July or August includes room, meals, tuition, courses in languages, art, painting, music, dance, etc., sightseeing, many other features. All this for $195!! Low cost extensions to all of Eurpoe. Educational Travel Association, 590 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

SAIL 'ROUND-THE-WORLD—96-ft. brigantine YANKEE departs July 1st, 1961, on fifth voyage to South Seas, Africa, the Orient, and 'round-the-horn to South America, the West Indies. Illustrated brochure on request. Captain Mike Burke, WINDJAMMER CRUISES, INC., P.O. Box 1051-Z, Miami Beach 39, Florida. JEfferson 2-3407.

WHEN A MAN IS TIRED of London he is tired of Life! For there is in London all that life can afford (Samuel Johnson). For all travel arrangements consult Boswell & Johnson Travel Service, Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

SPRINGTIME IN THE ORIENT: Escorted tours from Los Angeles—comprehensive Japan, Philippines, Hong Kong, Bangkok, Cambodia, etc., 46 days de luxe $3,590, 41 days first class $2,441. Top hotels, full sightseeing. Folders, reservations, TRANSMARINE-LOUDON, 354 South Spring, Los Angeles, California.

TAKE TIME to see Europe's back roads, spectacular mountains. Travel in small groups by station wagon. Lots to see besides cities and museums. See previous ads this magazine. Write Dr. Donald Brown, Hope College, Holland, Michigan.

GOING TO EUROPE this summer with a campus charter flight? Meet us in Venice for Mediterranean Student Tours, sailing to Greek Islands, Rhodes, Cyprus, and Israel. Folk dancing, tours, seminars, life on a kibbutz. 40 days, $445 and up. Also tours to Balkan and Near East countries. ROYAL TOURS, Student Department (Division of PATRA INC.), 665 Fifth Avenue, NYC, PLaza 1-5540, or ask your travel agent.

TURQUOISE TRAIL EXPEDITION for girls 12-16 years of age. Caravan camping at spectacular sites in New Mexico and Utah. Archaeological digging, Indian ceremonials and horseback riding at base camp in Zuni Mountains. 10th year. 24 girls and five leaders. Also boys' groups. Hillis L. Howie, 534 Woodleaf Court, St. Louis 22, Missouri.

CHARMING GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive singles and doubles. Newly decorated. PARKSIDE HOTEL. 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients $4.50 and up. Moderate weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

EUROPE. 1961 Summer Tours: 46-61 days in Europe, 14-18 countries, from $1,233. For complete information write directly: Prof. L. Knecht. KNIGHT TOURS (S-R). Box 350, Northfield, Minnesota.

CARIBBEAN SUMMER ADVENTURE: 42 days by plane and yachts—seventeen islands, meet local leaders. Charles Walker, Rockford College, Rockford, Illinois.

CIRCUMNAVIGATION. Sailing yacht leaving on 3½ year world cruise. If you are 17 or 70, want to play, want to seek, believe you never stop growing in character and intellect, we want you as a guest. Help us explore the world as few people ever do. Complete yacht accommodations. For information contact Box R-477.

FOUR WINDS CRUISES you "Round-The-World" for 56 days, $1,995 up. Paris, Riviera, Middle East, India, Japan, and many more. Air-conditioned liners. First-class hotels. Fare includes ALL transportation, ALL land arrangements. 49 departure dates, eastbound from New York or westbound from San Francisco. Write Four Winds Travel, 208 Flatiron Building, New York 10, New York.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

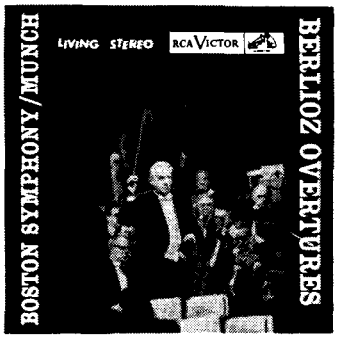
WIZARDS AT WORK ON RCA VICTOR

Living Stereo
and Monaural Hi-Fi

This month RCA Victor unveils a breath-taking array of orchestral recordings, featuring masterpieces as you've never heard them before! They are interpreted with refreshing insights and new vigor by a rare group of distinguished conductors. The orchestras? Among the world's leading symphonic groups. With strikingly lifelike sound, these records carry concert hall realism into your home. Also new: three immortal Toscanini NBC Symphony performances for Stereo fans!

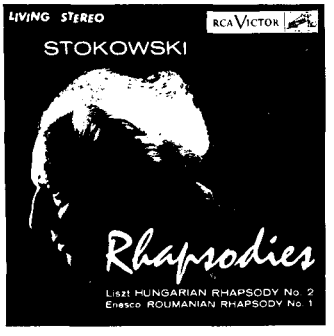
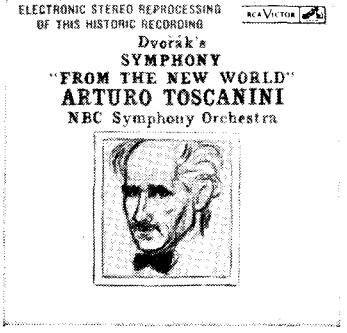
There's no difficulty finding the definitive version of this fascinating American music. It's right here, conducted and played (on piano) by the composer! Featured is the "Fall River Legend" ballet score, an evocative New England canvas. Also: "Interplay," and Tango and Guaracha from "Latin-American Symphonette."

Charles Munch and the superb Boston Symphony Orchestra add a brilliant new Berlioz to a growing treasury of recorded masterpieces. In these dynamic overtures, Munch projects the full magnificence of a great composer, and a great orchestra. It's vivid music—truly spectacular in Stereo!



Here is a signal event for the conscientious collector! Never before have these two popular tone poems appeared together on one record. And it's an equally certain—and happy—fact that never before have they been played more sumptuously. Reiner, a prime Strauss interpreter, presents his first recorded "Don Juan" here.

This package blends three rare ingredients: the fiery, poetic hand of Stokowski; a luxurious "sound" of shining realism; a program rich in flowing melody. Liszt's "2nd Hungarian Rhapsody," Enesco's "1st Roumanian Rhapsody," and Smetana's "The Moldau" and "The Bartered Bride Overture" all resound with new splendor!



This historic Toscanini recording of the "New World" Symphony is now enhanced with Stereo characteristics! How is this possible? Through a new audio technique: Electronic Stereo Reprocessing. All artistic aspects remain intact. Also available: "Pictures at an Exhibition," "Pines of Rome" and "Fountains of Rome."

the world's greatest artists are on... RCA VICTOR

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Resort to Europe

The perfect way to Europe—a few days of perfection on a luxurious Italian Line ship.

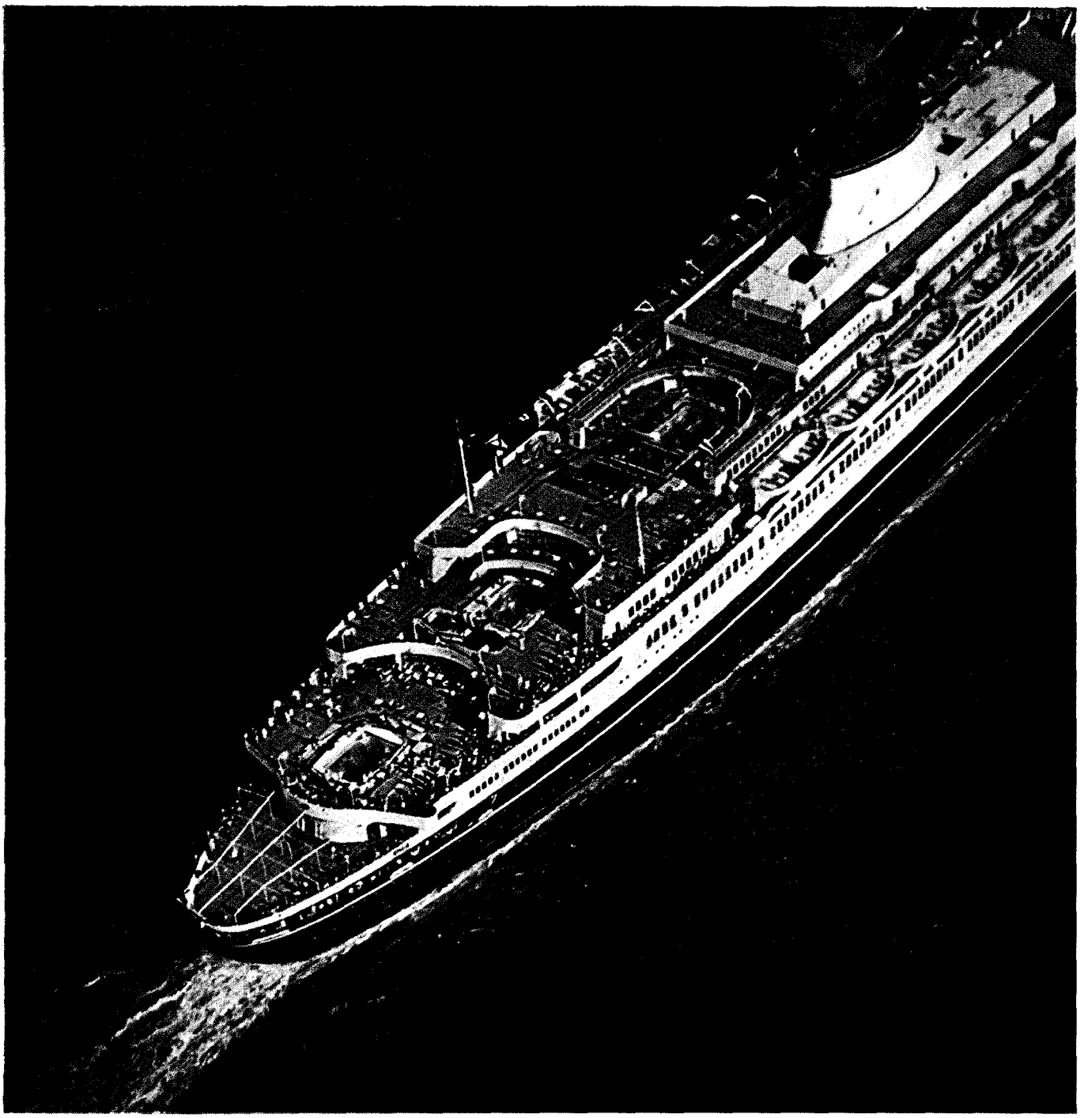
Our floating resorts come joyously equipped with outdoor swimming pools, spacious play areas, dining rooms that resemble art galleries (suitable for culinary masterpieces), elegant staterooms, cocktail lounges, ballrooms—everything 1300 pleasure-lovers might need on the grand adventure. (Leave your butler at home, unless he needs a glorious vacation, too. Service is spectacular.)

On an Italian Line floating palace, bask across to the golden Mediterranean under the warm sun. (A cheerful companion all year around on our Sunny Southern Route.) Glide through festive evenings. Visit such as Lisbon, Gibraltar, Naples, Cannes, Genoa, Palermo, Patras, Venice and Trieste. (Also, choose one as a destination.)

In sum: don't just go to Europe. Play, lounge, relax, be pampered, be happy on Italian Line. Soon is an excellent time for it. Now is the time to book.

See your Travel Agent or **Italian Line**

Battery Park Bldg., 24 State St., New York 4, N. Y. • DIgby 4-0800



THE MAGNIFICENT NEW LEONARDO DA VINCI CRISTOFORO COLOMBO AUGUSTUS SATURNIA VULCANIA

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED